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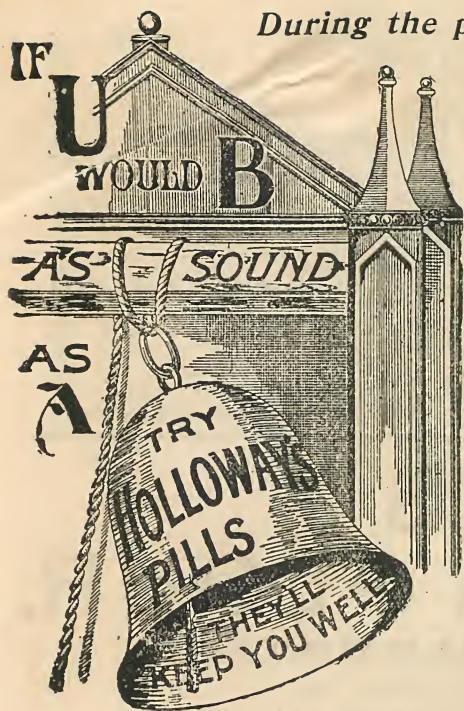
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PRATING POLLY.

Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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CHATTERBOX.



Jack Ashore.

A LESSON IN FORGIVENESS.

A WORTHY old coloured woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, came swinging along, and when opposite the old woman, he saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand he knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense.

But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, she said, 'God forgive you, my son, as I do.'

It touched a tender chord in the seaman's heart. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting some money into the poor woman's hands, he exclaimed, 'God bless you, kind mother! I will never do the like again.'

D. B.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

STOCKINGS.



THE use of hose or stockings is stated to have begun in the cold countries of the North, and certainly a desire for warmth in cold climates is a very good reason why people should wrap up their lower limbs.

The early stockings were made of skins, as was the rest of man's attire. When the arts of spinning and weaving became known,

cloth, and pieces of stuff sewn together, took the place of skins.

There are ancient illuminated manuscripts in existence showing Anglo-Saxons and Normans in stockings.

'Drawers reaching half-way down the thighs, and stockings meeting them, occur in most Saxon illuminations,' writes Planché in his *British Costumes*. 'Old writers allude to these as *brech* and *hose*. Leather stockings are also mentioned. Over these stockings the Saxons wore bands of cloth, linen, or leather, beginning at the ankle and ending a little below the knee, either in close rolls, like the hay-bands such as we may sometimes see on an ostler, or crossing each other sandal-wise, as they are worn to this day by the people of the Abruzzi and the Apennines, and in some parts of Russia and Spain.' They are called in Saxon, shank or leg-guards. In some old pictures, instead of bandages over the hose, a sort of half-stockings is depicted as worn. It appears to be bordered at the top; not unlike the Scotch stocking worn in the Highlands.

A French writer asserts that the old Britons swathed their legs in 'fillets,' or bands of material,

secured cross-wise. Hundreds of years passed away before the art of knitting was invented. It is difficult to be quite sure whom we have to thank for this useful invention. Some historians say that the Moors were the first to practise the loop stitch on a pair of wires; others, that the art comes from Scotland; and others, that it was invented by a French peasant. Now, the patron saint of the stocking-weavers was St. Fiacre. But here again occurs a difficulty, inasmuch as both Scotch and Irish claim him. He is reputed to have been the son of a Scotch king, while the Irish and their friends declare that he was not the son of a Scottish king, nor even a Scotchman by birth, but an Irishman, and a monk of the sixth century. Hand-knitting is without doubt the parent of hosiery.

The word 'hosiery' here signifies all knitted goods, whether made by hand or machinery.

It is over three hundred years ago since William Lee, of Woodborough, in Nottinghamshire, worked a complete change in the hosiery trade by inventing the knitting or stocking frame. This William Lee came of a very old county family. Though he was not a rich man, he seems to have been a good one. He was curate of Calverton in the year A.D. 1589, and it is said that as he walked about in his parish and visited the cottagers in their humble homes, he noticed the women seated at their cottage-doors, knitting.

Possibly the thought struck him, 'What slow work knitting really is, and how weary the poor folk must get!' And then followed another thought, 'What a good thing it would be if a machine were invented which should make many stitches at one time.'

These two thoughts led him to resolve to invent such a machine himself. As he felt that he could not work out his machine, and at the same time discharge his duties as curate of Calverton, he gave up his curacy, and for three or four years he worked at his machine. He went to the carpenters and blacksmiths of the place and secured their assistance, and, after a time, his heart rejoiced over a stocking-frame which actually did the same work as that which he had seen the cottagers doing, but at six or seven times the speed. Lee at first found great difficulty in weaving the heel of the stocking, but at last he solved the problem. Having a sound belief in his invention, he instructed his brother James and several others in the mystery of the art.

By this time his small savings had become far smaller, and anxious to obtain royal patronage for his invention, it is said that he made a pair of woollen stockings and presented them with 'all humility' to Queen Elizabeth. Persuaded by one of her noblemen, Lord Hunsdon, to visit Lee's workshops, Her Majesty expressed her pleasure at the ingenuity of the invention, but refused to give Lee any assistance, or the sole right—the patent—of his stocking-frame, saying that it would take the bread out of the mouths of her subjects by putting an end to hand-knitting, by which so many of the poor gained a livelihood. The inventor, deeply disappointed, left England for France, to try and secure the favour of the French king, Henri IV. This monarch generously

promised to help him, and better days seemed dawning, when the good king was murdered, and the young Englishman was again in trouble. It is told that he died in Paris in extreme poverty, before help could arrive from his brother in England. This brother and his assistants laboured on quietly until more prosperous times, and not many years after William Lee's death (unknown and broken-hearted in a foreign land), the Stocking-knitters' Company was one of the most thriving Guilds in London.

The machine constructed by Lee could not give the rib, it could only knit plain stockings; and it was not until two hundred years later that Jedediah Strutt, the son of a Derbyshire farmer, improved Lee's patent by adding a second series of needles with an arrangement for working them, which improvement made a woven rib possible.

Some of the knitting-frames of to-day work at an astonishing speed—making 2592 loops in the time that a single loop could be made by hand on ordinary knitting-pins.

Notts, Leicestershire, and Derby are all engaged in the hosiery industry. France, Germany, and the United States of America also employ thousands of machines in large hosiery factories. Over 150,000 people are employed in England alone in stocking-making. The operations requiring the most 'hands,' as the work-people are called, are those of winding, cutting, mending, and seaming.

Hose were, up to the time of Henry VIII., made out of ordinary cloth; the king's own were formed of yard-wide taffata. It was only by chance that he might obtain a pair of silk hose from Spain. His son, Edward VI., received as a present from Sir Thomas Gresham, a pair of long Spanish silk stockings. For some years long silk stockings continued to be a great rarity. 'In the second year of Queen Elizabeth,' says Stow, 'her silk-woman, Mistress Montague, presented Her Majesty with a pair of black knit silk stockings for a New-year's gift, the which, after a few days' wearing, pleased Her Highness so well that she sent for Mistress Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, "I made them very carefully, of purpose for Your Majesty, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand." "Do so," quoth the Queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

In days long gone by hose were not stockings as we now wear them, but were drawn up the full length of the leg, and sometimes even to the waist, and had pockets in the sides. From the Tudors to the Stuarts (Henry VII. to William and Mary) stockings were made of a great variety of materials and of colour. A large sum of money was required to purchase a pair, so that only the 'well-to-do' could possess themselves of such luxuries. We read that they were often termed 'nether socks,' and that these nether socks were 'frequently beautifully worked and drawn on over the hose or stocking, reaching up to the calf of the leg.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE STURGEON FISHERY.

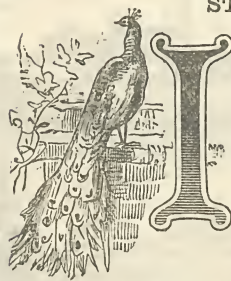
OUR young readers may have seen now and then a rather strange-looking fish laid out in a fishmonger's shop—a fish about three feet in length, with a long snout, and a body covered with bony plates instead of scales, the creature being of a reddish-brown colour. This is a Sturgeon, which is now and then caught in the nets of the fisherman. It is a valuable fish, and there are many species, all of them confined to the northern hemisphere.

The river Volga—especially near its mouth—is the chief scene of the sturgeon fishery, where these fish are captured in large numbers, as many as 15,000 being sometimes caught in one day. The flesh is salted for use during the numerous fasts enjoined by the Greek Church, but the flesh, though valuable, is not by any means the chief value of the fish.

Isinglass and Caviare are the two principal products which make the sturgeon so valuable. The air-bladder, when dried and properly prepared, is named isinglass, and this very valuable material is annually imported to England from St. Petersburg in large quantities. Caviare is a preparation from the roe of the female fish. It has a strong, oily, and peculiar flavour, much esteemed by gourmands—at least, after they have become used to it—but not much approved of by persons of simple tastes. The preparation of these two products of the sturgeon gives employment to many thousands of persons.

M. K.

OLD ABBEY RUINS AND THEIR STORY.



IN the county of Derby are many picturesque old buildings and ruins. Close to West Hallam, between Derby and Nottingham, may be seen from the railway the remains of what was once a famous abbey.

An ancient legend gives this account of the foundation:—'There once lived in the street of St. Mary, in Derby, a baker who was famous for his great charity and devotion. After having spent many years in acts of benevolence and piety, he was in a dream called to give a very trying proof of his good principles. He was required by the Virgin Mary to relinquish all his substance, to go to Depe Dale, and to lead a scholarly life in the service of her Son and herself. He accordingly left all his possessions and departed, entirely ignorant of the place to which he should go; but directing his course to the east, and passing through the village of Stanley, he heard a woman saying to a girl, "Take with thee our calves and drive them to Depe Dale, and return immediately." Regarding the event as God's guidance, he went with the girl to Depe



Dale Abbey.

Dale, and found it a very marshy land, and distant from all human habitation. Walking from thence to the east, he came to a rising ground, and under the side of the hill he cut in the rock a small dwelling, and built an altar towards the south, and there he spent day and night in the Divine service, with hunger, thirst, cold, and want.' Near here he built an oratory, afterwards enlarged into a religious

house by the Lord of Bedely. This establishment was filled with monks from the Abbey of Calke, who, however, after a time neglected their religious duties for the pleasure of hunting. Complaints were made to the King, and the privileges of the monks were taken away; a grant of land, sufficient for their support, alone being given them. Great poverty fell upon them, and they were succeeded by a colony of



Peasants in the Landes District.

canons from Welbeck; but these, disgusted with the poor chances of a comfortable subsistence, soon returned to Welbeck. Years passed; the abbey was refounded by Fitzrauf, but very little of the building is left, except the east window.

Not far from the ruins stands a tiny church, curious and quaint, being joined to the ancient pilgrims' inn, from which it was once separated only by

a door. The singing gallery is entered by steps from the outside of the church.

Dale was once famous for its stained glass, some of which has been carried to Morley Church, about three miles to the west. Should you ever visit the ruins of Dale Abbey, and enter the quaint little church near, be sure to look for the hermit's cell, as it is still to be seen.

J. C.

IN THE LANDES DISTRICT.

THE illustration on the preceding page depicts a wild, lonely spot in the Landes, a department of the South-West of France. For many miles, in fact as far as the eye can reach, the country stretches away in marshy pasturage. It is a good grazing-ground, however, for both sheep and horned cattle, immense flocks of which are reared there. In order to keep themselves out of the wet, which is always more or less on the ground, the shepherds and cattle-tenders walk upon stilts bound to their legs by leather straps and buckles. They also carry a long stick, or crutch with a cross-piece by way of handle, and this they use as a seat to rest upon whilst wearing their stilts. The population is a very sparse and a very poor one.

All the peasants live in mud huts, somewhat of the type of the Irish cabin. It is a dreary tract of land for the most part; the principal occupation of the people, beyond the tending of their flocks and herds, is the making of charcoal in the forests.

F. R.

'TERRAWEENA.'

A Story of a Midwinter Vacation in Australia.
By RUSSELL ALANSON.



TWO lads sat at their desks in the Grammar School, Sydney. 'The Grammar,' as it is generally called, is a name dear in the memory of many an Australian. It was a lovely June afternoon, a few days before the Midwinter vacation.

The younger boy, Bob Walters, was gazing out through the open window, over Hyde Park, where the statue of Captain Cook now stands. Presently he looked round at his companion, Arthur Clay, three years his senior, the head boy of the sixth form. Clay was intent on his work. 'Wonderful fellow to work!' thought Bob. 'I wish I was half as clever!'

Clay looked up. 'Hello, Bob! stuck?'

'No,' said Bob, 'only sick of it. I wish the exam. was over. What is the good of exams?'

'Well, they test your knowledge, Bob, and, when you pass and get certificates, people know how well you have been educated, besides—'

'Oh, I dare say,' interrupted Bob; 'but what is the good of finding the value of x , or knowing the fate of the pious Æneas who lived ever so long ago? Father says I am to go into his office, and learn his business—he is an importer, you know, he has big stores down by the Quay.'

'Yes,' said Clay thoughtfully; he began to see some force in Bob's remarks. He had always been a diligent student, eagerly following the course of study directed by his teachers, but he had never

paused to inquire into the actual usefulness of his subjects, and he hardly knew how to reply.

'There is Harry Austin,' Bob continued; 'he is going out on the station with his father and brothers, not coming back after vacation. Latin won't help him much in the price of wool. Now, with Tom Burrowes it is different, he is to be a chemist; Latin may help him, though he won't make up pills by the help of Euclid, will he?'

Clay burst out laughing. 'Really, Bob, you ought to go into Parliament by-and-by.'

'Oh, you don't want education either to get there.'

'That depends on what you call education. All knowledge does not come from books.'

'No, perhaps not; but, I say, don't you remember when the prizes were given out last term? Why, if we had made half the blunders the minister made in his speech, we would have been sent up for five hundred straight.'

'Yes, but the minister is a worthy man, and has honestly won his position. I have heard my father speak highly of him.'

'I dare say, but he never learned Latin, all of which proves my argument.'

'He had not our early advantages. Look here, Bob, if he could do so much without education, such as we have the chance of getting, how much more could he have done with it?'

'That proposition is a bit too stiff. I was never much at Euclid, Arthur.' Bob picked up his books. 'I will leave you to work it out, if you don't mind, old fellow;' and he started for the playground.

He stopped at the door of the class-room. 'I say, Arthur, won't it be grand fun up at Austin's in the holidays? You are going, aren't you?'

'Yes, and Burrowes.'

'Good shot!' said Bob. 'I say, Arthur——' But Clay was deep in his books and did not answer.

Bob stopped and admired him in silence for a brief space, then he turned away. 'He will get through all right, and take honours; I don't think I will do much myself next week.'

He and Clay had been studying privately after the lessons for the day were over, but it cannot be said that Bob had much increased his stock of knowledge, though he always felt better for being with Clay and trying to follow his example. Arthur knew of Bob's liking for him, and returned the feeling, to the mutual benefit of both. Bob strove to follow Arthur, and Arthur, on his part, tried the more to be worthy of imitation.

Harry Austin, to whom Bob had alluded, had invited his three friends to spend the holidays with him. He had come to the end of his school days. His father, a wealthy squatter, had made it a rule to send his boys to Sydney 'to a good school' to 'finish them up,' as he put it, and Harry was no exception to the rule.

Clay, Burrowes, and Walters were town boys, yet they could ride, fish, and swim, and had shot gill-birds over beyond North Shore and away towards Narrabeen, not far from the city. They had been to the Blue Mountains, the chief health resort of Sydney, with their parents, but they knew nothing of

the great country out west, except what they had learned from Harry Austin's glowing descriptions of his doings at Terraweena, his father's station.

'We get our tickets for Blayney, we take the coach from there,' said Austin when he met the others at the railway station accompanied by their friends who had come to see them off on the night after school 'broke up.' The Western mail train left Sydney at eight p.m.

'Good-bye, mother; we will have some fine yarns to tell you when we come back,' said Bob, as he kissed his mother for the third time.

'Stand back, please!' Right away!' called the guard. The green of his lamp flashed, the engine gave a short whistle, a puff and a rush of steam, and the Western mail, leaving behind it the throbbing, busy city, pushed out into the great silent Bush of Australia, where men have laid the foundations of the Australian nation, which is being built.

On they sped, they climbed the Blue Mountains, and looked back over the Emu Plains below them, ere they rushed into the weird forests and deep gorges which checked the progress of the early settlers of Australia. Triumphs of engineering skill have now bored through mountains and bridged over chasms, and in a few hours the travellers were beyond the great range which had so long defied the efforts of those hardy pioneers. On the western descent of these mountains is the 'Great Zigzag'. Here the railway line takes the form of a gridiron, and the train has to stop at every angle. Tom Burrowes was awake, the others had fallen asleep, it was past midnight. The train stopped. Tom thought this a funny place to stop. He let down the window and looked out. The night was clear, but it had been snowing. The clouds were all gone now, however, and the moon was shining brightly. On the rocks above, and far down below, everywhere, glistening softly in the moonlight, the white snow made the shadows more black, while the throbbing sounds of the engine, as the driver waited for the points to be changed, seemed only to bring out the intensity of the otherwise all-pervading silence.

'Wake up, lads! Here is a sight you may never see again!'

The boys rushed to the windows—other heads appeared from other carriages all along the train, and many were the exclamations of delight, except from an old gentleman in the next carriage to the boys, who, on looking out, growled that from the noise he thought that they had run over some one, or had got off the line; he never heard such a to-do all about a bit of snow, making him put his head out of the window, which would give him neuralgia for a week. None but a lot of boys would have noticed such a thing. If he had only thought that it was holiday-time, when the trains were likely to be crowded with boys, he would not have come.

It was with him the winter of his discontent.

The points were soon changed, and on sped the train, still west.

'Blayney! Blayney!' sleepily called the night porter. 'Now, then, hurry up, please!'

'Here, lads, come along, collar your bags!' said

Austin, bundling himself and his companions, half awake, on to the platform. It was just daybreak.

The driver of the coach by which they were to travel further took their bags, and stowed them away in the boot.

'Now, then, Andy, have ye got the mail-bags?' The post-boy hurried forward, and *Her Majesty's Mails* were quickly handed up, to be stowed away also in the boot, and the Royal mail coach, with its five horses driven by 'Brumby' Webb, the best whip 'out West,' set off at a rapid rate through Blayney, with Austin and his friends on the box and the cross seat behind. They stopped to change horses every fifteen or twenty miles. Here was generally a public-house, with its sign swinging from an arm on a post, a blacksmith's shop and a general store, which is always also the post-office, so that many requirements are satisfied at the same time by those who go to the post; also the postmaster is thus enabled to get an insight into the business of his customers, and generally manages to obtain a deduction on his outstanding accounts when any post-office orders come through. Sometimes the coach bore off to the side of the road, and the driver dropped letters and papers into an open box attached to a tree, a little height from the ground. So do *Her Majesty's* mails find their way into the interior of Australia.

The sun was just setting as the coach stopped at the gates of Terraweena station. The boys left the coach here, and were driven in a buggy by one of the station hands, sent to meet them, for the three miles which they had to travel before they reached Terraweena, the home of Harry Austin, whose guests they were.

'Good morning, boys! Feel all right this morning? It is a rather sharp frost, but a grand morning; I hope you may have it fine for your holidays.' Such was the cheery greeting from Harry Austin's father on the morning after their arrival. 'Come along; breakfast! Harry will show you round afterwards, and to-morrow we have a kangaroo drive.'

'I have often heard of damper,' said Tom at breakfast, 'but I never thought it so first-rate as this.'

'I am afraid you would soon get as tired of it as we do,' Mrs. Austin said, smiling, 'though we don't always have damper. We bake our own bread, because there are no bakers out here as there are in Sydney.'

'Oh, but mother's damper is very different to some,' said Harry. 'Far better!'

'Don't you cook it on the ashes?' asked Bob.

'Yes, and roll it out on a sheet of bark, beforehand,' said Mr. Austin.

The boys burst out laughing.

'Oh, mother doesn't do that,' said Harry, 'but the teamsters and the shearers do, when they are travelling. They have no table, you see.'

And so the boys chatted and laughed. After breakfast they went first to the wool-shed. Here Harry explained the process of shearing, and the busy time they had. All was quiet now, however, as it was winter.

(Continued at page 12.)

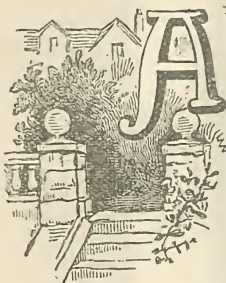


"What is the good of exams.?"



A Bold Little Terrier.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN—!



A VERITABLE Ishmael of the animal world, his hand against every one's, and every one's hand against him, the English fox is nevertheless one of the most beautiful of living creatures. He is well worth watching in his native woods and wilds—that is, when you get the chance; for no animal is more averse to being spied upon. But if a litter of cubs be discovered on some sunny bank, or if one can find out an 'earth' where a family of foxes is living, then it is well worth the observer's time to climb a tree, or hide behind any natural cover he can find, in order to watch the graceful movements of the elders and the kittenish playfulness of the cubs as they roll over each other and spring about in antics of a most laughter-provoking kind.

But as soon as October comes, the fox must be on the alert, for in the early mornings of that month—and, in many countries, even a few weeks earlier in the year—the sound of the horn rouses him to action, and calls upon him to run for his life. During part of September and all October the woods are drawn by hounds with a view to rattling the young cubs about, frightening them away from their homes, and inducing them to take a few strong gallops by way of preparation for the serious business to come when the season proper shall open. November the 1st sees the finish of the cub-hunting, and the formal commencement of the regular hunting season, when the 'meets' are no longer in the early morning, but at eleven o'clock in the day. From then until the following March or first week in April, war is waged by the various packs of foxhounds against the poultry-yard robbers in serious earnest. Hounds are run through a covert, consisting, perhaps, of some gorse-bushes on a hill-side. The huntsman encourages them to 'push him up!' 'wind him, then!' and urges them on in other mysterious hound-language. Presently, a whimper from one, followed by a chorus taken up and given out by the whole pack, proclaims that the dogs have 'found.' Away steals the fox on the far side of the hill; close on his track follow the hounds, all giving tongue.

The huntsman, with a 'toot, toot!' on his horn, gives notice that they have 'gone away,' and the whole of the mounted followers of the hunt settle down in their saddles to ride at, or over, every obstacle which comes in their way. At least, that is what they *should* do; but there are always certain riders in every hunt who show a decided preference for skirting round the roads, looking for gaps and gates, and, in short, doing anything to avoid the (to them) unpleasant necessity for jumping.

Away, harder than ever, goes Reynard, still merrily whisking his brush, and, for the first twenty minutes, defying his pursuers. But after this we see a change: his back gets more arched, and at length his beautiful brush begins to droop, and finally drags

over the ridge and furrow of the ploughed field which he is crossing. Still he perseveres, knowing that he must reach an open 'earth,' some two miles away, if he is to save his own life. But his strength is failing him, though he still gallantly struggles on. Crossing a lane, he sees a cottage door standing open. Through it he bolts, in hope of finding a refuge; and here, indeed, he jumps 'out of the frying-pan into the fire,' as the old saying has it. For, on the very threshold, he is pounced upon by a bold little terrier, and rolled over on the floor. Sharply snaps the fox at his new foe, making his long white teeth meet through the loose skin around the terrier's neck. Already, however, the ruthless hounds, following on the scent, are in sight; and five minutes later, fox, hounds, and terrier are rolling over each other in a heap at the cottage door. The terrier is badly bitten, and one of the hounds has also had a nip; but poor Reynard has paid with his life for the gallop in which he has led the pack that morning.

FOX RUSSELL.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. I SCENT. One of the smallest class of animal life visible to the naked eye.
2. Mute sin. Short periods of time.
3. See curl. One who lives a lonely life.
4. Ten lap. A celestial wanderer.
5. Ye sort. A small but savoury fish.
6. Cabs here. Openings in a defence; separations between friends.
7. Must I cobble? Inflammable.
8. Her car. One skilled in the use of a weapon now very little used.
9. The bar. That without which life cannot exist.
10. All in, Vi. A man guilty of great crimes.
11. Parse, sir. A feeling excited by anything quite unexpected.
12. Our cage. A power which enables the possessor to face danger.
13. I see bacon. An act of reverence or courtesy.
14. Cares. To frighten away.
15. S. drew on. Creating astonishment.
16. 'Tis red. A long step.

C. C.

2.—ENIGMA.

I'm seen in the flames, but not in the fire;
I'm found in the lanes, but not in the mire.
I'm part of the needle, but not of the pin;
Of gold, lead, and silver, but never of tin.
I'm found in the light, but not in the dark;
I live in the parlour, but not in the park.
In England or Ireland, even Australia;
But not in America, Africa, Asia.

3.—ACROSTIC.

1. A SAXON leader.
2. One of the early Fathers.
3. A German Emperor.
4. An early historian.
5. A Norwegian adventurer.
6. An eminent painter.


4.—PUZZLE.

We are eminent men, as all the world knows,
And yet 'tis a curious fact we disclose:
Whatever may be the *head* of each name,
You may find that its *tail* is exactly the same.

1. A poet of old, who sang in softest strains;
2. A painter with wit and humour in his veins;
3. A philosopher, a wonderfully learned man,
Who was knighted in 1705 by Queen Anne;
4. An Emperor of Germany long, long ago;
5. A great Roman general, whom most of us know;
6. A brave admiral, who had only one eye;
7. A hero, whose exploits made all the world sigh;
8. A King of Macedonia;
9. A brave Scottish king.

[Answers at page 26.]

WASPS IN A HONEY-POT.

 HONEY-POT in tempting guise
Upon a shelf uncovered lay,
And soon a swarm of hungry wasps
Appeared to seize upon the prey.
So swift they flew, so loud they buzzed,
The noise was deafening to the ear;
But those who could translate the sounds,
Heard words that others could not hear.
'Beware! beware!' the elders said;
'This honey has no cells you see,
And if you carelessly fly in,
As sure as fate, you will smothered be.'

'No; we will only touch the edge,
And sip a dainty morsel up;
We will be careful with our legs,
And hold our wings above the cup.
If legs and wings are safe, you see,
There is no danger for the rest;
Just watch how very skilfully
We hold our own amongst the best.'

It was no easy thing to sip,
And hold their own, though hard they tried;
The danger was not in the cup
Nor in the steep and slippery side,
But that they knew not where to stop,
And, drunk with pleasure, could not guide
Their giddy heads and careless feet,
To keep from harm their fluttering wings.
Drowned in excess and clogged with sweets
They could not save themselves, poor things!

To creatures wiser than the wasps,
The danger is the *clog* of sin;
They cannot lawless pleasure taste,
And save themselves from plunging in;
Their better thoughts, their strong resolves,
Are soon caught fast in honeyed things,
Till they are left no feet to stand,
And, if they fain would fly, no wings.
The cells guard well the honeyed brood
From plunging into wild excess;
And God's good laws all warn the soul
To shun the joys He cannot bless.

THE DOMESTIC SHEEP.

WE are, at present, quite in the dark as to the origin of the domestic sheep. Two of the most remarkable differences between the domestic races of sheep and their wild cousins are the length of the tail and the coat of wool instead of hair. Domestic sheep vary greatly in the character of their horns. In the sheep of Dorsetshire we find both male and female sheep provided with horns; while, in the famous South-down sheep, the horns are absent in both sexes. There is a tendency among some breeds to produce additional pairs of horns, so that four-horned and even eight-horned sheep exist. There is one type of sheep which is distinguished by its flattened tail. Sometimes this flat appendage is unusually short; at other times it is remarkably long.

In Asia Minor, Syria, or parts of Arabia, the flat-tailed sheep have their tails of enormous size, sometimes reaching a weight of from forty to fifty pounds. So long, indeed, is the tail that it trails upon the ground, and is held up by a little sledge, that it may not trouble its owner!

On the other hand, in the countries to the eastward of the Caspian Sea, such as Persia and many parts of Central Asia, as well as in North-eastern Central Africa, we find that the flat tail becomes quite short. The fat-tailed sheep kept in the highlands of Abyssinia differ from the ordinary breed in that they are covered with wool. The hair is white on the body, but black on the head and front part of the neck. The horns are small and curved. Great numbers of these sheep are kept by the wandering tribes of Asia, some preferring those which are entirely black, while others cultivate a pure white breed. Many lambs of the black breed are killed at a very early age for the sake of their skins, which are covered with fine curly wool, and are the Astrachan of commerce.

There are very many breeds of sheep in the British Isles. Some of the chief breeds are the Shetland, the Scotch, the Welsh, the Irish, the Cheviots, the South-downs, the Dorsets, and the Merino and the long-woolled breeds.

There are many varieties of the long-woolled breeds, such as the Lincolnshire, the Cotswold, the Devonshire, and so on. They are all of large size, and have long wool and no horns.

In England the sheep is now only valuable for the sake of its wool and flesh, but in various parts of both Europe and Asia the milk of the ewe has been used from the earliest times either pure or curdled and as an article of diet.

The Cheviot breed of sheep have a remarkable fore-knowledge of approaching storms. They will earnestly seek a place of shelter and security before the shepherd dreams of impending danger. It often happens that sufficient shelter cannot be found: the flock crowd together for the purpose of mutual warmth, and are soon covered beneath the snow and sometimes perish.

Yet sheep with but little wool can live for many days buried beneath the snow. In the winter of A.D. 1800, a sheep, near Kendal, was buried in the snow for thirty-three days and nights without being able to move, and it yet survived.

J. C.



The Domestic Sheep.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 7.)



GOOD morning, 'Arry! So you are home again. Come to show your mates the shed?' said a man who came lazily round the corner.

'Yes, Tim; how are you?' said Harry, shaking hands with a tall, thin man about thirty, clad in moleskins and a striped shirt, blucher boots, and a cabbage-tree hat, with a black

velvet band round it and a chin-strap which passed under his nose. He was smoking a briar pipe, and looked as if he never hurried himself under any

circumstances. His beard was long and bushy, his hair long and well oiled.

'Pretty middling,' said Tim; 'how's yourself? I've left some of the station horses in the yard, if ye want them to-day,' he continued, 'and, if you've not got anything pertikler to do, ye can go over to the yards by the "lickin' holes" and drive over the steers ye will find there. I suppose your mates can ride?' he said, looking at Harry's companions.

'Oh, yes, we can ride,' said Arthur.

Tim smiled. Away went the boys, all eager for a gallop.

'You had better take "Kicker," Arthur,' said Harry, 'he's a little funny at times, but quite quiet.'

'Oh, I'll manage him.'

They rode out, and galloped away along the flats by the creek, found the steers and started for home.



Encounter with a Kangaroo.

'I expect they will break back if we don't mind as we get near the yards,' said Harry. 'Look out!' he shouted in the next breath.

A red steer started back, Arthur went after him.

'Get round him,' called Harry.

The steer was going very fast, Arthur on old Kicker close on his quarters. All at once round went the steer, in less than his own length. Round

went Kicker—he had followed many a steer—over his head went Arthur!

'I thought you could ride,' said Tim, who had been looking on from the top of the stockyard fence where he had sat during the time the boys had been away.

The boys all laughed, Clay joining in.

'So I thought, but it seems not,' he said.

'Tim is a good sort,' said Harry as the boys turned home from the yards, 'though he enjoyed your going off; you have to be well used to these old horses. Tim has been with us a long time, we couldn't *drive* him away now; he was here before I was born; when mother came to live here first, he was a boy on the station. Father was here about two years before mother came from Sydney. I remember mother telling me how she gave Tim cold mutton and mint sauce, and some rice pudding one day for dinner, and he ate the mutton and then put the mint sauce with the pudding; when mother told him of his mistake, he just grinned, and said he supposed 'it would get together all the same after.'

The rest of the day was occupied in cleaning the guns, filling cartridges, and talking over the kangaroo hunt which the morrow was to bring forth.

Harry's friends had not seen kangaroos, excepting the few tame ones in the Sydney Botanical Gardens. They had heard wonderful stories about the tremendous leaps they could take, how they could kick with their hind feet, and about the hair-breadth escapes of their friend Harry when in pursuit of them. Little wonder, then, that they looked forward to the next day with great expectations mixed with some misgivings, which they did not mention to each other, as to what part each should play in so unusual an adventure. Little wonder also that Bob Walters woke up in the night, finding himself pursued by an enormous 'old man' kangaroo with a trencher-cap on his head, and a parallel ruler in one paw, and that Bob should hit out with his left fist and catch Tom Burrowes, his bed-mate, on the nose, and that Tom should awake with a yell, and want to know what he meant.

The stars had not quite all dropped from the sky, when the boys were called next morning. Behind the dark stems of the box and gum-trees a pink glow was showing in the horizon. The kookooburra was laughing, first singly and then in chorus, as he joined his companions on the dry bough of some tree, and the magpie was sending forth his mellow note of welcome to the dawn. The last sound of the mopoke had died away, where he had sat with his melancholy call all the night through.

The white frost lay thick upon the fences and the grass, and the long pipe-like pieces of bark from the gum-trees knocked against their stems, stirred by the faint morning breeze. The spur-winged plover called with his peculiar 'tick-a-tick' note from the cleared lands and fields, but the curlew was silent, his weird wail is of the night or when the clouds gather dark above the silent forest, portending rain.

How jolly it seemed having breakfast by lamp-light, with just the dawn of day peeping in through the windows.

'Are all the dogs tied up, Tim?' said Mr. Austin.

'Yes, sir!'

'Don't we take dogs?' asked Arthur, surprised.

'No, they would get shot most likely, or they would break through the drive,' replied Harry. 'We have hunts sometimes, when we give the dogs a run to the death, as in fox-hunting in England. You will understand when you see to-day how we work.'

All the station hands had mustered, and also

several selectors from along the river. Some had guns—they were to be the shooters; others carried only their whips—they were to do the driving.

'I notice Paddy Ryan is about again,' said Mr. Austin, looking round among the men.

'Yes,' said the selector near, 'just back from the six months he got for that stealing affair at Cade's. Got a good horse as usual; I wonder where he picked *that* one up?'

'Bought him cheap,' laughed Mr. Austin, with a wink. 'Got a receipt about him, I'll bet, if he was to be asked for it.'

'We will stop at Murphy's, lads,' called out Mr. Austin, turning to the men assembled; 'we meet the others there.'

'Murphy's,' some three or four miles distant, was soon reached. It was an abandoned free selection, on the Terraweena run, and was now part of the freehold, having been bought in by Mr. Austin from Murphy, who had taken up many a selection in his time, 'picking the eyes out of the runs,' and had lived very comfortably by transferring them in due course. Under the Land Act of 1861, in North South Wales a selector could transfer at the end of a year.

Murphy's last selection was not of his own choosing, he was buried in a bend of the creek below his hut. He had been drowned in trying to cross when the creek was in flood, on the night after he had sold out to Terraweena.

On either side of the meeting-place the hills rose gradually; some distance away down the creek the flats widened out, and were clear except for the large gum-trees which lined the bank of the creek and dotted the open. Here the shooters stationed themselves, leaving their horses secured about the old yards at the selection. Then the drivers were portioned off at intervals of about fifty yards, all along the ridges and well up the hill-sides. Mr. Austin took one wing and Tim the other. A 'cooey' from Tim announced that his end was complete. Several loud cracks of the stockwhips responded, and then began a strange din of calls, yells, cracking of whips, halloos, and rushing of horses through the salt-bush, over logs and scrub, stump-holes where trees had been burnt out, and rocks, in every direction. The birds started in the trees, and the parrots flew and screeched as if they enjoyed a noise so in keeping with their own wild chatter. Then a rush here, and a rush there, and then a hop, hop, and a thumping sound.

'Ah! there they go!' 'Look out!' 'Stop that flyer!' 'Can't!' 'Never mind, let him go!' 'Hello! there's a boomer!' 'Head him!' 'Well done!' 'Hello! Hoo!'—crack! bang! whips, shouts, and yells, rushing of horses. The line was closing in, and pressing down towards the open. Pop! the first shot rang out, then another, then two or three together, then bang! bang! one continuous firing. The boys yelled and hooted equal to any of their fellows; they hung on to their horses, and wondered afterwards however they kept their seats through the scrub. Harry Austin cheered them on.

'Ho! ho! steady! far enough!'

One by one the drivers began to rein in.

'We must not get too near the shooters,' said

Harry, 'or we might get what is meant for the kangaroos.'

Back went the line again, but further along the ridge, then followed the same yelling, and rushing, and riding, and shouts, and laughter. The boys began to drive more steadily now, keeping a better line as they understood the game. So on till a halt was called; it was noon; never had a morning gone so quickly. The horses were watered at the creek, tucker bags got out, and pannikins unloosed from the sides of the saddles. The boys were full of how they had stopped this one, and run over that; how they had jumped this log, and been nearly knocked off by that branch; and the bush fellows grinned at their freshness or told some very tall stories of what you find 'right out back,' to which Terraweena was nothing. A smoke and a lounge on the grass followed, and then at it once more.

'Two hundred and seventy-one. Not so bad for a small party! We will do better this afternoon, though,' said Mr. Austin, as he made up the list. 'We will beat round and try the opposite ridge, and then run away towards the junction of the gullies.'

There were some very large kangaroos among the spoil. Tom Burrowes was admiring one big fellow.

'I say, Bob, fancy running down such a fellow as that yourself!'

'Splendid!' said Bob, 'but you would have nothing to kill him with.'

'Oh, he could kill him with his stirrup on its leather,' said Harry; 'slip it out and hit him over the head.'

'Bit risky,' said Clay. 'I wouldn't care to try it.'

'Now then, lads!' called out Tim. Already half the party were spreading over the flat and up the opposite range. The boys hurried off. Tom Burrowes was thinking over Harry's plan. What an achievement! if only he could kill an 'old man' kangaroo all by himself! He had heard how they were run down by dogs, and also how a great muster was sometimes made, and hundreds of kangaroos were driven into yards after long runs, and slaughtered wholesale. This driving was different from that way of killing them, but a *single combat* would be something to boast of! Tom kept near the outer wing. At one end of a ridge was a pine scrub, while over the ridge the country was open. As they drove, Tom, keeping behind, saw a very large kangaroo stop, and sit very still among the pines; then as the rush swept farther away, the kangaroo made off steadily over the ridge. Tom's heart was in his mouth. After the kangaroo he went. The pine scrub was thick; he had to pull up and go slowly. He thought he had lost his kangaroo. The scrub was not wide, he was soon through it; there on the other side was the open, and there, yes, making slowly down the hill, was the 'old man' kangaroo. Down the hill went Tom. The kangaroo immediately quickened his speed to its top. Tom never rode so fast in his life before. A gallop along the roads about Sydney was as nothing to this. He gained on the kangaroo across the level. 'I can catch him up that other hill,' he thought. On they went, the 'old man' taking gigantic leaps from his strong hind legs and tail, across the flat, up the hill. Tom was closer

at every stride. He was within thirty yards. He slipped out the leather of his stirrup and clutched it ready for a swing—he clung close to the saddle; he rushed on—he expected to hit the kangaroo on the back of the head as he went. Now he was near! A few yards more! He rose in his seat to strike. Now! Round went the kangaroo, and Tom, missing, went flying several feet over his horse's head. He was up in an instant. There stood the kangaroo, backed against a tree. Tom's blood was up. He made at him. He swung the leather with its iron straight for the kangaroo's head. The kangaroo struck out too with one hind foot, and Tom fell with him.

It was nearly dark when the others found him, and brought him round with some water from the creek. Tom felt somewhat dazed yet elated as they all rode home in the starlight, and he tried to explain all about it. Tim brought him the paws and the scalp next morning, and they are over Tom's hall-door to this day. His children know the story, and often remark to each other quietly, when visitors have it again recounted to them, that 'father tells that story a little differently every time.'

(Continued at page 22.)

COTTAGES AT GODALMING.

DURING the past twenty years, many picturesque houses have been swept away before the advance of the speculative builder. Lovely retired nooks have had schools, hospitals, reformatories, and new ranges of cottages built on them, to the destruction of all that is beautiful and romantic there. But the lover of Nature may still see much to reward him for a search in remote country villages. Our illustration is of some very picturesque cottages near Godalming, in Surrey—a singularly pretty district, some thirty-five miles from London. The old oak beams, the rough-cast walls, with the diamond-paned latticed windows, all combine to form a pretty object for the eye to rest upon; and the country all round forms a fitting and appropriate background. Looking at these cottages, one is taken back in imagination to the good old days, before the country was cut up in every direction by railways, and when the blast of a coach-horn was the only sound which broke upon the ears of the sleepy little village, to tell it that some of the outer world were on their travels.

One can picture the gossips sitting together beneath the shade of a great oak or elm near the village green, and discussing the news from London and the great world beyond it, some of it three months old; of the simple-minded rustics gathering together at the sound of the church bell; of the old people tottering up the moss-grown path, and entering the little church porch all covered with honeysuckle and roses. Of all buildings, the churches have stood best against the ruthless ravages of time. Many of them have stood for over one thousand years where they stand to-day. Patched and repaired they may be, but they are, nevertheless, as they were before Norman William was born.

F. R.



Cottages at Godalming.



"Hi, youngster! where might you be going?"

TOO LATE.



BOB HARKER stood by the door of his mother's little house, in a back street of a country town, not very many miles from London. His cap was pulled down low over his forehead, his hands were in his pockets, and as he leaned against the door—post he drummed viciously, first with one heel, then with the other, upon the flags beneath his feet.

'I will not put up with it an hour longer,' he muttered to himself. 'Wait till it is dark enough, and I will show him whether I am in earnest; he shall not sneer at me again for nothing.'

He was in a sad, bad mood, this boy of fourteen: the voice which speaks to every one of us, even in our worst hours, if we would only listen, was trying hard to get a hearing from him, but he stifled it resolutely; he turned, and gave one long look through the uncurtained window of his home, and then he set off at a brisk pace up the street. He was running away.

He had thought of doing so over and over again, during the last few months—ever since his Uncle Joe had come to live with them—with Bob, his widowed mother, and his little sister Mary.

It was against this uncle that all the lad's fierce anger burned. Joseph Harker meant well, but he did not know much of human nature—especially of boyish human nature—and when, with the right and generous desire of helping an only sister in her hard struggle for her daily bread and that of her two children, he took up his abode in Mrs. Harker's little house, the young man went the worst possible way to work with his nephew Bob.

Bob resented what he called his uncle's interference bitterly: what right had Uncle Joe to order him about—to control him in everything—to say when he should go out and come in? His own father—if he had lived—would never have been so strict. Except for his mother's sake he would not have stood it for a day.

That was how Bob reasoned; and when he left school, and went to work in a factory, not far from his home, his feelings of impatience and revolt only increased. Certainly, some of Uncle Joe's requirements were really not reasonable; he might have tried a more excellent way with his nephew, he might have seen what kindness and conciliation would do; but his shortcomings did not justify Bob.

'You are going too far,' the lad said hotly one night, when his uncle, vexed by some act of disobedience, had struck him. 'You are going too far now; for two pins I would run away.'

Uncle Joe laughed—an unpleasant, sneering laugh. 'That is an old tale with you lads,' he answered. 'You talk of running away, but you come sneaking back at supper-time.'

Bob brooded over the words, as it was too much

his habit to brood; he thought of his own real or fancied wrongs, instead of his mother's sad, patient face, and of the kindness which his uncle often showed, in spite of trying ways and words. When little Mary, feeling the trouble which she could not understand, came and stood by Bob's side, and tried to win him from his sullen discontent, the boy only grew more morose, and repulsed her gentle caresses; when his mother spoke to him, and sought to make peace, it was all in vain. An evil influence had got hold of Bob Harker; he was always listening to something that prompted him to break from all restraints of home, from all ties of love, to turn his back upon everything, and go where he might, or thought he might, be free.

Bob felt afraid that evening, as he walked so quickly down the street; he was not without some sense of his own danger, and of the gravity of the step he was taking. If it had not been for Uncle Joe's taunt he would have turned back, even at the last moment, but those mocking words came between him and everything good.

Faster and faster he walked, till all familiar landmarks were left behind, till the night fell dense and black about him, and the last late home-going wayfarer had said a gruff good-night in passing. Not until he knew that there was no use in hoping to reach the place of his destination that night did Bob slacken his footsteps. He wanted to get to Cottenham, a small manufacturing town midway between his home and the metropolis; he had been there once, long ago, before his father died, and he knew how the road stretched on for miles and miles, so that there was no chance of missing the right way.

But to walk on through that utter darkness, starting at every rustle of the branches overhead, fearing he knew not what, was not to be thought of.

Just where the tired boy paused, the wayside hedge was broken by a rude stone wall; he leaned against it a moment, for rest and support, and stretching out his hand to steady himself, felt that there was an open doorway; he had come upon an old disused cattle-shed, and, thankful even for such a shelter, he crept into it, and lay silently amongst the straw till morning came.

The saddest morning, surely, that had ever dawned for Robert Harker, yet he was sustained by a feeling of novelty and excitement—to get away, to set a whole broad barrier of solid miles between himself and Uncle Joe, was still his uppermost thought. With returning light he found a brook in the fields: there he washed and made himself as presentable as he could, and after eating a roll, put into his pocket the evening before, he walked on, and into Cottenham Station, with as much heart as he could muster.

Bob had money, but not much; at Cottenham, he could get a ticket for London, and then—why, then 'the world' would be 'all before him, where to choose.'

* * * * *

The booking-clerk looked hard at the boy of fourteen, who took a third-class ticket for the early train which was about starting town-wards. But the man was pressed for time. 'Boy running away,

maybe,' he muttered, 'but it is no business of mine, unless inquiries are made'—and Bob went to an empty carriage, which he had to himself for the first part of the journey, until, at a country station, the door opened, and two seafaring men came in.

The elder, who was addressed with a sort of rough deference by his companion, turned an inquiring gaze upon the boy seated in the farthest corner of the carriage, and made some remark in an undertone, which Bob could not catch. But as the two went on talking, and he became used to their rough voices, and took note of the many glances cast in his own direction, Bob became certain that they were talking about him.

'He would suit you, cap'n, down to the ground,' said the younger of the sailors. 'Look at his chest; look at his limbs; he is a well-grown one, if you like.'

'Cap'n,' as he was called, nodded assent, and raised his voice to attract Bob's attention.

'Hi, youngster!' he said, 'where might you be going?'

'To London,' answered Bob, with his heart in his mouth.

Captain Sims winked knowingly. 'Running away, eh?' he asked, in a friendly tone, and Bob thought it best to admit the charge.

'Now, look here,' said the captain; 'it is not often that we want a boy on ship-board nowadays, but our lad has fallen sick, and can't go this voyage. You are a likely youngster; say the word, and I will take you. Only—you will have to make your mind up sharp. Father will be after you, eh?'

'Father's dead,' said Bob, shortly. 'It is true I have run away,' he added, in a moment, 'but my folk don't want me; if you will take me in your ship, I will go with you.'

(Concluded at page 27.)

WATERSIDE WILLOWS.

ONE of the things that many a boy remembers very distinctly in his after days is his first attempts at fishing in some stream or brooklet. When he shuts his eyes he can see as in a picture the grassy bank, or narrow path beside the water, probably shaded with willows, the shadows of which seemed to bob about on the surface, and bothered him while he was trying to see if there were any fish. From a shoot of a willow or osier he fashioned his rod; possibly in the hollow trunk of one he put his tin can for security, or the lunch which he brought out with him. It may also have happened that upon some tree which had fallen partly in the stream, he crawled cautiously, so as to drop his line into deep water.

The willow is associated also with waterside rambles on bleak March mornings, or warmer ones in April, the objects being to detect the bloom of the early flowering kinds, which has long been used for Easter decoration. Somehow or other the willow sprays were chosen to serve as a sign of rejoicing and triumph in place of the Oriental palms. Most

of the willows and sallows display their flowers or catkins between March and May, so they are always connected with the pleasant spring season, and those which appear first seem to tell, as Tannahill says, that 'gloomy winter's now awa'; and we are glad indeed,

'When the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over.'

For spring has come to us, since the early catkins, grey or yellow, are mostly visible upon the trees rather than the bushes, especially on the goat-willow or saugh, which has a crowd of yellow blossoms. It had this name because goats were said to be fond of its catkins; these have a perfume after rain, and so too have those of several other willows. Some of the osiers display their catkins of grey or yellow in April, but the golden osier not till May; this is often grown for basket-making, or for ornament, and has shining yellow branches. Every boy who has tried his pocket-knife upon osiers and willows will have noticed that the other twigs are usually straighter and tougher than willow ones.

But how did the willows get their name? It is likely that this came from the *willing* nature of the shoots; they can easily be bent and twisted for any purpose. 'Withe' is another name for them, and in Scotland it is 'widdie,' but some of the willows are also called 'sallows.' This seems to be from an old word which refers to the greyness, or perhaps to the silkiness, of the leaves. We have a great variety in appearance and size among the sixty or more species of British willows, and it will be an amusement to any young reader to find out how many he knows. Some of the most singular willows have only been seen by a few, for they grow upon the rocks in the Scotch Highlands. One of these is the woolly broad-leaved willow, which is found in North Europe. This is one which scarcely has a rival in beauty, for, as a Swedish gentleman says, 'The splendid golden catkins at the ends of the branches light up the whole bush, and are accompanied by the young foliage sparkling with gold and silver.' These catkins are so full of honey that they taste very sweet if sucked. Another Highland kind is the wrinkled willow, which has deep green, wrinkled leaves, and long stalked, woolly catkins.

Then there grows on English and Scotch hills a willow which is only two or three inches high, while the white willow is often seen as a tree forty or fifty feet high. Tall, too, is the well-known Bedford willow; also the Crack willow, with brittle branches, is a familiar kind.

Strolling along some of those places where many willows grow beside the winding of a stream, we are amused to see the odd positions in which they often grow, because the roots have been shaken by the wind. They lean at all sorts of angles; sometimes a couple bend towards each other and the twigs mingle. Now and then they fall across a brook, making rather a slippery bridge. Here and there one appears with a large hollow head, which has been filled up, and in the earth shrubs and plants are flourishing. Others are quite hollow—mere shells, in and out of which the birds hop, seeking insects; sometimes round them is a crowd of young shoots from the old root-stock.

J. R. S. C.



Swiss Peasants.

SWITZERLAND.



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PERHAPS no country in the world retains its hold upon those who inhabit it as Switzerland does. The Swiss, frugal and thriving people, go forth to many parts of the earth, to the countries round about them in particular, and by their abilities and thrift they make, and save, money, but nearly always with the object of returning home again to die in their native land. They are brave, simple in their habits, and most patriotic. The Chinese also never settle in any country but their own, and yet they are actuated by vastly different motives, for no nation is less patriotic than the Chinese.

For a great part of the year, snow covers the ground in Switzerland, and on the mountain-tops it never melts away.

Perched high up in the hills may be seen some of the curious and pretty chalets, models of which are often seen. These chalets are built of wood obtained from the trunks of the pine-trees, and many of them are richly ornamented with carving done by the peasants themselves.

It often happens that a deep fall of snow will prevent the inhabitants from

going out of doors for several weeks at a stretch, so that they are obliged to keep a store of all the necessities of life within their houses. The rooms are simply furnished, and usually a rough wooden table and two or three chairs, with some clean straw couches, are enough to satisfy the modest requirements of the average Swiss peasant.

The picturesque attire of the women is, unfortunately, dying out, and although, in some parts of the country, the old-fashioned dress is adhered to, still, there can be no doubt that modern styles are gradually taking its place.

Switzerland is a country of bright, keen air, blue skies and hot sun: the very place for the tired brain-worker to go to, when holiday-time releases him from his daily toil.

F. R.

HENRY VIII. AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

HENRY VIII. appointed Sir Thomas More to carry an angry message to Francis I. of France. Sir Thomas told the king that he feared that if he carried such a message to so violent a king as Francis, it might cost him his head.

'Never fear,' said the king; 'if Francis should cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in London a head shorter.'

'I am greatly obliged to your Majesty,' said Sir Thomas, 'but I doubt if any of their heads will fit my shoulders.'



A Swiss Chalet.



THE BABYROUSSA.

OUR illustration is of a pair of these singular animals, male and female, the former only having any tusks. A tusk grows out of each side of the lower jaw and two more actually through the snout. The creature is an inhabitant of Malacca and the Straits. It is of the pig tribe, but unlike the domestic 'porker,' is very fierce and formidable, the female not hesitating to attack man when she thinks that her

young ones are in any danger. The Babyroussa is able to swim for a long distance without harming itself, whereas the ordinary pig generally cuts its own throat with its fore feet whilst swimming. It usually dwells in herds, and greatly affects marshy places. Sportsmen who go out to shoot these creatures are often in peril from the infuriated rush made at them by a wounded animal, in which case climbing

a tree is the safest thing to do, as the Babyroussa is speedy enough to overtake a man running, especially over broken ground. Some accounts assure us that the animal is sometimes seen almost as large as the average donkey, though we should feel inclined to receive such descriptions with a certain amount of doubt. It feeds chiefly upon roots and vegetables, but it will eat almost any of the garbage thrown from the Malay huts. There is much in common between the Babyroussa and the wild pig of India: both are game, hard-fighting animals when 'cornered'; both are extremely speedy; whilst in fierceness of disposition, it would be hard to say which bears off the palm. F. R.



THE OAK-TREE.

ONCE upon a time, two young men, called Edmund and Oswald, appeared before a magistrate, and Edmund said, 'Three years ago, when I went travelling, I gave Oswald, whom I had always looked upon as my best friend, a ring set with precious stones, to take care of in my absence, but now he will not give it me back again.'

Oswald laid his hand upon his heart, and exclaimed, 'I declare upon my honour that I know nothing at all about the ring. My friend must be quite mistaken in thinking that he gave it to me.'

Then the magistrate asked Edmund if he had no witness when he gave up the ring.

'No,' answered he, 'there was no one present while we took leave of each other under an old oak-tree.'

'I am ready,' said Oswald, 'to take an oath that I know no more of the tree than I do of the ring.'

Then the magistrate turned to Edmund, and said, 'Go and fetch me a branch of the oak-tree, I should like to see it; but you, Oswald, wait here in the meantime until Edmund comes back.'

Edmund went, and after a time the magistrate said, 'I wonder what makes him so long. Oswald, look out of the window and see if he is coming.'

'Oh, sir,' answered Oswald, 'he cannot be back as soon as this; the tree is an hour's walk from here.'

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned crimson with shame, seeing how he had betrayed himself, and the magistrate exclaimed, 'Oh, you wicked young man, to have uttered such a falsehood before God, the great Judge, Who sees into all our hearts, You know about the ring as you do about the tree.'

So Oswald was obliged to give back the ring, and was sent to prison for a year. 'There,' said the magistrate, 'you will have time to reflect upon the great truth that "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord."'

C. C.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 15.)



THE next day was a quiet one. The boys were tired, and Tom Burrowes was regarded as an invalid. Mrs. Austin told him he must lie down all day, and not do anything but rest. She made him some nice jellies, and although Tom did not feel very unwell, the jellies and the kindnesses were acceptable, and it was pleasant when one felt stiff and sore and lazy, and felt also that one had done some great deed putting him above his fellows, to have homage paid him in the form of jellies and kindly smiles and soft cushions.

The kangaroo's tail made splendid soup, and Tom ate it with a sauce that none of the others could have, though Clay said it was a great feat on Tom's part, and Bob Walters felt that Tom had covered himself with glory.

'We will go round the lagoons early to-morrow,' said Harry. 'We will get some ducks.'

The low hills in many places shelve away into shallow gullies. Across the lower ends of these a long bank some ten feet high, made of stones, logs, earth, and clay, is often raised. Thus a catchment of several acres is enclosed and a permanent dam forms a water supply for the station. Out of it the trees grow and shade its waters from the summer sun, while long reeds and marsh plants grow on the shallow edges, lending their aid towards preventing the decrease of the waters by evaporation. Here the brown duck and the teal delight; the black duck with his glistening plumage sports in the sunlight shooting through the boughs overhead. The diver swims and disappears, to rise again some yards away. Great cranes flap lazily over the tree-tops or stand dozing on one leg, with that wise appearance as if they had been there for ever, and knew all things. Here and there the plover wades, and rows of pelicans sit on the fallen logs above the shallow water. The melancholy caw of the black crows comes from high up in the sky as they fly, scenting their carrion food from afar, or from the limbs of trees, where they gather above a dying ewe whose little winter lamb stands tottering, bleating, trembling.

'We will take Billy and Jerry, I think, father, to get out the ducks,' said Harry.

'Yes, the young scamps have nothing to do, and it will keep them out of mischief,' Mr. Austin replied.

Billy and Jerry were two black boys; there were one or two men, blacks also, about the station, and one old girl, Betty. Clay had never thought any one could be so ugly as Betty, and Harry Austin had admitted that she had the least claim to be considered good-looking among all the darkies round.

He had immensely amused his friends by standing her against the verandah post and reciting Brunton Stephen's 'Ode to a Black Gin' to her. She had stood, grinning through it all, then she rubbed one

foot over the other, laughed when the others did, held out her hand and said, 'Gib it bit bacca, Misser Arry?'

She was very fond of Harry, and served him as faithfully as a dog.

On the way to the lagoons the boys shot some bronze-wing pigeons; they rose in flocks from the thistle flats and about the clearings where old sheep-yards were.

'Are there many blacks about here, Harry?' asked Arthur, interested in the movements of Billy and Jerry.

'Yes, a good many.'

'Do they give any trouble?' asked Bob.

'They have not for some time now: they used to. I can remember something about them, when I was quite a little chap. I have often heard father say that they have been very badly treated. There is a tribe of them about forty miles from here, farther down the river; they travel past here sometimes. There is a half-caste fellow among them; he has a grudge against father. He worked here a long time ago, but the cattle and horses were often being stolen, so father sent him away. He had some trouble to get him away; we have not heard anything of him for some time. But here is the lagoon: keep quiet!'

'What a grand sheet of water!' exclaimed Tom, as they saw a large lagoon stretching away some half-mile below them.

'Don't bang at the pelicans and cranes, Bob—they are no good to eat. We want ducks,' said Harry, for Bob had shown a strong desire to shoot the first bird that rose.

'But, Tom,' exclaimed Bob, pointing his gun at a pelican which dozed on a log near the water's edge, 'couldn't I just knock that old fellow off his perch?'

'Not you, he is too far off; sh—! keep quiet.'

The boys crept from tree to tree, then, under cover of bushes which had previously been purposely placed as ambush, they reached the water-side. A long string of brown ducks was moving out from the edge.

'Now!' said Harry, softly. The boys rose and fired, seven ducks fell struggling and fluttering on the water. There followed a rush and flapping of wings and splashing of water all round, the shots had so suddenly broken the calm. As the smoke cleared, the old pelican that had so attracted Bob was seen to shake himself in the water, gather himself together, and fly lazily across the lagoon.

'Didn't get him after all,' said Tom ruefully.

'What! did you shoot at the pelican?' asked Tom, surprised.

'Yes,' said Bob. The black boys joined in the general laugh. Bob regarded the pelican as a curiosity; besides everybody shot ducks—Bob did not want to be like everybody. On the lagoon was kept a flat-bottomed boat. After the first shots the ducks kept out to the middle. Here they were beyond range from the banks. The boat was got out; it was not very large and could not hold all the party, so Bob offered to stay back, saying he would coast along the edge. The others with the black boys pushed off. Bob, walking along, saw a duck rise and go fluttering ahead of him. 'A wounded one! I will catch it!' he thought. Bob began to run. The duck still kept

flapping and fluttering on. Bob put down his gun, picked up a stick and threw it at the duck, but missed it; the duck kept on with Bob in pursuit. He was close upon it. Suddenly he tripped on a root and shot into a hole; then the duck flew off quite strongly, far over the lagoon, as if it didn't want Bob to follow it any more.

This habit of feigning to be wounded is peculiar to many birds, when they wish to draw off attention from their nesting-places or young brood. Bob knew nothing about such a custom. He could not understand that duck. He pulled himself out of the hole, wet through—mud in his ears, mud in his eyes, mud in his hair; mud and wet everywhere. 'What a chivving I should get if those fellows were here!' Bob's good humour came to his relief and he began to laugh at himself. A kookooburra flew up then on a dry bough near, elevated his tail at an angle of ninety degrees, and turning one eye down on Bob, broke into a loud laugh also.

'Well! upon my word!' said Bob, 'that is cool! It is about time to give up shooting when the birds laugh at you!' He could hear the shots of the others across the lagoon, and he hurried to get off his coat and dry it in the sun. He wrung the water out as well as he could and walked up and down till his other clothes were dry.

'Hello, Bob! what's up?' cried Arthur as the boys returned.

Bob explained.

'And you didn't get the duck?'

'No,' said Bob, 'got a *ducking* instead!'

'Slightly different,' said Harry, and more laughter went round at Bob's expense.

The boys had a good bag, quite as many as Billy and Jerry cared to carry, and though Bob had shot none, he by no means regarded his friends jealously, nor did he feel that he was likely to forget his first day's duck-shooting. So they left the dam and turned homewards.

As they neared the house, and were crossing the garden, the notes of a piano to a lively march were heard.

'Hello! Alice must be home!' exclaimed Harry.

'Who is Alice?' asked Arthur. He received no reply. Harry had darted through the hall, and when the others came in, he was kissing eagerly a pretty girl of fifteen.

The boys stopped; Harry turned to them. 'My sister Alice: Arthur Clay, Tom Burrowes, Bob Walters—slightly wet.' So Harry introduced them.

They all laughed at the allusion to Bob's condition as the boys bowed and shook hands with Alice.

What a different feeling seemed to have come over the house! What was it that had been wanting? Something, a something which they could not describe. They had not noticed it till then. Now they felt the change, and the delight of it. And the 'something', which made all this difference stood there smiling, pleasant, pretty, her wavy hair loose about her shoulders.

Alice Austin had been spending a few days at a neighbouring station, and her absence not having been mentioned by those at home, the visitors had not known of her.

(Continued at page 29.)



"The duck flew off over the lagoon."



A ready mode of dispersing a Crowd.

ANECDOTE OF DORÉ.

GUSTAVE DORÉ could show invention not only in his wonderful book illustrations, but also in matters of every-day life. One day a friend at Verona was taking a photographic view of a picturesque old street, and Doré tried to assist by keeping off the crowd of idle lookers-on. It was a difficult task, and the more he gesticulated and threatened, the greater became the throng.

Suddenly Doré had a splendid idea. 'Wait a minute,' he called out to his friend, 'and I will disperse them.' He then took off his coat, threw it on the ground, and, assuming a pitiful expression, he went round cap in hand to beg for a few coppers. As he advanced, the crowd drew back and melted away, and his friend quickly obtained the negative which he desired.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—BURIED PROVERBS.

(A.)—1. Tell the children to put all their toys away.
2, 3. Where is Harry? Don't let him go near the well.

4. Look at that little bird. How tame it seems!
5. I hope your friends are all well.

(B.)—1, 2. Will you be long?—I am just ready.
3. If we start so soon, we shall be before our time.
4, 5. You know you are generally too late.

6. Now I call that very ungenerous, when I waited for you only yesterday.

(C.)—1. I hope it will be fine to-morrow for our excursion.

2. Mary would be very much disappointed if any one should defeat her scheme.

3. What a noise those children do make!

4. That is the finest piece of lace I ever saw.

5. How beautifully the birds are singing in that wood!

C. C.

6.—WORD SQUARES.

1. A MAN who filled an emperor's throne;
A number, though it is but one;
A man of old of wondrous strength;
A thing with neither breadth nor length.

2. An emperor, a most cruel man;
A garden where four rivers ran;
Something to wind your silk upon;
A word that means 'not more than one.'

What two Roman Emperors' names are here?

[Answers at page 47.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1.—1. Insect. | 6. Breaches. | 12. Courage. |
| 2. Minutes. | 7. Combustible. | 13. Obeisance. |
| 3. Recluse. | 8. Archer. | 14. Scare. |
| 4. Planet. | 9. Breath. | 15. Wonders. |
| 5. Oyster. | 10. Villain. | 16. Stride. |
| | 11. Surprise. | |

2.—The letter L.

3.—Hooper.

1. H engist.
2. O rigen.
3. O tho.
4. P liny.
5. E ric.
6. R embrandt.

4.—1. SophocleS.

2. HogartH.

3. NewtoN.

4. OthO.

5. AgricolaA.

6. NelsonN.

7. NapoleoN.

8. PhiloP.

9. MalcolM.

THE SMALLEST ENGLISH BIRD.



LIVE near a pleasant country cemetery, where the graves are few, and much of the ground is covered with trees or shrubs, while many patches are bright in spring and summer, because they are planted with flowers. One day the man who keeps the place came running to me, and said, 'Come quick, sir, come quick, and I can show you a bird which I dare say you never saw before!'

So I ran into the cemetery, and he looked up to the tree where he expected to find the bird, but it had moved in the few minutes. We hunted about, both of us, amongst tall trees and low bushes: it was in vain, the bird had fled. However, there could be no doubt as to what the bird was, for the man had seen the same kind there before, and been near to them, only they were visitors very seldom. The name of the species is the Golden-crested Wren, one more often seen in the north than in the south of England; and it is the smallest of our native birds.

This wren is just three and a half inches from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail; the bill is black, the tail, rather forked, brown, just touched with green. Its plumage is also brown, having a little yellow and white too, but the head is most conspicuous, since upon the crown is a cluster of yellow silky feathers, which the bird can raise as a crest. The flight of this little creature is quick and jerky, but it never goes far without stopping. Sometimes golden-crested wrens join together in parties, having as companions the long-tailed or other tits. They move about from tree to tree, running over the branches and trunks in some wood or shubbery, peering in the crevices for different sorts of insects.

Unlike the common wren, this handsome little bird is not much of a songster—its usual note is low and plaintive. The nest is often placed in a fir-tree, though it has been found in a yew or a holly-bush. It is prettily and carefully made, almost like a ball, chiefly of moss or lichen, and some spiders' web, lined inside thickly with feathers, having a very small entrance. The tiny eggs are five, six, or seven, light reddish brown, but now and then almost white ones occur.

J. R. S. C.

TOO LATE.

(Concluded from page 19.)



POOR lad! In the train he had been thinking of the great unknown city before him. At first it had seemed easy enough to go to London; did not every seeker of his own fortunes go there? Had not Dick Whittington? But at Dick Whittington's name he had laughed, even in his distress, and pulled himself down to the level of the likely and commonplace. He would never rise to be Lord Mayor; he would have to look for work, and would find it, most likely, uncommonly hard to get. Then the sailors' entrance had interrupted his meditations, and Captain Sims's offer had shown him an unexpected way out of his present difficulties. Why not go to sea? He would be free from Uncle Joe's tyranny for certain, then; he would be getting his own bread, and living a life worth living, and all the things which had vexed him would be cast behind his back for ever.

So Bob went with Captain Sims, and the captain, in a hurry to get on board his vessel, easily accepted Bob's assurance that there was no need to communicate with his friends, and, getting together such a kit as was absolutely needful, he installed Bob as cabin-boy on board the *Rising Star*.

A rough life it proved, a life of hard work and sometimes hard usage, which made Uncle Joe's interference assume a different aspect in his nephew's eyes.

But there were compensations in Bob's life, as everywhere: he saw the glories of the great ocean, the wonders of strange lands, and, being strong and hearty, the hardships of the sailor-boy's existence did not really hurt him.

Only, in the watches of the night, in blank, unoccupied hours, which would come sometimes with no task to fill his hands, with nothing to gaze upon but the sky above, the sea below, Bob saw before him that last glimpse of home which he had taken before he went away.

His mother at the fireside, at her weary, endless sewing; his little sister with her long, fair hair, and the favourite cat nestling asleep in her arms; he saw them so plainly that he almost wondered they did not rise up and speak to him; he longed for the real sight of them, with all a sailor's homesick longing.

But the *Rising Star*, Bob found to his cost, was no swiftly returning vessel; she stayed long in foreign ports, and her captain touched at many lands, and did business in great waters, and seemed to have little thought or desire of sailing into the port of London again.

Bob had been missed at home in a very little while, missed, and traced to Cottenham, when he was found to have taken a ticket for the great city. After that all trace of him was lost; Captain Sims had

been swift in his movements, and Uncle Joseph had never thought of sailors or the sea. He did what he could to find the boy; he even put an advertisement in the London and county papers:

'Missing, from his home at Flyford, Robert Harker, fourteen years of age, five feet two inches in height, fair complexion, fair hair; when last seen was wearing brown cord suit and black cloth cap, and is supposed to have gone to London.'

But never any answer came, and when Joseph Harker had done all he could, he resigned himself with tolerable willingness to Bob's loss, and advised Bob's mother to do the same; but she, poor woman, broken down by a hard life and many troubles, found it difficult—nay, impossible—to follow such well-meant advice.

From one delay and another, five years had elapsed before Bob came back to Flyford. He had never written home. Often and often he had intended doing so, but the task, once deferred, became easy to put off; and when once a visit home came within measurable distance, Bob liked to think how he would surprise them all by walking in upon them unexpectedly, with his tales of foreign lands, his presents from over seas, and his easy air of forgiveness for past injuries. Alas, poor Bob! never once had he really seen his mother's side of the question at all.

He walked up the quiet street at Flyford, in the calm of a summer afternoon; he saw his mother's house from afar, and noticed, with a sudden chillness striking through the warmth of the outer air, that one of the window-shutters was closed. Well, what of that? They were often closed on summer afternoons to keep out the sun, and yet his footstep faltered, and he hardly dared raise his hand to knock.

'Come in,' said an answering voice, when at last he made his summons heard; and he went into the dusky little room, so dim after the outside brilliance that he could hardly make out the form and features of his Uncle Joseph, seated alone by the empty grate.

'Uncle, don't you know me?' he said, in a trembling voice; 'it's I—Bob—come back again. Where are mother and Mary?'

Joseph Harker rose from his chair. He looked much older than the five years should have made him look; his face showed pale and haggard in the dusky twilight of the shuttered room.

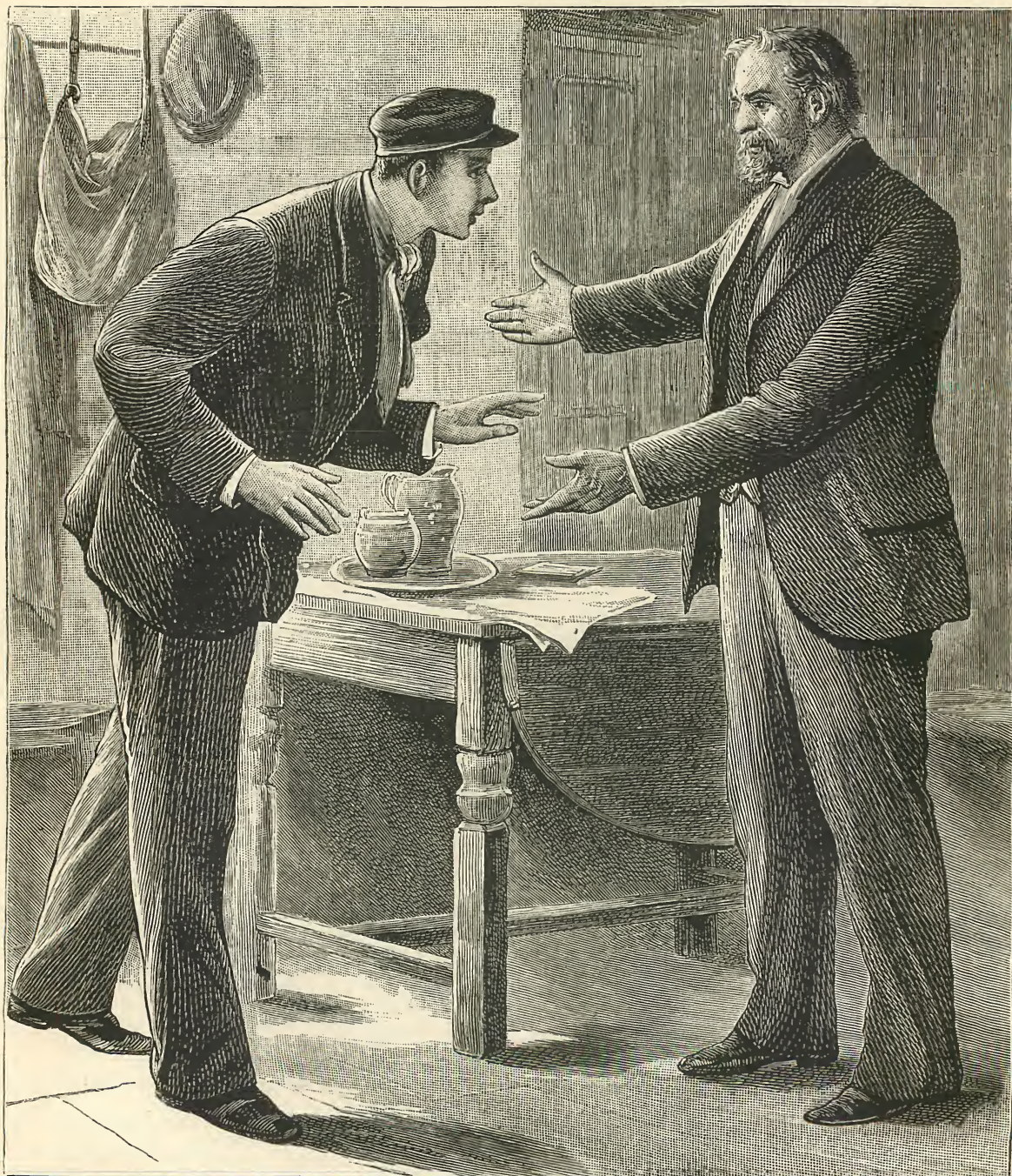
'You are come too late, Bob,' he said, with a sigh that was almost a groan—'too late! too late!'

'What do you mean, uncle?' faltered Bob; 'is my mother ill, or—'

He did not dare give voice to his thought, but his uncle took up the disjointed words.

'Your mother is dead,' he said, sternly, for his sister had been very dear to him. 'Were you mad, boy, to go and leave her to a life of sickening anxiety, of cares and fears about you? Do you think she has ever been free, through all these years, of trouble about you—you, who were not worth it? I tell you, she grieved for you always, and when she lost the little one, she just loosened her hold of life, and let go. She had nothing else to live for.'

'The little one!' Was Mary gone too? Bob covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.



"You are come too late, Bob!"

Slowly his uncle told him the story of the child's illness and death, and then of his mother's swiftly declining days; she had died but a couple of days previously, with her boy's name upon her lips, with her dying eyes gazing wistfully into the on-coming darkness of death, if haply she might find in the unknown land the son she had lost on earth.

Looking down upon the pale dead face, Bob felt

what he had done; her life of anguish, her nights of prayer and watching, her vain yearning to see him again, were all revealed to him; and he knew that it is better to bear hardship or pain, or even positive injury and injustice for self alone, than lightly to break the most sacred of human ties, and to bring the one beloved in sorrow to the grave.

C. J. BLAKE.



The American Water-weed.

THE AMERICAN WATER-WEED.

A NEW water-weed made its appearance in rivers and streams in different parts of England, in the year 1852, which was so rapid in its growth that it threatened to become a hindrance to river and canal navigation. In the Cam, barges had to be drawn by extra horses; and in some parts of the Trent, and elsewhere, fishermen were unable to use their nets. It was observed, that when fragments were detached from the brittle stems they became independent plants, producing roots as they travelled down the stream, or clung to the sides by the numerous teeth with which the leaves are furnished. There are various opinions respecting its introduction into this country. Mr. Babington thinks that the seeds must have adhered to some American timber. It is well known that timber is floated down the American rivers, and if but one seed found its way into a crevice in a log of wood on its way to England, it is sufficient to account for the numbers of plants which now exist, especially as our water-courses form an almost continuous chain. It does not increase in America as with us, the sluggish state of our rivers encouraging its growth; though here it seldom flowers, and never produces seed. It is known to boatmen as water-thyme.

R. B.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 23.)

WHAT a difference a girl makes in a place,' said Tom, as they were changing from their shooting clothes, afterwards, in their room.

'Yes,' replied Clay. He had got out a specially favoured tie, and was adjusting it with more than usual care.

His hand wandered to his upper lip.

'Have to wait a while yet, Arthur!' Tom said, bursting into a laugh.

Clay laughed too, and bestowed a little further attention on the tie.

'What conceited fellows you both are!' said Bob. 'I bet you she will take more notice of me than either of you.'

'Nonsense, Bob!' said Clay.

'No nonsense at all! she will see through it all at a glance; she will notice the extra brushing of your hair and ever so many other little things you have been giving special attention to. Why, you have been twice as long getting fixed up this evening as you are any other time. Ha! ha! ha!' and Bob rolled over on the bed, laughing at them.

'When Clay goes down he will sing, 'Alice, where art thou?' continued Bob, and——' But Clay had a pillow over Bob's head, and Tom seized him by the

feet and put a blanket round him in an instant, Clay caught the other end, and with a one, two, three, up went Bob!

'Once will do this time, Bob,' said Arthur, and he and Tom went out laughing, leaving Bob to recover his breath and straighten his dress.

'Mr. Clay has a delightful tenor voice, Miss Austin,' said Bob, after dinner.

'Has he really? Mr. Clay,' said Alice turning smilingly upon him, 'you really must favour us.'

'Really, Miss Austin!'

'Oh, now, don't say you can't, because I'm sure *Bob* must know,' she said, with a delightful tone on the '*Bob*.'

Clay tried to fix his glare on Bob's eye, but Bob was turning up some songs among a pile of music, and laughing to himself.

'I really only know one song at all approaching well, and that, I am afraid,' with some awkwardness, 'would seem—well a little inappropriate,' Clay remarked hesitating.

'Oh, I am sure it could not be. Do you know what it is, Bob?' she said, turning to Bob.

'Oh, yes, here it is, Miss Austin,' answered Bob, who had been keeping it in his hand carefully, among others. He opened it on the music rest of the piano.

'Such a pretty song, indeed,' said Alice; 'thank you, Bob!' as she ran her fingers over the keys. 'Come along, Mr. Clay.'

Clay wished he had Bob on the blanket again; there would be no *once* this time about it.

Harry and Tom enjoyed the fun immensely, and Mrs. Austin was very much amused at Bob's humour and at Clay's having to sing 'Alice, where art thou?'

Clay, however, taking no more notice of Bob, came to the piano and sang the song through, to every one's delight.

'Thank you, Mr. Clay! you must sing again for us presently,' Alice said.

Arthur became delighted, Bob might go free now.

Bob had had his fun, however, and the blanket-tossing was more than avenged in his opinion.

'You must not think me rude,' he afterwards said to Alice, 'in selecting that song for Clay; you didn't mind, did you? and if you had only seen him fixing himself up before coming to dinner this evening, you would have understood why I wanted to tease him. You don't mind, do you?'

'Oh no! Bob, not at all! Mr. Clay sings very nicely, and besides there was nothing in that particular song, was there?' (With Alice, Arthur was '*Mr. Clay*'—he was nearly seventeen; the other boys were '*Tom*' and '*Bob*;' and with Clay, Alice was '*Miss Austin*.' Strange, isn't it?)

'Oh, no! I suppose not, only your name's Alice; I am glad you didn't think I was rude.'

'You could not be rude, Bob.' This was too much for Bob; he ventured no more explanations; he was henceforth Alice's devoted courtier.

Arthur sang more songs, and Tom and Harry sang a comic duet, and Bob was badgered into giving a recitation, in which he broke down when half-way through, amid the applause of everybody, and Arthur's 'It is a pity you didn't remember it, Bob; you were doing so well.'

But Alice said, 'I am sure he was, indeed, Mr. Clay; I haven't heard anything I liked so much;' and, smiling at Bob, she made him more completely her slave than before.

It was the jolliest evening they had had for a long time—in fact that they had ever had, they thought, and all because of that mysterious 'something' that sat in the shape of Alice, and played and laughed and joked from her seat at the piano.

On the large runs and in the unoccupied country beyond the settled districts of Australia large numbers of wild horses are found. These are descendants of those lost by the early settlers. Nothing delights the bush Australian more than a day's run after wild horses. Many a good horse is 'broken down' in the pursuit and capture of a far inferior wild one. But the sport goes on, and will go on while there is a wild horse to be yarded on any run in Australia.

Every year at the large stations a general mustering is held. This may extend over a week or more, and is an exciting time. Riders gather from all sides, and scour the country for mobs of wild horses. These are run from miles distant into strong yards, where they are roped and branded, partially handled, their tails pulled and shortened, and then they are turned into a secure home paddock for future use.

A horse is known and owned by his brand. The 'clearskins,' as they are called, *i.e.*, the unbranded, are the property of him who can catch them, and put his brand on them. There are many good ones among them, as well as many a 'warrigal,' and many a 'brumby,' as the inferior ones are called.

It was mustering week at Terraveena, so the boys rode over to the yards to see the fun.

'You could not ride with these fellows, Tom; although you did such a fine gallop after that kangaroo. You were fortunate in having open country, but these fellows would lose you at the start,' said Harry, alluding to the men about the yards.

'Yes!' assented Tom; he had seen how some of them rode at the kangaroo drive, and was willing to believe them capable of anything on horseback.

They got to the yards—six heavy rails in strong posts and a cap on the top, with a wide swinging gate. Three or four quiet horses were standing dozing in the yard, and a few men were lounging about or sitting on the top rails of the fence, chewing tobacco or smoking, some now and then flicking imaginary flies from spots about them with their whips.

'No horses yarded yet?' asked Harry.

'No,' answered one of the loungers, 'they have gone a good way out. Pat Ryan is on that fine horse of his, and swears that he will yard the "pine-scrub mob" to-day.'

'He will have his work cut out,' said another 'with "the Piebald" leading them.'

'Rather; I know what he is,' interjected another. 'I have run him and his mob many's the time; they always get back to them limestone ridges above Dead Horse Flat. No one has yarded that lot for years. You may yard one or two by cutting them off, but not the lot. Why, I mind the time—'

But a loud crack of a whip came from the hills on the right. Then another, and the thud of horses' feet, and all turned to look for the horses.

'Look too, lads!' cried some one. Along the wings some of the loungers rode, outside of the fence, to watch for any horses that might break over. The wings ran from the yards at a gradually increasing angle, and were double for some distance; they were several feet high, composed of logs and brush, newly capped with extra boughs and heavy poles on cross-pieces. The 'bush-fence' is easily made, and runs for miles in Australia among the wooded country. The danger in case of fire, however, is very great. Wire fences with a cap are superseding it everywhere now.

These wing fences extended away a mile or farther. They were sufficient to head the horses at first farther from the yards. The riders steadying the mob down would keep it galloping along the wings without any horses attempting to jump them. As the fences closed on the yards the height increased, till they reached a height that was reckoned too great for any horse to jump.

Close on the riders pressed, and loud cracks of the stock-whips rang through the trees. Faster, wilder, the mob swept on; they scented danger. The other wing fence appeared along the hill-side, narrowing towards the yards. Over the gully tore the mob, the booming sound of their rush echoing along the valley.

'Whoa! whoa!' The mob steadied. Then came one mad rush. The gully narrowed here. The men behind closed in with one united shouting and galloping charge. The yard was carefully placed. Sweeping under the knoll, the mob was upon it before they saw it. Up-hill was the only way out, and high fences stood there.

'Hang me if it isn't the pine-scrub mob!' said the man who had been so sure that Pat Ryan could 'never get them.' 'There is the Piebald!' The man behind the gate crouched down; the mob stopped. They held up their heads, their long tails dragging on the ground; their manes all tossed, the horses stood trembling in every limb, foaming and sweating. Then with a wild snort, and a rush and another stop, they swept round again, the yearlings and tired ones dodging among the crowd. But the whips and the shouts and the gallop of horses were behind them closer, closer.

'They have got "the Piebald" at last!' cried Harry; he and the others were up the side of the hill, some distance out of the way. The boys were all excitement—Arthur and Bob and Tom felt as if they had run 'the Piebald' themselves for years, they knew all about him; why, he was the horse that had defied everybody, and had carried his mob safely back to the pine scrub after many a twenty miles' run! And here he was, yarded at last, and they were there! They felt almost as if they had yarded him.

'Hullo, he's away! he is! Did any one ever see a horse jump like that!' cried Harry, suddenly. 'The Piebald' was away; one snort and a rush, a tremendous leap, he struck the cap, hung on it for a moment, toppled, and fell heavily on the outside, was up like a shot and away! The mob rushed, too, but

the fence stood the rush; one or two which jumped fell back; down the wings they swept, one general shout came from the men, and the heavy gate was swung to on 'the pine-scrub mob' of about seventy-five. But its leader 'the Piebald' was away, galloping like a mad animal up the hill. Then came the sharp crack of a rifle from near the yard; 'the Piebald' reared, fell, pawing the air, and lay dead.

'Good shot!' said Harry.

'What a pity!' said Arthur; 'he deserved to get away.'

'So I think,' said Bob.

'I expect Bill Murray fired that shot,' said Harry; 'he is a wonder with a rifle!'

They hurried to the yard. The riders had dismounted, their horses with girths unloosed stood reeking, with throbbing sides; they were not likely to move off after such a run.

The mob circled the yard, smelt the ground, ran their heads out of sight amongst each other, snorting, hustling, first into one corner and then into the other. The men sat round on the fence and discussed them.

'That was a good shot, Bill,' said Mr. Austin as he rode up; 'sorry we didn't yard him, though.'

'Well, sir, he would have been no good if we had; we could never have broken him; why, he is ten year old if he is a day,' answered Bill Murray.

'Yes, he must be,' said Mr. Austin; 'however, any one could yard him now with a chain and a bullock to pull him,' he added with a laugh.

'Well, he has never been yarded,' said Tim, 'and he has died like "Thunderbolt" the bushranger swears he will—shot afore he is took.'

'That is a good horse you have, Ryan,' Mr. Austin remarked, turning to Pat Ryan; 'where did you come across him?'

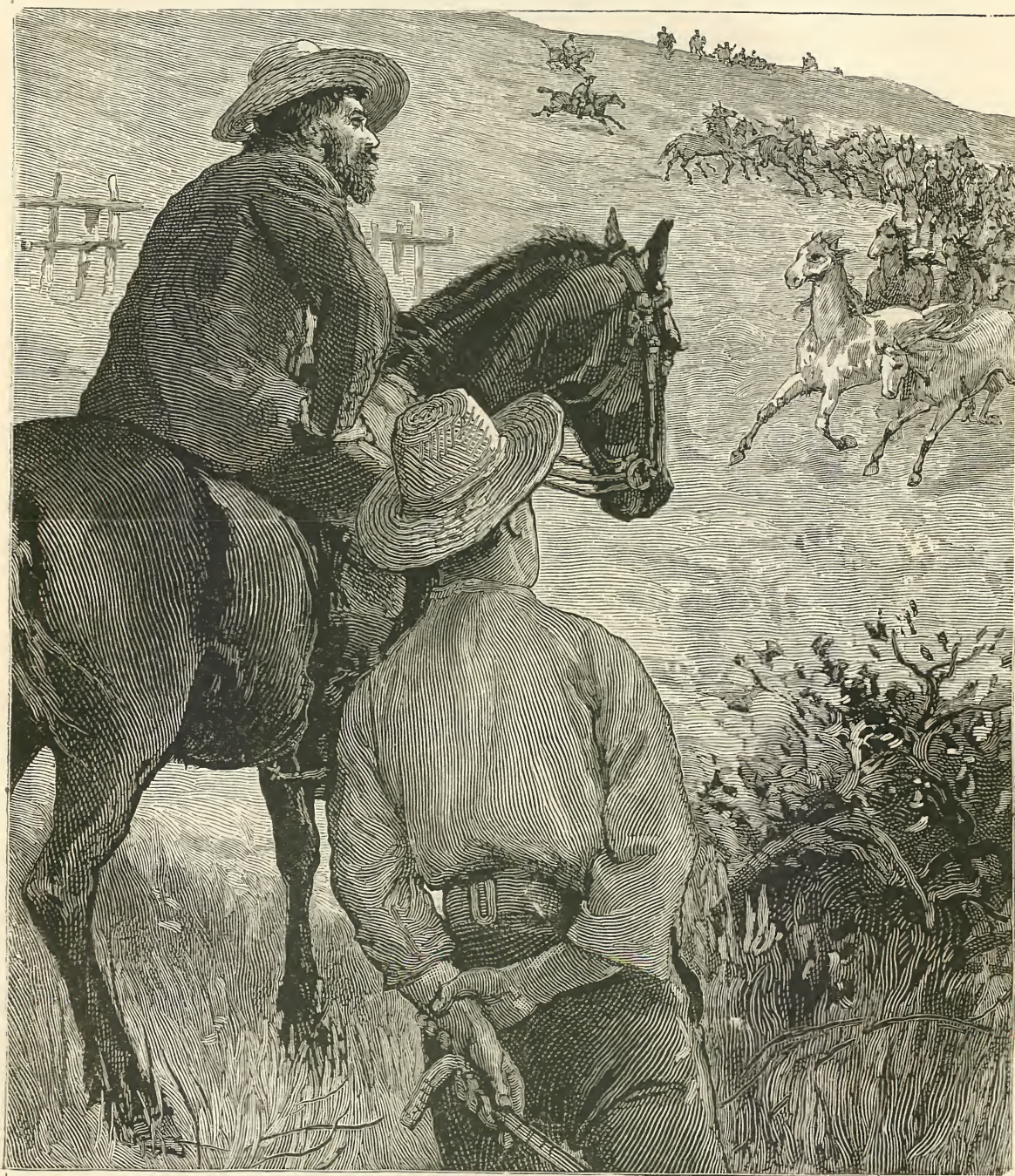
'Down the river, shearing last season,' was the answer. Ryan didn't seem to like the horse to be noticed, then, brightening up, 'We would never have got them only for him,' he said. 'They always break back at "the limestones," ye know. Well, I raced him like mad coming over the ridge there, caught them, and slewed them down the gully. I knew I had them then.'

'Pity to knock him about at this game,' continued Mr. Austin; 'might put him to a better use.'

But now everybody was busy with the horses. Gates were opened, and the horses run out in smaller numbers into other yards all equally secure. From the corners of these a narrow passage, ending blind, was made. This is called 'the crush'; into it one horse at a time from the yard was forced, bars put across behind, and the animal found itself unable to turn; it might kick, but would only knock itself about in doing so. Here they were branded—H.A. conjoined, over 2, the well-known Terraweena brand. Their tails were pulled and their manes shortened, then they were let through into other yards, where they were left for the remainder of the day, with nothing to eat, and probably little disposition to do so if they had been given food.

So the day's work was carried out, and the other days would be much the same, only, as Bob said, 'there would be no more "Piebalds,"' he supposed.

(Continued at page 34.)



A Day's Run after Wild Horses.



Painted in Holland.

“AN OLD STAGER.”



"Stick to him, Micky!"

'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 31.)

COME down to the yards this morning, Harry,' said Tim, a day or two after. 'We are going to mount some of the young ones.'

Harry and the other boys did not need any second invitation. The wonders of the stock-yard were to Arthur and Tom and Bob something quite new, and Harry was hoping that he might be given a mount on

one that could 'do a bit,' as the rough-riders of the bush expressed it when they spoke of a horse bucking. To be able to sit a 'buckjumper' with all the yard looking on and cheering you is the pinnacle of the Australian bush-rider's ambition. Walking up and down one of the yards were some horses with tackle on, which consisted of a bridle with reins and head-stall in which was a very thick bit, which the horses kept chewing, the sides of their mouths being rather sore from the operation. The reins, drawn tightly, were attached to a surcingle or girth that buckled completely round the horse.

'How do they catch them to put that on?' said Bob.

'Look here,' said Harry.

In another yard were several horses, some quiet, broken ones being amongst them. In the middle of the yard stood a man with a long pole. From the end of the pole dangled a running noose of rope. The rope ran down the pole and was gripped firmly in the man's hand. The horses were being driven round the yard. Some of them seemed to understand that they were to be caught, and so tried to avoid it. They trotted round close to the fence, jammed themselves into the corners, and kept their heads down.

'Stir them out of that corner, lads!' said the man with the stick and noose.

Out they went. As they rushed past the pole was extended, and over the head of one went the noose. Away flew the pole. The man needed it no more just then. He hung on to the rope. Somebody let the other horses into the next yard. The one caught reared and plunged, while two or three more men seized the rope. Tighter it drew round the horse's neck as the animal plunged again.

'Steady, lads! don't let her come over backwards if you can help it.'

'Sometimes they break their necks,' said Harry, explaining why the men were careful not to pull the horse over.

'I should think so,' said Arthur, 'by the look of it.'

'Whoa, ho! steady! Way, my beauty!'

So the horse was addressed, as one of the men moved nearer its head, along the rope, while another handed him a halter.

'Give us that bit of short stick, there, Bill!'

The stick was handed along.

The horse had stopped plunging, and was standing, trembling and almost choked, beside the rails.

'Woa, then! woa, steady!'

The man reached out with the stick and touched the horse.

'Stick to her, lads!'

The horse made a few more plunges, but was choking faster, and soon steadied. The next touch of the stick only produced some tremors.

'Woa, there! Woa, there!'

The man rubbed the stick up and down the horse's back, getting nearer and nearer very slowly. Then he deftly slipped the halter along the rope that was round its neck, and touched the horse with his hand. It gave a few sidelong plunges, and then stood steady again.

'Woa, then! there!'

Over the horse's head went the halter. To this was a long rope also. The other rope was let go at once, the halter rope seized, and now the animal might rear and plunge how it liked, they had it safe, the halter would not choke it.

'That is clever,' said Tom, who had watched the proceedings with breathless interest.

'Do they always catch them with a rope on a stick?' asked Bob.

'No, they lassoo them, sometimes,' said Harry. 'They are surer this way, though, in a small yard; but come along, they are saddling one up over here,' he continued, and turned away.

Out in a more open yard Tim held a horse which the boys had previously noticed with the tackle on. It was an ugly-looking brute, with a hammer head, very long legs, and short back, and showed a lot of white in its eye. It stood there, sulky, with its fore-legs propped firmly out in front. Tim had carefully removed the surcingle, and added an extra strong rein to the bridle. The horse did not seem to mind. Tim took out his big red pocket-handkerchief. Such coloured handkerchiefs are in very common use in Australia. Rubbing the horse about the head with his hand he quickly tied the handkerchief over its eyes. The horse shook his head and plunged a little, then stood sulkier than before.

'Why do they blindfold them, Harry?' said one of the boys.

'They can't see you putting on the saddle then,' responded Harry. 'It saves time, you know, as the horse is afraid of the saddle, and jumps away when it sees it.'

One of the others handed up the saddle, which was heavy, and deeply sunk in the seat, with a bag, rolled very tightly, strapped across the pommel, two strong girths and a crupper, surcingle, and martingale. Tim got them all fixed rapidly, a man on the offside assisting. On fixing the crupper the horse lashed out with his heels.

'Ah, would ye?' said Tim, laughing.

It fastened with a buckle at the side, however, and so was soon adjusted.

'There you are! Whoop!' said Tim, and he hit his hand down into the seat of the saddle. Off started the horse, while Tim held tightly on to the halter. Round the yard bucked the horse; he could not shift the saddle, however, and he soon gave up bucking, and stood sulky again.

'Come on, Micky!' said Tim to a black fellow who had been leaning against the fence, hitting a whip against his leg, and appearing perfectly indifferent, yet all the while observing every detail. 'You have to ride him.'

'All right, boss!'

The black's eyes gleamed, and his teeth showed white, through his black face.

'Hold him tight,' said Micky, approaching.

Tim held the horse by the near rein, close to the bit, and also by the ear, the horse shaking his head and sidling all the while. Micky held his whip between his teeth. He gathered the reins, put his hand on the pommel and back of the saddle, and sprang into the seat like a flash. At the same instant the handkerchief was pulled off, and Tim let go. Then the horse bounded; one plunge, up he went, his back in a knot, his legs all together, his head down between his feet. Up, then down, not straight, but with a curve and lurch sideways, then round, so that his body had side curve as well as back curve. Then a rush, then a rear, then heels up, lashing out and almost coming completely over by standing on his head. No pause, no break for breath. The boys sat on the fence, breathless, their hearts beating with quick thumps.

'Stick to him, Micky!' 'Good boy!' 'Good indeed!' 'He is a good one!' 'Well done, Micky!'

Such were the cheers, encouragements, and shouts to Micky. Presently, with a squeal of anger, the horse rushed at the fence, and threw himself against it.

'Ah, would ye?' said Micky.

He was off like a shot, and the horse rolled on the ground. Micky had not let go the reins though—not he. As the horse rose Micky jumped on his back again. Then he drew his whip. Three or four stinging blows followed, a few more mad plunges were made, and then the horse stopped. He was thoroughly blown. He only kicked when Micky hit him again with the whip. Some one threw down the rails and Micky urged him, sidling, plunging a little, sheering off first to this side and then to that, out of the yard, turned him round after a short distance, and then brought him back.

Cheers greeted Micky's achievement, the boys joining in heartily, doing most of it, in fact, for the men were well used to such proceedings.

'Can't buck a little bit!' said Micky, as he got off. 'You ride him, Misser 'Arry!'

'No fear! not just yet,' said Harry.

The black fellow laughed.

'Grand sport, isn't it, Tom?' said Bob.

'Great!' said Tom.

When the mail arrived the next day bringing the weekly papers, there appeared amongst the Land Court business of the district the following announcement:

'Timothy Sullivan 640 acres, Parish of Numba, County Bland.'

'Hello! what does this mean?' exclaimed Mr. Austin. 'Tim been taking up land?'

'Perhaps he is going to be married?' suggested Mrs. Austin.

'Yes! perhaps,' assented her husband, 'but he

has not said anything to me about it. I must see him.'

Mr. Austin went out; Mrs. Austin went to the kitchen, knowing pretty well that she would find Tim there, unless he had been set on some particular work. Tim was sitting on a stool by the fire, and Mary, who had been general servant for the past five years, was busy washing up.

'So, Tim, I see you have been taking up land,' said Mrs. Austin.

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Tim, nervously, and as if he were half ashamed of what he had done.

'So I suppose you will be leaving us?' said Mrs. Austin, kindly.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Tim, again, and he put his hand over his mouth and coughed, and then shuffled his feet on the floor. 'And Mary will be leaving too, ma'am, most like,' he added, bashfully.

Mary rattled the dishes more loudly.

'Oh!' said Mrs. Austin, with well-feigned surprise.

'Well, ma'am, you see it is this way,' Mary said, turning round and facing it out, while looking severely at Tim for seeming to be ashamed to admit the position; taking the part she would take and hold when, as Tim's wife, she would have to speak and decide for the slower-thinking Australian Tim, who would work and toil for her and the children, and defer any business transactions or other matters of their daily lives, by saying he would 'see the missus about it.' 'Me and Tim has made it up some time like; he was always a-bothering of me, and I was for telling you then, but he kept saying to put it off till he took up the land, when he said you would be sure to notice it and ask about it. And so, sure, you have, and Tim was right for once in his life!'

'Well, I am very glad to hear it, for both your sakes,' said Mrs. Austin; 'you have been here a long time, Mary, and you have always been a good girl, and Tim has been here since he was quite a boy. Knowing you both so well, I am sure you will get on well together, though we shall be very sorry to lose you—very sorry indeed.'

'I am sorry, too,' said Mary, beginning to cry, and rubbing her eyes with her apron.

Mrs. Austin kissed her, in her own motherly way, and Tim got up off the stool and hung down his head, and spat in the fire, and fumbled in his vest pocket for his pipe, and looked more ashamed of himself than ever. He had not thought that getting married was anything to cry about. There was always great fun at a wedding—music and dancing and courting, yet the bride would fall to crying, and other girls, her friends, and some of the old women, would be wiping their eyes and sighing, and 'minding the time' well enough when they 'got married thei'selves,' and when 'poor Jane Coady—her that is housekeeper now for old McIntosh of Browalla—got married to Bill Petty, him that was pannikin man on Yeralga, and found Black Bill's body a-hanging in Dead Man's Holler, and the very day after they was married, Bill, he was throwed from his horse and his neck broke.'

Tim had been at that wedding himself, and a good time they had had. He had not seen anything there

to cry about, and here was Mary crying at the very mention of marriage. He could not make it out. But then 'women always cried when they could not do anything else; blest if he knew, he did not understand them.' He took up a piece of stick, burning at one end, from the fire and slowly lighted his pipe with it.

'Why, what is all this about?' said Mr. Austin, coming in.

'Mary is going to be married,' said Mrs. Austin.

'Not to Tim, surely!' said Mr. Austin. 'Though you look like it, Tim,' he continued, laughing, as Tim turned round from the fire.

'Yes, sir,' said Tim, and he scraped queer shapes with the toe of his boot on the floor.

'Well, you could not get a better wife than Mary, anyhow,' said Mr. Austin.

Mary had left off crying now, and was smiling and blushing with tears still hovering in her eyes, and traces of them on her cheeks.

'But where is the land you have selected, Tim?' asked Mr. Austin.

'Well, sir, it is out on the Stoney Creek, the flats near old McIntosh's; the road to Yalgarno passes it.'

'Oh, yes, I know—good land that; I expect old McIntosh won't like it when he knows.'

'Well, no, sir, but he ought to have secured it before; I have had my eye on it some time, and if I had not nicked in and took it up now when I did, somebody else would, for there was two or three after it.'

'Like they used to be after Mary, eh?' laughed Mr. Austin.

'True enough,' said Tim.

They all laughed, and then Mr. and Mrs. Austin went out, leaving them to assist each other in overcoming their confusion.

(Continued at page 42.)

A FUNNY LITTLE BEAR.

MORE than once it has fallen to my lot to come across little bear cubs at play in their native forests, and there are few things more amusing than watching their pretty movements and curious little antics. As the cubs get older their play becomes more boisterous and rough, and then Mrs. Bear cuffs them on the head, in order to bring her unruly offspring under control. But the spirit of mischief is always prominent in the cubs, as the following story shows.

A little cub was playing with his mother, and his favourite trick seemed to be to walk on his hind paws up to her, throw his arms about her neck, and then to bite and scratch, thump and pommel her as hard as he could. After bearing with this sort of behaviour a reasonable period, the old bear began to think it was time matters were stopped; so she bestowed two or three hearty cuffs on her cub to make him give up his ways; but as this did not check him, she picked him up in her mouth, and, in spite of his howls and protests, carried him down to the edge of a running stream, some fifty

yards away, and quietly dropped him in. The little bear very strongly objected to this process, and gasped and choked until his mother thought he had had enough of it, when she grabbed hold of a leg, a foot, an ear, or anything which came uppermost, and hauled him out again. He began to dry himself in the sun, rolling over and over, but suddenly a brilliant idea seemed to strike him. Mrs. Bear was very near the edge of the water and with her back turned to it. Creeping silently up, the little bear made a sudden dash at his mother, and so unexpected was the assault that the old bear tumbled backwards, neck and crop, into the stream, and souse overhead she went.

The little cub's ears stood straight up on end, and he looked hugely delighted with his piece of work, as his mother disappeared below the surface. But, as she rose again, there was a look on her expressive countenance which made little Master Bear think that it would be wiser for him to take a walk in the opposite direction. He sped off as hard as his fat little legs would carry him, until he reached the rocky cave where the family abode stood. Here he crawled away into the darkest corner, crouched down and pretended to go to sleep. Meantime the old bear had slowly climbed out of the water, given her dripping sides a shake, and then rolled off in the direction of the cave. She was not long before she discovered the little rascal in the corner, and then she gave him several sounding thumps with her paws. The little bear managed to behave himself properly for nearly half-an-hour afterwards.

F. R.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.



ACAREFUL study of old prints reveals the fact that the collar of to-day is a very modern affair. It is said that the invention of the ruff is due to a lady who first wore it to conceal a wen! It is also asserted that peaked shoes were invented by a gentleman who had a deformed foot, and, no doubt, other fashions in costume could be traced to similar origins.

In many thirteenth-century pictures we may see the ladies of the time represented as wearing *wimples*; these were worn round the neck under the veil. They resembled mufflers, and were often beautifully embroidered. Towards the year A.D. 1300 the wimple was worn higher, enclosing the cheeks and chin, and fell upon the bosom, giving the wearer very much the appearance of suffering from sore throat or toothache. These enlarged wimples were known as *gorgets*. In the reign of Richard II. the gorget was sometimes replaced by a broad plain band round the neck. Three or four reigns later the men wore very short



"The little bear strongly objected."

jackets, which were called *pourpoints*. They were made with collars which lay flat, and underneath the collars hung rich gold chains. Magnificent were the collars worn by His Majesty King Henry VIII. At the time of his interview with Francis I. his collar was composed of rubies and pearls set in alternate rows. On less important occasions he was content to wear one of rubies only.

In this reign the partlet was invented, and it soon took the place of the gorget. It was supposed to have resembled the modern 'habit-shirt,' and was often made of white lawn. By an old inventory we find that King Henry had 'trimmed shirts, wrought with black and white silk, and *shirt-bands* of silver, with ruffles.' Ruffs were therefore worn in Henry the Eighth's reign, and also in that of his son,

Edward VI., both by men and women. Historians trace the fashion of ruffs to Spain, and it is probable that Queen Mary first wore them out of compliment to her husband. Of course, as the Queen wore them, they soon became quite the rage among all classes. It is strange that Queen Elizabeth, hating everything Spanish as she did, should have taken kindly to ruffs. Her ruffs were always of larger dimensions than those of her ladies. It was a matter of difficulty to find a laundress who could undertake the starching and general 'get-up' of the royal ruffs. Her Majesty's ruffs were of cambric and lawn, as she disdained to encircle her throat with those made of Holland, usually worn by her subjects. Much troubled that no English laundress could be found, the Queen sent abroad for a Dutchwoman whose reputation in this art was great. There is no doubt that she paid the Dutchwoman well for her services, and certainly the foreigner did her work well.

In the later days of King James I. the ruff went out of fashion, and was replaced by the falling collar of rich lace or embroidered muslin. The portraits of this period show well these becoming collars. In an old 'account for washing,' a 'tally,' as it was then called, of the reign of King Charles I., we find chronicled, amongst other things sent to the laundress, 'Ruffles, 3; bandes, 1; collars, 4.' The 'ruffe' here named was the frill or plaited collar so generally worn in the reign of Elizabeth; the 'bande,' from which the small bands still worn by lawyers took their origin, were collars of linen, cambric, or other material worn round the neck. When starched to stand up, they were simply 'bandes'; when allowed to lie flat on the shoulder, like the large turn-down collar of to-day, they were 'falling bandes.' The 'laced bandes' were the richly worked lace neck-cloths, so frequently seen in portraits of the Stuart period. The origin of the name 'bandbox' is due to these articles of attire, the boxes originally being made to keep ruffs and bands in.

But we must now turn our attention to cuffs. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the ladies wore long, narrow cuffs, hanging to the ground. These were very inconvenient and uncomfortable, and tight sleeves took their place. The gentlemen of Edward the Fourth's time appeared in short jacket sleeves, puffed at the shoulders, and beneath them extended to the wrists the long sleeves of their shirts. Later still, shirts were embroidered in silk, and had full long sleeves of fine linen, which were seen below the upper sleeve of the doublet. The 'cuffe' was the lower part of the sleeve, which was sometimes quite plain, and at others richly embroidered, or formed of lace, and was worn turned back over the wrist. In earlier times great care was exercised to make all articles of dress from materials that seldom required washing, and the art of the dyer was far more often called into practice than that of the laundress. There was no such thing as a regular 'washing-day' in every household, as there is now. The clothes that required cleansing were always taken down to the nearest stream, if that was within reasonable distance, and washed there.

As to our own collars and cuffs: a small proportion of these are made in work-rooms in the East End of London, but the larger proportion in City warehouses, as the work requires to be very carefully done, and the employer of the collar and cuff makers likes to have the work under his own supervision. The collars are run, turned, and stitched. The women employed in the industry receive better pay for their work than do shirt-makers and tailoresses, as only very good work can be put into collars and cuffs. There are many girls in the North of Ireland who earn their daily bread in this industry, and not a few in the middle-class suburbs of London. When the collars and cuffs are finished by the seamstress, they are sent to the laundry, and there given into the hands of special laundresses who do what is known as 'clear work,' earning as much as four and five shillings a day.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

A SCHOOLMASTER advertised in the *Times* newspaper one day, 'To school assistants.—Wanted, a respectable gentleman of good character, capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer and Virgil. Apply, &c.'

A day or two after the advertisement appeared, the gentleman who had put it in the paper received the following letter:—'Sir,—With reference to an advertisement which *were* inserted in the *Times* a few days since, respecting a school assistant, I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation; but, as most of my *friends* reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil *is* from town, I beg to state I should not like to engage to teach the classics further than Hammersmith or Turnham Green, or, at the utmost distance, further than Brentford.—*Waiting* your reply, I am, sir, yours, JOHN SPARKS.'

SANFORD.

PERCY'S PRIDE.

STRETFORD is an old town, in which a good many modern improvements have been made; in the principal streets the shops have plate-glass windows, and even electric light some of them, but in one or more of the less-frequented thoroughfares there are curious old timbered houses still standing, and tradesmen's windows with the quaint narrow panes and heavy wooden frames of a bygone time.

Over the door of one of these old-fashioned buildings is the name of A. Steel, and inside the shop—a watch and clockmaker's—Mr. Steel himself may be constantly seen, seated where the light is strongest, and looking through his powerful magnifier at the delicate mechanism of the time-keepers brought to him for cleansing and repair.

Generally Mr. Steel is alone, except for customers, but a few years ago a visitor to the shop, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, would have been pretty sure to find the watchmaker's son, Percy,

standing beside the counter, or seated on the only chair which the place contained.

A good-looking lad was Percy Steel at that time; one of those handsome, fine-featured, almost aristocratic youths, who are born sometimes amidst very humble surroundings, and who have no more natural right to look like persons of distinction, than have certain real young scions of nobility to resemble in outward appearance, as some of them do, jockeys, or grooms, or pugilists.

But Percy's good looks were spoiled, especially at the hour of those afternoon visits to the shop, by an expression of settled discontent—an expression which caused his good father many a sigh, and made the little afternoon visit, which might have been so pleasant both to father and son, a time of weariness and irritation.

Percy had a grievance, and the grievance, small and even ridiculous as it might appear in the eyes of others, loomed very large in his own. He was obliged to carry his father's tea to the shop every afternoon in a covered basket. At twelve years old the boy had begun to feel a distaste for that brown basket; at fourteen he found its weight intolerable, and he was ready to turn down any side street, or make any pretence of being absorbed in a shop-window, or of looking another way, when he chanced to meet any school-fellow while engaged in his distasteful errand.

But it was all of no use. Percy and his basket were well known in Stretford streets, and it was only amongst people whose opinions were not worth having that any one could have been found who would have thought the boy dishonoured or degraded by a simple act of service to his father.

For a long while Mr. Steel did not fathom his son's mind upon the subject; the honest watchmaker certainly thought the boy rather glum and quiet sometimes, but he was often too busy, disposing of tea and bread-and-butter in the shortest possible time, to take much note of Percy.

Percy, on the other hand, was as silent and reserved as some boys unhappily are with their own fathers, and never said a word about his unwillingness to come, or his longing desire to be relieved from the task. Only, when he went home, the boy poured endless complaints into his mother's ears—complaints to which the good woman, thinking that 'boys must grumble,' paid little heed at first.

'It has just got to be done, Percy,' she said; 'father can't come home to his tea; besides, it would never do to leave the shop, so you must take it.'

But constant dropping wears away the hardest stone. Percy complained of the brown basket and the unpleasant errand till he at last made some impression on his mother, and she, in spite of her natural desire not to vex her husband about a trifle, spoke to Mr. Steel on the subject. 'Percy thinks he is getting too big to bring your tea any longer,' she said one evening, in the lad's absence; 'he thinks you might get a little boy to do it for a few pence. I shouldn't have bothered you about it when I know you are so busy, only he does worry one so about things, I cannot get any peace.'

The watchmaker looked vexed. 'So that is the secret of his black looks, is it?' he answered. 'Well,

well, if Percy does not like the job, he will soon get out of it. I have been speaking to Mr. Shepherd about him only to-day; he wants a boy in his office, and is quite willing to take Percy on trial. He can begin next week.'

Percy received this news with mingled feelings; true he would get out of the basket and the tea-taking, but the thought of being an office-boy did not altogether accord with his notions of his own dignity.

'You will have to run errands and sweep out the office,' said his friend, Tom Hartley. 'You will soon wish you were back at school. My father is going to apprentice me, and pay a big premium, so I shan't have such things to do, ever.'

Percy said nothing; his father could not afford to pay a large premium for him, he knew that well enough; still, he hoped better things than Tom foretold.

There was another boy at Mr. Shepherd's already, a strong, rough-looking boy, who daily swept out the office. 'When Mr. Shepherd sees how different I am, he will never ask me to do such things,' said Percy to himself.

But Mr. Shepherd had no notion of making any difference between the two boys. If there were to be a difference, it would certainly not be in favour of the new-comer and the junior.

'Please, sir,' said John Taylor, the elder boy, at the close of Percy's first day in his new employment, 'is Steel to take his turn sweeping up after to-night?'

'Certainly,' said Mr. Shepherd. He had noticed even thus early that Percy was a little above his work.

Well, Percy did the sweeping, but he did it with so many complaints, and with such a bad grace, that the impression he made upon the employer, who took note of all that went on, was a very poor one.

The watchmaker's son thought himself ill-used. His position at home had been bad enough in his own opinion; it was worse that his father should have sent him to a place where such menial tasks were imposed.

But in a fortnight's time Mr. Shepherd met Mr. Steel in Stretford High Street. 'I wanted to see you, Mr. Steel,' said the former, 'to tell you that your lad will not suit me at all; there is too much of the fine gentleman about him. I don't want a boy who grumbles for half an hour if he is asked to sweep out a room or carry a big parcel. He may stay till the end of the month if you like, and after that I have no further use for him.'

Percy's father, though a good-tempered, easy man, was very vexed to get such a report of his son. 'The boy's ridiculous notions will stand in his way always,' he said angrily to his wife; and Master Percy had a bad quarter of an hour when he came home in the evening.

At the end of the month Mr. Shepherd gave him his dismissal, and for a few weeks he hung about at home, listless and discontented. Then his father heard of another situation for him, a junior clerkship in a town some distance from Stretford.

(Concluded at page 46.)



Percy endeavours to avoid meeting his Schoolmates.



"Jim Petty got out his fiddle and scraped dance tunes."

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 36.)



THE following Wednesday was fixed for Tim and Mary's wedding. From all the stations round came friends and acquaintances. Mary and Tim, accompanied by the bridesmaid, Miss Connors, and other girls, and Bill Murray as best man, and other friends of Tim, rode away on the morning of the wedding to Yalgarno, fifteen miles distant, where they were married by the registrar, who pocketed the fee, and 'Oh, yes! certainly, if you wish it,' took the two pounds Tim tendered him awkwardly for himself. 'He wished Mrs. Sullivan every happiness, he was sure,' and, 'He would have much pleasure in drinking the health of the bride.'

So they all went into the parlour of the 'Club House Hotel.' There was a red cloth on the table in the centre of the room, and an earthenware water-bottle stood upon it. A paper fly-catcher hung from the middle of the ceiling, and from it strings of paper roses extended to the corners. It didn't seem to catch all the flies in the room, however; perhaps they had become too used to it, and wanted a change. Through the parlour door on the opposite wall of the bar hung a picture of a dead dog in a cask, with a mournful-looking man gazing down at the dog, and the words printed in large type, 'Poor Trust is dead, Bad Pay killed him.' 'Bad Pay' was not shown in the picture. Over the parlour door itself was a pretty highly coloured card, 'God bless our home.'

The girls giggled when Tim asked them to have a drink, and they each took lemonade, which they drank in the smallest of sips.

The registrar took his liquor, drank it, bowed to Mrs. Sullivan and the ladies, and went out. Tim went too, and ordered some dinner, and then they walked round the town. It was very small, but any place that has a group of houses in Australia is called a town. Over the way a travelling photographer had established himself with a tent of fair proportions as a gallery. Outside the tent, on a post near, and on the side also of his covered van, hung specimens of his art. There were some pictures of very fat women in tight silk dresses, wearing necklaces and large brooches and long ear-rings, fuchsia pattern, and also of thin, gaunt-looking women with a set look in their eyes, trying to look their best, and hopelessly failing, for their best would be when they were hard at work over a washing-tub, or driving the cows into the yard, or rocking the cradle of the baby; but, of course, they never would 'have their likenesses took' under such conditions. Many of us do not know what our best is.

'Let us have our likenesses taken, Mary,' said Miss Connors.

So into the tent they all went, and Mary sat in her bridal clothes of white, white cotton gloves, and white boots, and a large fall, and some flowers, artificial representations of orange blossom, for they had brought all the bridal outfit with them, and Tim stood beside her. Then the photographer fixed them to his taste, and buried his head under the black cloth, and looked at them through 'a spy glass,' as Tim called it, and then thought 'the gentleman had better sit and the lady stand.' So Tim sat, and Mary rested one hand on his shoulder, and Tim held the other, and Mary looked at Tim and Tim looked at Mary. 'Now steady, quite steady. I won't keep you very long, just a second; steady, please! Would the gentleman just face a little to the right, please?'

Tim looked to the left. 'No, the other way, please. Ah, that's better! Now, steady please. Would the lady smile? just a little, not too much; ah, so, steady, please! Now, while I count three; steady, please. One. Would the gentleman mind turning the left arm and hand out a little?' Tim spread his fingers on his knee, where his hand had been resting. 'Ah, nicely! Now, one, two. Steady, please!' He adjusted the camera again. One, two, three! Thank you, that will do very nicely.'

Tim sighed and Mary sighed. Then the others had their photographs taken, and they left their addresses and paid for the portraits, which would be sent in about a week by post, and Tim and Mary went out of the tent holding each other's hand.

Dinner was ready at the hotel when they returned, and Mary changed her wedding dress for her riding habit, and when dinner was over the party started back for Terraweena.

'Who was that in town being married to-day?' asked the constable.

'Oh, that was Tim Sullivan from Mr. Austin's, Terraweena,' replied the registrar.

'Oh, is that who it was? I didn't notice; got married to Mary Simpson, did he? Decent fellow, Tim!'

'Yes, seems all right,' said the registrar.

'Liberal?' said the policeman.

'Oh, I don't know about that; paid his fee all right—we never ask any more.'

'No-o, I suppose not,' was the reply.

'Well, anyhow, come and have a drink.'

The policeman went, and once more were the bride and bridegroom toasted.

While Tim and his bride were away with their immediate friends at Yalgarno, the wool-shed at Terraweena was the scene of extensive preparations. The floor was thoroughly cleaned, lamps and candles placed in position on the side walls, or hung from the ceiling, and long tables were erected down the middle. The kitchen was full of savoury odours from geese, and ducks, and turkeys, and fowls, while puddings, and tarts, and custards, and home-made jellies, and also a large cake, filled the shelves of the pantry.

Everybody was busy and jolly. Several girls from round about were assisting in the preparations, laughing and chatting, with their sleeves rolled up above their elbows, and their skirts pinned clear of

their ankles, and a streamer of pink or blue ribbon fastened about their necks, and hanging down their backs. There were plenty to help.

The boys took an active part. They went out into the bush, and brought home boughs of wattle just beginning to blossom, and dark-leaved currajong, and bracken ferns from the gullies. They decorated with these the wool-shed, till all the walls and posts were hidden.

Alice directed the decorating, and Arthur handed up the flowers and boughs and held the chair steady, or helped her down when she wished to alight. It was a delightful time. Planks upon boxes down the sides of the table were the seats, with chairs—all that were available at the house being brought out—for the more distinguished guests. So when the wedding party returned to Terraweenah, a hearty welcome greeted them. Mr. Austin took the head of the table, an old friend who had come over that day to buy cattle taking the other end. The bride and bridegroom sat at the middle, opposite the cake. Mary donned her wedding dress again, all the girls and old women gathering about her and saying, 'Don't she look nice?'

Tim had put a little extra oil on his hair. He wore a black coat with a velvet collar, no necktie or shirt collar; his splendid beard was his neck's protector and adornment, a white vest and corduroy trousers with full bell-shaped bottoms.

Everybody ate most heartily. Some of the fare was 'raal good stuff,' and 'would ye mind passing some more of that there shaky stuff (jelly)?' 'Rattlin' tack, that there stuff, Bill; try it!' Such were the comments. The guests drank several cups of tea each, and beer sometimes, but the Australian bushman says, 'A cup of tea with his dinner is better than all your beer.'

The boys assisted at the waiting, and Bob paid particular attention to the bride.

'Nice lads, them Sydney boys—so gentleman-like; one of them was always a-asking of me if I would have any more tea, or some cake, or the like. A real nice lad he is indeed,' and the old woman who had been so used to always 'reaching for her own' gave a sigh, as she confided her opinions to her friends.

Arthur Clay took a seat next a pink-faced girl with a tartan sash of glowing hue, a streamer of ribbon round her neck, and some bows of pink ribbon in her hair. 'Her young man' was occupying the other seat next her; he gathered about himself all he wanted, and ate on, filling his mouth with food and then washing it down with tea. The girl sat and took what some one had put on her plate; longed to try that jelly or this blanc-mange, and wondered what kind of pie that was, and was too shy to ask. Arthur Clay took in the situation. He saw the girl was being neglected, so with no thought for the fellow on the other side, 'Try some of this jelly; it's very nice, I'm sure,' he said.

'Yes, sir; thank ye, sir.'

'Won't you have some of this custard? or let me get you some baked apples and cream?'

'Yes, please. Thank ye, sir,' which constituted all the conversation. The fellow on the other side

grew jealous; he left off eating and sulked. When Arthur's politeness and attention were no longer necessary to the girl he turned his thoughts elsewhere, and left the man and his companion to themselves. They would 'make it up,' however, by-and-by, and ride home together through the lonely silent bush, his horse close beside hers, where the track was easier, and they would be happy enough.

'Now, ladies and gentlemen, the health of the bride and bridegroom!' Mr. Austin gave the toast. He said some funny things which made every one laugh, and then he told how long he had known Tim and Mary, and how well they had always served him. He wished them every happiness and prosperity, and hoped the name of Sullivan would always be an honest one in the district, long after Tim and Mary had gone from among them. At this Mary blushed and Tim looked foolish, the girls giggled, and the men laughed.

Then Tim was called on to speak.

'Now then, Tim.' 'Now, Mr. Sullivan.' 'Go on, Tim!' 'Give the man time,' suggested another; 'a feller don't get married every day!' 'No, once is often enough for most!' said his neighbour. 'Good boy, Tim!' and they cheered and hammered the table with anything handy.

Tim stood up and coughed a few times, and scraped some crumbs together on his plate with his finger.

'Well, Mr. Austin; well, he wern't much at speechifyin' (encouraging cheers). 'Him and Mary, that is, Mrs. Sullivan' (more cheers), 'well, they was very thankful.' Mary pulled him by the leg of the trousers, and Tim sat down. Every one cheered more loudly than ever. Then Mary cut the cake and a piece was handed round to every one, after which the men got up and stood outside and smoked and yarned. They talked about the bullocks, and the 'dry time they was having.' The older women gossiped in the corners about the 'wedding' and other domestic events always of peculiar interest to them; while the girls cleared away the things, the boys and a few of the men carrying out the tables.

Then the floor was swept; Jim Petty got out his fiddle and scraped dance tunes, being relieved now and then by Joe Chowne on the concertina.

So they danced; now and then one of the company sang. Some of the songs had six or eight verses with a chorus of four lines to each verse. They were mostly plaintive. They were about 'A flower from mother's grave,' or 'Darling, I am growing old,' or 'I'll be all smiles to-night, mother.'

One had a particular pathos in it, and seemed to be generally much appreciated. It was sung by the girl with the tartan sash, and the pink ribbon in her hair, and was full of a wonderful and sad constancy and resignation, being a farewell to a lover who, from the general tone of the song, did not seem to have made his position clearly defined. The song closed with the words—

'Go and leave me if you wish it,
Never let me cross your mind:
If you think you love another,
Go and leave me, never mind.'



A Proud Mother.

The song showed either great resignation or great indifference. And so they sang and danced through the night.

Arthur and Tom and Bob had never spent such a night before. It was broad daylight, with a yellow flush in the sky, the clear white frost glistening everywhere, when Tim's wedding party broke up. Most of the visitors had long distances to go, but the Australian bushman does not mind twenty, thirty, or even more miles' ride to a wedding.

(Continued at page 50.)

HEN AND CHICKENS.

OF the many varieties of fowls, the Dorkings are the favourites, at any rate with London poulterers.

Our picture, showing 'Hen and Chickens,' is not one of a *true* Dorking, but rather of the big Surrey or Sussex fowls which are so largely reared for the London market. They are much like Dorkings in squareness of build. In colour they may be said to be of a whitish ground, speckled with black and brown or other dark-coloured feathers. The Sussex



Mrs. Browne pleads on Percy's behalf.

birds are very hardy, and a very few die compared to the number lost from other varieties. This arises in great measure from the natural and hardy manner in which they have been reared for generations.

Hatching is carried on nearly all the year round, but more especially from January to September, and the coops are put in the fields and even in strips of grass on the road-side.

J. C.

PERCY'S PRIDE.

(Concluded from page 39.)

PERCY went off to this fresh venture in high spirits. Here, at least, there would be no baskets and parcels, no sweeping of the office. He was to lodge with a Mrs. Whitehead, a widowed relative of his father's, who lived at Amersham, as his new place of residence was called, and he did not doubt that the life upon which he was entering would be vastly superior to the old one.

But Percy carried all his former foibles with him from Stretford to Amersham, and it was not long before they showed themselves in a fresh form. There were two other clerks in the office where Percy was employed, and one of these, a young man of some four or five and twenty years, soon became a hero in young Steel's eyes. Not that there was anything particularly heroic about Walter Cole, but he was so stylish, so well dressed, so dashing in manners and appearance, that to resemble him in every particular soon became Percy's dearest wish.

Half amused and half flattered by his junior's evident admiration, Mr. Cole volunteered to give Percy a few hints about his dress and amusements, and the carrying out of these hints soon entailed upon the watchmaker's son an expense which neither he nor his friends were well able to bear.

Somehow, all Cole's advice tended to the spending of money. One week there would be a pair of gloves to be bought, 'just like those new tans of Cole's'; another, a bit of jewellery, a pin or a ring, which Percy felt he must have, because Cole had one already; or yet again, a ticket for some expensive entertainment, to which Cole said everybody who was anybody in Amersham would be sure to go.

These things might be all very well for Walter Cole, with three times Percy's salary, and friends who were well off and made him presents; although even he would very likely have done better to save his money, and be more independent of his relatives; but for Percy Steel, with a narrow, settled sum to live upon, and no outside help to expect, the way he was treading was perilous in the extreme.

He began soon to be pressed for money; little debts which at first had seemed mere trifles grew till their total frightened him; and then the temptation before which so many weak-willed youths have fallen came upon him with terrible force. Every day, funds that were not his own passed through his hands, and every day his own almost desperate need of money grew greater and more pressing.

He blamed his circumstances, his hard-working father, his strict and careful employers—never his own folly and vanity and extravagance.

To get money became the problem of Percy's life; with his usual false pride he had concealed from Cole, and from the friends to whom Cole had intro-

duced him, the narrowness of his parents' circumstances and of his own means.

He had contrived hitherto to do as Cole and his set did; to borrow of them now would be an unspeakable humiliation; it was not to be thought of.

To a youth so situated, there is almost sure to come a time when half-formed purpose passes into actual wrong-doing, and so it was with Percy.

His employers were house-agents and auctioneers; Mr. Brooks, the second partner, being usually away from home. One day, when, as it happened, Percy was alone in the office—Mr. Rivers, the head of the firm, with Cole and the other clerk, being absent at an important sale—a Mrs. Browne, a tenant of one of the houses for which Messrs. Rivers and Brooks were agents, came hastily in.

'Is Mr. Rivers in?' she said to Percy; 'or, stay; perhaps you can do what I want. I am going from home for some little time, and though it wants three weeks to quarter-day, I should prefer to pay my rent before I go. I suppose you can give me a receipt and see that all is right?'

Percy's heart gave a great throb: here was his chance. He found an odd receipt form, without taking one out of the usual book, made it out, and gave it to the lady, assuring her that all would be quite right, and that he would inform Mr. Rivers.

When she had left the office, he stood with a white face, and hands trembling with excitement, thinking of what he had done and meant to do.

Ten pounds!—ten pounds shining there upon the desk before him, and perhaps no one would ever know if he used them for his own.

Something might happen to Mrs. Browne, so that she might never come back, or in three weeks' time, in some wonderful unforeseen way, he might replace the money. At all events he must have it now, it would pay his bills, it would just save him.

Oh, foolish Percy! with what stale wiles of the devil have you, and many others like you, been overcome.

'Has any one called, Steel?' asked Mr. Rivers, when, with Cole and the other clerk, he returned from the sale.

'Only Mr. Campion, sir, and the young man from Fisher's, about the repairs,' said Percy, in a voice which he tried to keep steady; he had put the ten pounds in his breast pocket, and it weighed upon his heart like a lump of lead.

With fear and trembling, the next day, Percy paid his tailor's bill, and one or two other accounts for which he had made himself liable; the tradesmen were polite and pleased, and Percy felt it a pleasant thing to have money, in spite of all his fears.

But as the days went on, and nothing happened, no windfall, no present, no lucky chance, as he would have called it, the lad grew thin and worried, overwhelmed with anxiety lest his fraud should be discovered.

He started when any people came into the office, he was ready to sink when Cole rallied him about his pale looks and low spirits; once or twice he made stupid mistakes about his work, and when Mr. Rivers or Mr. Brooks looked at him in surprise, and spoke sharply to him, he fell to wondering what

they would say if he confessed the thing which he had done.

So dreadful were the tortures of anxiety, that one day, nearly a month after his fall, when the office door opened and Mrs. Browne came in, he felt that even the certainty of detection which her presence brought was better than the suspense he had already suffered.

'How is this, Mr. Rivers?' the lady said, advancing to the senior partner's desk, with an envelope in her hand. 'I paid my rent to one of your young men more than three weeks ago, just before leaving home; yet, on my return this morning, I found this notice to pay.'

Mr. Rivers' brow darkened. 'Cole—Steel—Harlow!' he cried, sharply, 'which of you received the rent when this lady paid it?'

Alas! there was no need of any further question; Percy's tell-tale face revealed the truth. With burning shame, with confused, hurried words, he stammered out the story of his temptation and his guilt. Mr. Rivers, justly indignant, would have sent for a policeman there and then, but Mrs. Browne's heart was touched with pity. She had lost a son, of Percy's age, not many months before, and the thought of a mother's grief, which must needs be even deeper than her own, came vividly before her.

She pleaded hard with Mr. Rivers to spare Percy, to have mercy on his youth and inexperience, to give him another chance. For a long time the master would not yield; when at last he consented to be satisfied with Percy's dismissal and return to Stretford, the lad felt that even that mitigated penalty was likely to be heavy enough.

Yet Percy was not without some grace of penitence. He felt true sorrow for his fault, and gratitude to Mrs. Browne for her kindness. Humbled and cast down, he went home to his parents, to bear their grief and their reproaches as best he might; and when, in time to come, Mrs. Browne, proving herself a kind friend, obtained for the youth another and a safer situation, Percy proved that he had learned good lessons in the valley of humiliation, and his pride became a thing of the past.

C. J. BLAKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—PUZZLE.

ALONG the rocky shore
I'm unrestrained and free;
Where angry billows roar,
There you will meet with me.

But if by U forsaken,
Another takes your place,
Then is my freedom taken,
My lot is hard disgrace.

8.—CHARADE.

My first you hear and feel, but do not see;
My next you hear and see, but do not feel.
My whole produces what you often see,
And what you taste at nearly every meal.

9.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A wise and worthy hero's name;
2. A fruit, from foreign clime it came.
3. A Pontiff in brave Luther's days;
4. A place whose twins make people gaze.
5. A Saxon Queen of jealous turn;
6. An ancient tongue that many learn.
7. A Queen that lived in Persia's land;
8. A body-guard, a courtly band.

The initials will give a hero's name;
The finals a courtly band proclaim.

10.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

TAKE 5 from 12, and leave 5.

[Answers at page 59.]

ANSWERS.

- 5.—(A.) All is well that ends well.
(B.) Be just before you are generous.
(C.) Fine feathers make fine birds.

6.—Two Emperors: Numa, Nero.

1. NUMA	2. NERO
UNIT	EDEN
MILLO	REEL
ATOM	ONLY

A SMART DEVICE.

A SPLENDID steamer was pursuing its way over the wide waters of the Volga in the direction of the Caspian Sea. It was late in the evening when a young man stepped up to the captain, and requested to be put down at the next village they might come to. The stranger was set ashore, and the steamer continued on its journey. All at once another passenger came running to the captain, and cried out:—

'My travelling-bag? Where is it? My bag with twelve thousand francs!'

The captain had his suspicions. He told the man to be calm and not to mention the affair to a living soul on board. Owing to the great width of the river at that point, few, if any, of the ship's company noticed that the steamer described a large circle and shaped its course up-stream. It did not altogether escape observation, however, that a flag of different colours was hoisted and a sheet of tarpaulin thrown over the bulwarks to conceal the name of the vessel. Presently a shrill whistle announced that they were nearing a station on the river. It was the same at which the young man had landed.

A man came on deck with a leather bag in his hand. He turned out to be the very passenger who had left the steamer not long before, and who, thinking himself safe on board another vessel, now fell into the hands of his former captain and the owner of the stolen property. At first he could hardly believe his eyes, but all his doubts were dispersed when the steamer reversed its course and landed him at a 'station,' where he is likely to make a protracted stay.



A Clever Capture.



"You are always welcome here; we will tell you when you are not."

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 14.)



THE holidays were passing away only too fast. Tom and Arthur and Bob were becoming quite experienced in bush life, and their friend Harry had fully recovered what little skill he had lost during his absence from home, at school.

The lads shot and hunted over all the home paddocks, and for four or five miles round. They had become quite good shots. They now scorned the smaller birds, took a flying shot where before they always waited till the bird settled, and then sneaked as near as they could. Now, too, they fired at long ranges. 'Give your bird a show, Bob; don't go poking the gun right on its tail!' Arthur would say.

'Certainly, Mr. Clay, certainly,' Bob would rejoin, with the utmost seriousness. 'One who has so long adopted such a course should certainly know.' But upon Arthur Bob's sarcasm fell lightly.

'There is lots more game down the river,' said Harry, one day. 'It would be grand to go and camp there for a week, wouldn't it?'

'My word!' said Tom.

'First class!' said Clay.

'Real good idea!' said Bob.

They were all agreed that it would be in every way most desirable. It would be far better to return from shooting or kangarooing to your own camp under the trees, boil your own billy and cook your own supper, grilling fish or pieces of kangaroo or wallaby over the fire, or toasting your damper stuck on the end of a stick for a toasting-fork, than to return to a house as they did now. That would be real life.

So they decided that Harry should act as spokesman, and they would accompany him, and see Mr. and Mrs. Austin on the matter. The boys found them together discussing some business concerns. Harry explained their case. Clay supported by observing that they felt old enough to look after themselves, and so return safely, and Bob would be looked after between them. Bob let the joke pass; the result of their inquiry was not yet decided; he was too anxious to know if they might go to notice any allusions to his being unable to look after himself.

Mrs. Austin thought that they would be all right if they took plenty of warm clothes and blankets with them, and were careful about their guns, and 'I don't suppose the blacks will interfere with you,' she concluded, 'for they are not so numerous or troublesome as they were when Harry was a baby.'

'What do you think, father?' she said; she always called Mr. Austin 'father,' and he called her 'mother.'

'Well, I think they will be all right,' and the boys' eyes beamed. 'But they will need to go where they will not get lost. I think some one who knows the country had better go with them.' This prospect was not so rosy; it was sending some one to look after them, and they felt that they could look after themselves.

'Yet I don't know very well who *could* go,' Mr. Austin continued. 'You see, Tim is married now, and he is busy on his new selection, and Bill Murray and the others must get the fencing along "Breakfast Creek" finished, for I want those paddocks for the lambs.'

The issue still hung in doubt. Harry, though born at Terraweena, had never been so far away out in the surrounding country as he now felt that they should go, to make a thorough camping-out excursion; so, though feeling sure that if they were only allowed to go they would manage all right, he was silent.

'Now, if your brothers were at home, Harry,' said his mother, 'it would be all right, but the three of them are down the river at the new station your father bought.'

'How far is that from here?' asked Harry.

'About 120 miles,' answered his father; 'you could not go that far, and besides, when you got there you would find it something like this, only a little rougher, eh, mother?'

'Yes, a little rougher,' said Mrs. Austin, smiling. 'All men there, the only women black gins.'

There was a brief silence. Bob and Tom began to think that the prospects were none too bright, when Mrs. Austin said, 'Were you not thinking, father, of going down to the boys shortly?' meaning by 'the boys' her sons who were away; though grown to be bearded men, they were always 'the boys' to mother.

'Yes, I really ought to have gone sooner,' said Mr. Austin; 'I promised them, last time I was there, to help them with the shearing-shed.'

'Could you not go now, and leave Harry and his friends somewhere on the way, and call for them coming back?'

'Yes, I can do that, certainly; that plan will work all right,' said Mr. Austin. 'Will that suit you, boys?'

It suited the boys splendidly; they had no idea where they were going, but they were going camping out, all by themselves for several days, in an unknown country, and in that plan they had all that they asked.

'You can't beat mother for fixing things up,' said Harry afterwards. 'Why, father, he would have never thought of that, not he; he is very willing for us to go, and all that, but he would never have hit upon a plan. He would have gone off in a day or two down the river, with Billy or Jerry leading the pack-horse, and would have left us behind. No, you can't beat mother for getting round things,' continued Harry, 'when she wants to.'

'Yes, when she wants to,' assented Bob, repeating Harry's last observation, in a manner which showed that Bob knew that there were certain times when your mother didn't always 'want to' in the way one desired.

'When will we be starting?' said Tom; each of the boys felt like going straight away then and there.

'Let us see, this is Saturday morning, isn't it?' said Harry. 'Oh, about Tuesday, I expect.'

'We had better get the guns cleaned, and our ammunition all ready,' said Arthur. 'Here, Tom and Bob, you can mould some bullets;' so a busy day was spent.

That night the Rev. James Smith, bush missionary, arrived. He had come a long way that day. It was late when he got to Terraweena, and his horse was nearly knocked up.

'I was almost stopping at Simpson's, at the crossing,' he said, 'but it always puts them about to stay there; they have only a small place, and they *will* always go to so much trouble; you can never persuade them that a "shakedown" by the fire is quite enough.'

'I am glad you didn't stay, Smith,' said Mr. Austin; 'you know you are always welcome here; we will tell you,' he added, smiling, 'when you are not.'

The bush missionary was a lean, bony man, dressed in shabby black. Although always on horseback, travelling day after day from station to station, and small settlement to small settlement, his coat was the clerical shape; he fastened the tails up from behind round his waist when he rode. His quaint appearance, and the poverty of his hard-worked steed, often provoked a gibe from the men of the bush, but his work was, and is—for there are still many bush missionaries in Australia—a noble one. If self-sacrifice for what you believe to be the good of others is the highest doctrine of Christianity, the humble and often despised bush missionary of Australia will rank much higher than many of his brethren of the cloth in cities. The bush missionary takes up a heavy cross daily as he follows Christ. But 'verily he shall have his reward.'

On the Sunday morning following, Harry rode round and told the nearer neighbours that Mr. Smith had arrived, and that there would be a service in the afternoon. The service was held in the dining-room; there were about fifty present, Alice accompanying the hymns on the piano. In the evening Mr. Austin and Mr. Smith smoked and chatted over the fire.

'You said you would not have a little whisky, Smith?' said Mr. Austin.

'No, thank you,' was the reply, 'I gave it up since I was here last; that is some nine months ago. I always took a little, for I never found it do me any harm, and I did not have it offered me any too frequently, you may be sure; but I was correcting a young fellow one day for an over-indulgence, and he told me that I took it myself, and as I felt I could not make him see the difference, I have given it up since.'

'More than I would do,' said Mr. Austin.

Mr. Smith smiled. He knew that Mr. Austin might not do that, but he knew that none ever went away from Terraweena unrelieved, if Mr. Austin could assist them.

Alice began playing the old favourite hymn, 'Abide with me,' and Mrs. Austin and the boys took it up. Bob was never a singer; he could

usually 'get home,' as he called it, at the end of the line. He sat looking into the fire, and the old familiar hymn, with every one joining in, reminded him of home. Here, far away in the silent bush, and for the first time since he bid his mother good-bye at the station, he felt that strange longing which has been summed up in the word 'homesick.'

Mrs. Austin noticed it. When the boys had retired for the night, a gentle tap at their door, and 'May I come in?' was heard.

'Certainly.'

Arthur opened the door, in his trousers and shirt, with his braces thrown over his shoulders, and with bare feet.

Mrs. Austin crossed the room.

'Are you quite sure you are comfortable, boys?'

Tom and Bob were in bed.

'Oh, first rate, thanks, Mrs. Austin,' said Tom.

Then she tucked them in, and stooped and kissed them both, and they felt so much happier and more comfortable, especially Bob.

Then, passing out, 'Good-night, Arthur,' she said, as he held open the door, and Arthur, who was quite a big tall fellow, just seventeen, looked as if he would not mind being kissed too in the same motherly way.

He was very much of a boy after all, as he could not help thinking, although he always admonished Bob in such a superior manner.

(Continued at page 62.)

THE DISCONTENTED ASS.

A POOR ass, benumbed with cold in the middle of a winter, longed for the spring. It came soon enough, and the donkey was obliged to work hard from morning until evening. This did not please him; he wanted the summer to come. At last it came. 'How hot it is,' cried he; 'autumn would suit me much better.' When autumn came he had to carry hampers to market full of pears, apples, cabbages, and all sorts of provisions. He had scarcely time to sleep. 'How stupid I was to complain of the winter,' said he; 'I was cold, it is true, but I had nothing to do but to eat and drink and lie down in my stable at ease.'

A PLEASANT MEMORY.

OLD Farmer Gray walks slowly now,
But he has reached, at last,
The lane where stands the house in which
His early years were passed.

And as he looks upon that home,
His eyes with tears are dim;
No other place upon this earth
Can be so dear to him.

And when he stands before the door,
He bows his aged head,
And memory gives him back these words—
The last his mother said.



The Old Home.

'Dear John, my son, when I am gone
Oh, keep this thought in mind,
That you have never given to me
A word or deed unkind.

'And then, when you are missing me,
I know you will find relief,
Because you can so truly say,
You have never given me grief.'

Yes, as he stands in silence there
This lovely eve of May,
Those words of hers came back to him,
Though years have passed away;

They come to him as music sweet
Upon the balmy air,
They fall upon his kindly heart
And scatter gladness there.

* * * *

Dear boys and girls, think of those words,
Yes, think, and all agree
To ask yourselves, 'Could mother say
The very same to me?'

E.

ORGAN PATTY.



CLIFTON VILLA, a prim little house with six square yards of turf, called a lawn, before the door, red geraniums in the window-boxes, and white muslin blinds, was the home of Miss Reece; the place which as a rule she had all to herself, excepting for the daily presence, from seven o'clock till six, of her small maid, Patty.

Patty was Miss Reece's cross in life, her constant plague and trial—a trouble endured, in the first instance, to oblige a friend. When Ada Phillips, the pretty, charitable young lady, came to the mistress of Clifton Villa, with the request that Patty might be taken on as a servant, Miss Reece, after a little persuasion, had answered, 'My dear, I cannot refuse you anything;' and, in so saying, she had set the seal to her own misery for many a day to come.

'Dear Miss Reece,' said Ada, 'I am sure you will never regret it. It is so kind of you. Patty Prance is one of the poor girls out of our Sunday class; the class which Eleanor and I have for the children in the Island. She has not been very



“The girl lifted up her face and grinned at her mistress.”

good with us, but when Eleanor heard that your Fanny was leaving, and that you needed another little maid, she said in a moment that, if only you would take Patty, it might be the means of turning her into a good girl and a thoroughly respectable servant. Eleanor will be so pleased when she knows.’

Miss Reece made a few inquiries, and felt rather

doubtful when she heard the answers. Patty was thirteen years old; her father was a cripple, who sold bootlaces, or penny toys, or anything else that he could get to sell, in the streets for a living; her mother had a house in the Island, the worst part of Parchester, where she let lodgings to tramps and hawkers, and led P’atty’s elder sister a hard life as her assistant.

It would be a charity, no doubt, to take such a girl, but Miss Reece looked at her neat parlour and spotless bedroom with a sigh, when Ada Phillips was gone.

'Does that dear child know what a sacrifice she has asked of me?' she murmured. 'Does she think how I shall miss my own pleasant, tidy Fanny every hour in the day, while I watch this rough Island girl stumping about? Well, well! dear Ada and Eleanor are so good and self-denying that it would be a shame to refuse to help them; and I have promised now, so I must make the best of it.'

But the best was much worse than Miss Reece had expected. Patty Prance was a short, stout girl, with a head of frizzy red hair, and a stupid, not to say sullen expression of countenance. She had never learned to be orderly or quiet, or even decently respectful. She seemed willing to work, it is true, but she worked in her own way, saying, 'Yes, mum,' and 'No, mum,' to all Miss Reece's instructions, and carrying out her own peculiar ideas as soon as the lady's back was turned.

She wore thick boots, and tramped about the stairs and passages with such a noise that Miss Reece, in despair, furnished her with house-shoes; and then the heavy 'thud, thud' of her slippered feet was worse than the previous clatter.

She was bidden to be quiet, and in her mistress's presence she perhaps remained so, but as soon as she was left alone in her kitchen quarters she made the house ring from garret to basement, with 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay,' or 'Molly and I and the Baby.'

Miss Reece bore it all—like the patient, good soul that she was—and tried every day, with increasing pains and effort, to teach Patty how to do the small duties of her place. She read to the girl, lectured her, sewed for her; clothing her short, square figure in neat prints and woollens, and crowning the frizzy red hair with the whitest of white caps. But it was all of no avail: Patty's cap was awry as soon as she put it on; her aprons were dirty, her frocks torn and draggled. She could not, after a hundred attempts, learn to answer the door without blundering, or to hold a china dish without letting it slip through her fingers.

Miss Reece grew disheartened. She confided her trouble to Ada and Eleanor Phillips; but those young ladies begged so hard that Patty might be given another trial that the gentle mistress had not the heart to say No. She would try just a little longer before she finally determined to have nothing more to do with Patty.

It was not often that a visitor came to Clifton Villa to stay, but it happened that, at that time, Miss Reece expected a friend. She had arranged everything for the reception of this friend, Mrs. Bennett, and before she started for the station to meet the afternoon train, she gave her parting directions to the little maid.

'Now, mind, Patty,' said Miss Reece, 'that you put aside your other tasks, and give your attention to the parlour fire and to the laying of the table. Have a good fire in the kitchen, too, and the kettle boiling when we return. Be sure that you are neat, and be sure that all is ready.'

'Yes, mum,' said Patty, and Miss Reece set forth.

An hour later, when she and her friend returned, no amount of knocking brought any answer from within the house. Fearing she knew not what, Miss Reece opened the door with her latchkey, and, with an apology to Mrs. Bennett, she led the way into the parlour. The fire was dying in the grate, the table unladen. With a sinking heart the poor lady hastened to the kitchen; the kettle, perched on a heap of half-burnt coals, had tilted over, and was filling the place with showers of mingled steam and ashes, and Patty was nowhere to be seen.

Miss Reece called and called, but could get no answer; only a sound as of hammering or chopping came from below. Down to the cellar she went, and there was the missing hand-maiden, busy breaking up an old packing-case, hammering and chopping away as though her life depended on making a big stack of chips in a given time.

The girl lifted up her red, heated face, and grinned at her mistress.

'Thought I would make some chips while I was waiting,' she said. 'You will have enough to last you above a bit now.'

This was too much for Miss Reece's patience; moved for once out of her ordinary calm, she made even the thick-skinned Patty understand that, at the end of another month, her services would no longer be required, and then she hastened away to get tea herself for her tired friend.

(Concluded at page 58.)

AN EVENING MESSAGE.

I WAS standing beside a stream,
In a vale—one eventide,
When the sun to the west gave a rosy beam
As he glided down to hide.

And I suddenly heard a sound
From a snowy mountain height;
'Twas a sound which arose and re-echoed round
As the sun passed out of sight.

'Twas a sound by a herdsman sent,
And the words 'Praise God the Lord,'
From his lips, through the trumpet, with clearness
Went
And distinctly were outpoured.

And before into silence borne
They awoke a great refrain,
For each neighbouring herdsman upraised his horn
To repeat the joyous strain.

Far and wide did the chorus stray
To give out that evening Psalm,
Then the echo was tenderly borne away,
And there came a wondrous calm.

And I said to myself, 'How grand
And how good a custom this,
Which is still carried out in dear Switzerland
By a band of faithful Swiss.

'For our thoughts to our God it leads,
For it bids us send Him praise;
It is He Who in Love hath supplied our needs,
And prolonged on earth our days.'

As I stood with my mind thus stirred,
There descended from the height—
From the horns of the herdsmen—another word,
'Twas the parting word, 'Good night!'

D. HAMMONDE.

A COWARDLY BOY.

ONE winter's night a cowardly little boy lay awake in the dark, thinking of all the silly stories he knew about ghosts. Suddenly he heard a loud tapping at the window. Instead, however, of getting out of bed to see what the noise was, this foolish boy put his head under the bed-clothes and shook with fear. The tapping at the window continued for some time, but gradually grew weaker and weaker, and at last ceased. In the morning, when he got up and went to the window, he found a beautiful white pigeon frozen to death on the sill. The poor bird had been seeking shelter, and tapped with its beak against the pane, hoping to be let in. The little boy felt much ashamed of himself when he saw the result of his folly, and thought how his cowardice had prevented him from saving the life of the poor bird.

BIRDS OF THE BIGGEST CITY.

THERE are many boys and girls who have to walk about the streets and roads of London daily, but if you were to ask them what birds they see, they would very likely answer, 'Only a lot of sparrows.' Certainly in the crowded parts of that biggest of all cities, sparrows do show themselves amongst the noise and bustle, where other birds are rarely seen; yet in the suburbs, and especially where there are parks, squares, and small open spaces, there is a variety of birds. Most of these, indeed—mindful, perhaps, of the stone-throwing habits of boys—keep themselves out of view so far as they can; but some, like the rook, are too large to be hidden.

Before speaking of other birds, the sparrows claim a few words more. How lively the City sparrows seem to be, no matter what the weather is! Wind, rain, and fog do not trouble them—nothing except a hard frost. Hundreds of them gather now and then in a large plane or elm tree, and hold what is called their 'chapel.' Some one has said that one use of the cockney sparrow is to furnish food to hungry, neglected cats; no doubt many do fall victims to the four-footed prowler. Again, it is the fact that the sparrow is of service in clearing away numerous insects—caterpillars, for instance—which live in town trees and plants; though I am afraid the bird is tempted at times to peck a young juicy plant or seedling.

The largest bird which is seen in London is the rook, but his solemn 'caw' is now seldom heard, so few fields are left near London where these birds

can forage. The rookery of the Temple Gardens has gone, but some still come to Gray's Inn Gardens, and there are small rookeries in and about Kensington.

The cry of the cuckoo is not frequent near London, but the bird has been heard in the woods at Highgate, and in shrubberies on the south of the river Thames, only a few miles from the City.

For several years past the wood-pigeon or Cushat dove has been more common over England than it used to be, and the 'Coo! coo!' of this bird may be heard in several of the London parks. A pair of these built a nest in a hawthorn not far from Marlborough House during April, 1894—a nest so slight that it hardly appeared strong enough to bear the hen and her eggs. One funny thing about the wood-pigeon is, that if persons mimic its call, the bird will answer, and when the voice is raised higher and higher, then the bird coos louder, trying to beat in the contest. In one of his poems, Wordsworth mentions how he had noticed lads, by putting their hands together to the mouth, make a hooting like an owl, which owls in the woods near or distant would answer. But the owl is not found wild in or near London.

Thrushes are common about the suburbs, getting plenty of their favourite food, snails; there are blackbirds too, but these are fewer now, because most of the orchards near London have vanished. Linnets and chaffinches represent the finch tribe. Our familiar Robin Redbreast is not a stranger to London, but he rather dislikes the sparrows, and they are unfriendly towards him. His companion in the old ballad, Jenny Wren, we rarely see, though about the country around our great city we often notice it popping in and out amongst the hedges. But the pretty little willow-wren visits some London parks which have ponds, so too does the reed-warbler. Spotted flycatchers, though not many, build their nests in Kensington Gardens, and Regent's Park can boast of some greenfinches.

J. R. S. C.

HARE VERSUS HAWK.

IT is a well-known fact that many birds, as well as animals, which are by nature timid, can sometimes show such courage that they are ready to attack any enemy that may interfere with them. It is, of course, almost always in defence of their young that they do so. It is on record that on one occasion, a small hawk was seen to be carrying an animal of some kind in its talons, while on the ground below, a hare was seen to be keeping up with the hawk. The bird, being evidently over-weighted, was unable to rise to any height, and flew close to the ground, sometimes almost sinking to the earth. Each time that it came within reach of the hare, she struck at the bird with her paws. At length the hawk dropped her burden, and soared off into space. Then it was found that the little animal which had been dropped, and thus saved from a cruel death, was a young leveret, whose mother, though very timid by nature, had followed and beaten the bird which was carrying off her little one.

D. B. McKEAN.



A Brave Hare.



"I forgive you, my poor child."

ORGAN PATTY.

(Concluded from page 54.)

THE week of Mrs. Bennett's visit, and the three which followed, were a sad time for Miss Reece. Patty, being under sentence of dismissal, chose to show her resentment by a steady and continuous fit of sulks; going about with a settled black frown upon her face, and doing everything which lay in her small power to annoy her mistress. There were no regrets left behind when, with a useful present which Miss Reece's kindness of heart led her to give in spite of all shortcomings, Patty left Clifton Villa.

There was soon another maid to fill her place, and, as Charlotte had none of Patty's failings, Miss Reece would by-and-by have forgotten her unfortunate experience if it had not been for what followed.

'Do you remember that Patty France, ma'am, that you had before me?' asked Charlotte of her mistress, as she made the toast by firelight, on a chilly autumn evening, about a year later. 'She has gone to be an organer!'

'A what?' inquired Miss Reece.

'An organer, ma'am. One of those girls that go about with handkerchiefs over their heads, turning an organ-handle and pretending to be foreigners.'

Miss Reece was shocked; that a girl who might have been a respectable servant, and have lifted herself out of all the vagabond ways of the Island, should come to such a pass, seemed too dreadful.

'Have you seen her, Charlotte?' she asked.

'Oh, yes, ma'am! often and often,' returned Charlotte; and in a little while Miss Reece, too, got a peep at the transformed Patty, as, in a cotton gown and red handkerchief folded Italian fashion over her head, she turned the handle of the piano-organ, or went about, tambourine in hand, begging for coppers from the shops and passers-by.

Miss Reece would have spoken to the girl, for whom she still felt a sort of kindness; but, as soon as Patty noticed the fixed gaze of her former mistress, she made a sign to her companion, and, taking each a handle of the barrow on which their organ rested, the two marched rapidly away.

From that time Patty seemed to take a pleasure in trying how nearly she could come into Miss Reece's neighbourhood without being actually spoken to. She would even wheel the organ to within a dozen yards of Clifton Villa itself, and begin one of the twenty tunes which formed her entire stock in trade; but the first sight of Miss Reece, or of Charlotte, at the gate or on the doorstep, made her scamper off with the tune unfinished, and a whole troop of children running after her.

It was not till the coldest part of a very cold spring that Patty was suddenly missing from her former haunts. Miss Reece wondered, to herself and to her maid, what had become of the girl; and was

surprised one evening, as she returned from her labours at a Dorcas meeting, to see Patty's organ drawn up before her own gate, and Patty's former companion evidently awaiting her arrival.

Bianca, as she was called, came forward curtseying, and put a very dirty scrap of paper into the lady's hand.

'Come and see Patty France—she is dying,' said the ill-written note, and, in answer to Miss Reece's shocked inquiries, Bianca, in her broken English, managed to state that Patty was lying ill at a house in Tichborne Street—a dirty, disreputable thoroughfare, leading from the Island to the river.

Miss Reece was in perplexity.

'How can I go to Tichborne Street?' she thought. 'To a house where there are foreign thieves and beggars, and even worse people perhaps. And yet to let the poor girl die, when she has asked to see me, is not to be thought of.'

Just then the next-door neighbour, Mr. James, came home from his office; and to him Miss Reece, who still stood at the door, confided her trouble.

Mr. James, a kind-hearted man, with young daughters of his own, offered at once to go with Miss Reece. He remembered Patty France, and was willing to do anything that could be done for her.

It was a miserable house to which Bianca led the visitors, and a miserable room in which poor Patty lay. An old woman, too feeble and infirm for any other task, watched by the ragged bed; and the girl, sick of a disease contracted through cold and exposure, was plainly nearing her end. She roused up when Miss Reece, leaving Mr. James without, entered as softly as she could, and stood by the bed.

Patty fixed her wild eyes on her former mistress. 'You are come,' she said. 'There's something as I must tell before I go. When you giv' me warning, before I went away, there was something come for you one day while you were out; it was a letter.'

A sudden spasm of fear almost overcame Miss Reece; she had expected a letter, a letter that never came, a letter which would have made all the difference to her between happiness and misery.

She seized the girl's hand and pressed it between her own. 'Go on,' she said, huskily; 'what did you do with the letter?'

Patty trembled, tried her voice, and failed; the old woman rose from the bedside, and gave her drink from a cracked tea-cup. In a moment she rallied.

'I burnt the letter,' she went on, 'I wanted to do something to pay you out, for turning me away. It was a queer letter, with a lot of stamps, and very black writing, on thin paper; I thought it was something particular, and so I burnt it.'

Miss Reece dropped the hand she held, and stood as if turned to stone. Patty's frightened eyes sought hers again. 'You must forgive me—you must,' she sobbed, brokenly. 'I am sorry as ever I did it; and I am going to die.'

A great and tender pity for the poor ignorant girl before her, came into Miss Reece's heart; she knelt down on the dusty floor, and said the Lord's Prayer in tremulous accents.

'I forgive you, my poor child,' she said, as she rose from her knees. 'God help you, Patty; God help you.'

The girl smiled, and closed her eyes gently, as if to sleep; but in a little while they saw that the stillness was too deep for any earthly slumber; in the presence of the woman whom she had injured more than she could ever know, she had passed away.

That letter was from a friend who held the secret of Miss Reece's lonely days; it was a letter which would have healed an old misunderstanding, and have blessed a desolate woman's life with restored love and joy. But Patty's ignorant hand had destroyed all, and when Miss Reece knew that her absent friend had written, it was too late. The two who might have been made one, drifted apart for ever.

And yet—and yet—when Candia Reece looks back, and sees herself, in thought, standing once more by the bedside of the dying girl, she is always thankful that some Heaven-sent impulse moved her to say, 'I forgive,' and 'God help you,' to Organ Patty.
C. J. BLAKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. CHAT, he, pry. Under the rule of seven persons.
2. Dial, hoy. The schoolboy's delight.
3. Post, hail. A very valuable institution.
4. Cent, lip, see. A great scourge.
5. Harpy, got, hop. A wonderful and valuable modern science.
6. Even, rue. The income of a state.
7. Pet, rice. An acknowledgment.
8. Crop, rid, hash. A musical instrument now out of date.
9. Rat, ant. Much esteemed in a sister country.
10. Tome, stile. Much seen at Christmas-time.
11. Than, hap. A combustible oil.
12. Too, or, air. A sacred performance.
13. Vat, pen, me. Under your feet.
14. Nine, Paul's. Joined to a continent.
15. A, clad, cave. A procession, not on foot.
16. Thyme, sat. A precious stone.
17. Graft, men. Not a whole.
18. Glare, hut. A power not shared by the lower animals.
19. Nest, rag. Unusual, unfamiliar.
20. Cab, coot. A man's solace.

C. C.

12.—WORD SQUARE.

A MAN of lazy disposition;
A short but useful preposition;
A fragrant flower well worth tending;
A little joint that moves in bending.

13.—PUZZLE.

THERE were three professors at the University of Cambridge at the same time of the name of 'Clark.' They were distinguished by the epithets—'Bone' Clark, 'Tone' Clark, 'Stone' Clark.

Of what were they professors?

14.—CHARADE.

My first, you'll tell me, is not old,
My second is a heavy weight;
My whole, a man who could unfold
The laws of Nature, small and great.

[Answers at page 78.]

ANSWERS.

7.—Surf—Serf.

8.—Wind-mill.

- 9.—1. Wolseley
2. Orange
3. Leo
4. Siama
5. Elfrida
6. Latin
7. Esther
8. Yeomanry

10.—TWEL—E.

SUMMER FRUITS.



REFRESHING indeed to all of us are those fruits which summer brings, fruits of varied size and flavour, some which can be had through several months, others having only a brief season, and, if we let it slip by without, tasting them we may have to wait till the next year. But, of the fruits

which appear in the markets and shops, only a part are grown in these islands; nearly all the countries of the world send their gifts of choice fruit to London.

Of the fruits which grow in Britain, few are really natives. They have come from abroad, as seeds or plants, in far-back times; some as long ago as when the Romans ruled over the country, and built villas with pleasant gardens around.

It has been said that the pineapple is the king of fruits, and the citron has been called queen; some declare that nothing can rival the apple, and even the low-growing strawberry has admirers who place it above all others. However, I think we may agree that the fruit of the vine, which is conspicuous in our little illustration, is of all fruits the most important and valuable. To many thousands, slowly recovering from illness, grapes have proved refreshing and healthful; no fruit is more agreeable on a hot summer's day to any of us when tired and thirsty.

We usually see vines planted along walls, or growing in hothouses, but at one time they were grown in clumps about gardens, and made to cover bowers or alcoves as a pleasant shade. Also sloping banks were formed, upon which vines were planted, and they were supported by poles or trellis-work, as the hop-bines are in our day.



Summer Fruits.

The Venerable Bede, writing in A.D. 731, mentions vineyards. It is supposed that Persia is the native country of the fruit, and from Persia plants travelled to Egypt, then to Italy, and from there to Britain. The most famous of English vines is that at Hampton Court Palace. It is supposed to have been planted in A.D. 1768. The stem is thirty-eight inches round, the main branches are 110 feet long, and the average yearly produce is said to be twelve hundred pounds. These grapes are sent to the Queen.

We have the melon represented in our picture, a fruit which much delighted the Crusaders who went out to battle with the Saracens, for it was not then grown in the West. The chief gardener to Henry VIII. is said to have planted the first bed of melons in England. Quantities of the kind called the 'musk melon' were grown on the moist ground about Lambeth during the seventeenth century, and carried to the city in boats. Another kind, named the cantaleupe, after a castle in Italy, was much admired for its flavour; some of these are of curious shapes, and there are so-called golden and silver cantaleupes, but not very large.

A picture of summer fruit would not have been complete without the apple. Probably there are more eaten of these than of any other fruit, and they are grown in many countries. When William the Norman came over with his followers from France, amongst the good things they did was planting orchards

wherever they settled, as they came from a country famous for its apples. But certainly there were apples in our island in early British times, for old Glastonbury once had a name meaning 'apple orchard.' What sort they grew then we do not know. During the middle ages, the sorts most liked were the costard and the pippin. J. R. S. C.

UP IN THE BELFRY.

WE love the grey old steeple,
Where we are free to dwell;
We love its oaken timbers,
And the weather-beaten bell;
And the mighty wheels that circle
Beside the belfry bars,
Where we roost till evening calls us
Abroad, beneath the stars.

We love the hoary steeple,
Despite its noisy clock;
Despite the brawny ringers,
Who make the belfry rock.
Here in its gloom and shadow,
So kind to owlsh eyes,
We wait till the sun is setting
And the stars are in the skies.



"We love the grey old steeple,
Where we are free to dwell."

Laugh not at our grimaces,
Nor call us dull and odd,
But come and watch us sailing
When the dew is on the sod,—
A white thing in the darkness,
That frightens foolish Will,
As it flashes quickly by him
On wings so soft and still.

And now, dear little children,
Who on our portraits gaze,
Don't laugh at queer old people,
Nor quiz ungainly ways;
Be blind to others' failings,
But all their virtues own,
And, when you climb our steeple,
Leave us poor owls alone.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 51.)

AS Harry had thought, Mr. Austin arranged to go down the river on the following Tuesday.

Mrs. Austin and Alice watched the party ride off. The boys were provided with sufficient eatables for several days, and also with guns and plenty of ammunition. Jerry led the pack-horses. He was to go on with Mr. Austin. It was decided that the boys should camp at 'the Junction,' the union of two large streams about fifty miles from Terra-weena.

They started early, intending to push on and reach the camping-ground that night. Over long ridges they rode, covered with white box-trees, here and there a dark currajong relieving the landscape. Sometimes they started kangaroos, and once several emus were seen crossing a small open plain. They only stopped, however, for dinner, and pushed on again, the country becoming wilder, with less and less sign of habitation. The sun had set, and the full moon had risen before they reached 'the Junction.'

Horses and riders alike were tired, Arthur and Tom and Bob particularly so.

From where they stopped at the foot of a limestone ridge, along which they had travelled for the last hour or more, an open triangular space extended. The rivers ran along its sides, and joined some distance from the site of the camp. Hills rose on either side, and beyond the river junction the moonlight showed gradually widening flats with receding hills.

A large flat rock, with another still larger rock overhanging, formed a splendid shelter. The space was ample, and soon the pack-horses were unladen, hobbled, and turned on to the open in front, along with the others, where the grass was rich and plentiful. The blankets were rolled out and the saddles fixed for pillows. Tea was soon made in the billy and supper partaken of, and in less than an hour from their arrival, the party, except Mr. Austin, who sat on a log by the fire and smoked awhile, were asleep. So tired were they that to the boys the strangeness of their surroundings made no difference. They slept as soundly as if in their comfortable beds at Terra-weena.

There was just the faintest yellow and pink of dawn showing when Tom woke. How strange it seemed! There were Harry and Arthur rolled in their blankets on each side of him, and Bob snoring lustily, near. Jerry was curled up near the outer edge, with only just the top of his black woolly head showing. Mr. Austin was also still asleep. Tom sat up, pulled on his boots and socks—they all slept in shirt and trousers—and quietly went out. The guns had been put close by the sleepers under a ledge. He took up his and stood at the entrance of

what he now saw was a small cave. Right above him on the rock he saw a kangaroo, sitting erect. It was not twenty yards distant. In the strange light, and to Tim's half-awake eyes, it seemed enormously large. Without thinking of the effect on the sleepers in the cave, he fired. The loud report echoed away up the rivers on either side, and was thrown back from the opposite hills, producing a wonderful echoing and re-echoing. Jerry, who was nearest the entrance, jumped up and darted out just as the kangaroo, falling from the rock on which it had been perched, rolled over the edge of the one that formed the cave. The animal struck Jerry with full force and sent him rolling several feet down the slope.

Harry and Arthur rushed out. Bob sat up suddenly and could not collect himself, but sat and stared. Mr. Austin took up his revolver from under his saddle and came forward. He saw the kangaroo stretched near, and Tom, standing with his gun in his hand, laughing heartily at Jerry's upset.

'Oh, it was you that fired, Tom?' he said, 'I wondered whatever it was. You should not have given us all such a start; the shot seemed to be right under my ear.'

'I am sorry, sir,' said Tom; 'I never gave it a thought: it was such a grand shot at the kangaroo.'

They were all recovered and laughing now. They had never been aroused so suddenly in that way before. Jerry, who had gathered himself together, was sent to bring up the horses, while Harry went to the river for water, and the others made the fire.

'You will be able to make that half-cave a very comfortable place, lads, if you block that partly open side, leaving only an entrance this way,' said Mr. Austin. 'You had better make yourselves comfortable to-day; nothing like having your camp all properly fixed.'

The boys assented.

'It would be as well also,' continued Mr. Austin, 'to fix the fence of an old yard that you will find formed by the river on two sides, down at the junction. There is plenty of grass there, and the space enclosed is quite enough to keep your horses till I come back, and you will be always sure of them. Kicker might take it into his head to find his way home.'

This was also agreed to.

'And now,' said Harry's father as he finished his breakfast, 'I don't think that I have anything more to tell you. The blacks from the Lower Lacklan are usually camped about five miles from here over the ridge to the right, at this time of the year, but they are not likely to give you any trouble.'

'Come along, Jerry! Good-bye, boys; you may expect me back about this day fortnight; so make the most of your time and have plenty to eat when I come.'

So he and Jerry rode away.

The boys stood together about the smouldering fire, and watched him cross the open and the river, then up the pine ridge on the left, at the top of which he looked back and waved his hand, before he and Jerry disappeared on the other side of a large

rounded limestone rock, and the boys felt themselves alone in the Australian forest. They all stood silent; not one of them could have exactly explained his thoughts to the other; then Harry broke in, 'Come, boys, this won't do; let us get to work,' and the strange spell was broken.

Tom skinned his kangaroo and fastened the skin on a large gum-tree to dry. While he was busy at this, the others made the fence secure, and then felt satisfied that their horses would not stray, as they were not likely to swim the river on either side.

Then there was the cave to make snug. This took nearly the rest of the day, and very comfortable they made it, with thick litters of leaves and grass for beds on which to spread their blankets.

'I should think there were plenty of 'possums about here,' said Arthur.

'That is a very likely tree, Bob, and you climb pretty well. Get up and see if you can turn a few out.'

It was the large gum to which Tom had fastened his kangaroo skin, the first spoil of the camp. Several sucker shoots grew out from the stem, its top was gone, blown away in some wild storm, and several of its remaining huge limbs were broken, exposing large hollows. In such hollows the Australian opossum (which is not correctly called an opossum) lives, sleeping through the day. Bob, with the first aid of a push up from the others, began to climb. A few feet up there was an opening on the side of the tree, a large branch having broken off, which, at some previous time, had formed a fork.

'Look in that first hole, Bob!' called out Tom.

'All right!' replied Bob, 'don't be in a hurry! give a fellow time!'

Bob had his tomahawk stuck in his belt as he climbed. He took it out and cut off a small branch which covered the opening. Then he looked in. No 'possum met his eye, but something grinning with rows of teeth and eyeless sockets, and round on top—the head of a skeleton. Bob's tomahawk dropped from his hand, and he got down out of that tree faster than ever he got out of a tree before. He did not know how he did get down—he dropped the last eight or ten feet, gasping and white.

'What is the matter, Bob?' said the boys, as they stood round him. 'What brought you down so quick?'

'There—there's a—a dead man in the tree!' stammered Bob.

'Nonsense!' said Arthur.

All the boys started. Tom and Harry looked agast.

'What nonsense you are talking, Bob!' continued Arthur. 'How could a dead man be in the hollow of a tree like that?'

'I don't know,' said Bob, recovering his breath, but still looking very scared, 'but I know I saw the skull of a man—I am sure of it.'

Tom and Harry looked up at the tree as if they expected to see the ghastly head looking out from the hollow. Arthur felt the situation to be by no means pleasant. Bob was scared. He must have seen something unusual or he would never have

come down in such a hurry or looked so white; moreover, Bob was plucky enough, Arthur knew, and by no means easily frightened.

'Well, Harry and Tom,' said Arthur, 'what do you say? You seem nearly as scared as Bob!'

Harry pulled himself together, and Tom smiled a little sickly.

'I propose you climb up to the hole and see what is there,' said Harry to Arthur, 'if Bob is correct. Well, a dead man can't hurt you, but it is a bit unpleasant—ugh!' he shivered.

'I think you had better go up, Arthur,' said Tom. Arthur picked up the tomahawk and began his ascent, the boys watching him with anxious faces.

'Is there really a man there, Bob?' said Tom.

'There is a skull there, I'm certain,' repeated Bob.

Arthur was now up to the opening. He paused on the limb awhile. He felt a little uncanny about looking into that hole. The faces and heads of dead men have a terrible awe in them under the most favourable surroundings. Arthur had once been required to go to the morgue in Sydney to identify a young fellow who had been drowned from his yacht while out sailing in Sydney Harbour. He would never forget that visit. Here he was now in the lonely bush—it seemed lonelier and weirder than ever. There was not a sound anywhere. Down below him stood his companions, with their eyes riveted on him. What would the look into the hole reveal? He broke away a part of the side of the opening to get a better view, then stood up on the limb below and looked in. He suddenly drew back his face.

'I told you!' said Bob, half whispering, to his companions.

There was certainly a skull. Arthur was sure of that. He looked again carefully. It was only the bones, however, no flesh on them—not so very horrible after all. If the skeleton of a man, what a prize for his father, who was one of the first surgeons in Sydney. Arthur could not see very well; he cut away more of the side of the hole.

The suspense to the boys below was very great.

'What is it, Arthur?' called out Harry, in a strange-sounding voice.

Arthur did not answer. He was now able to get a better view of the interior of the tree, and was examining the head before him. He put in his hand.

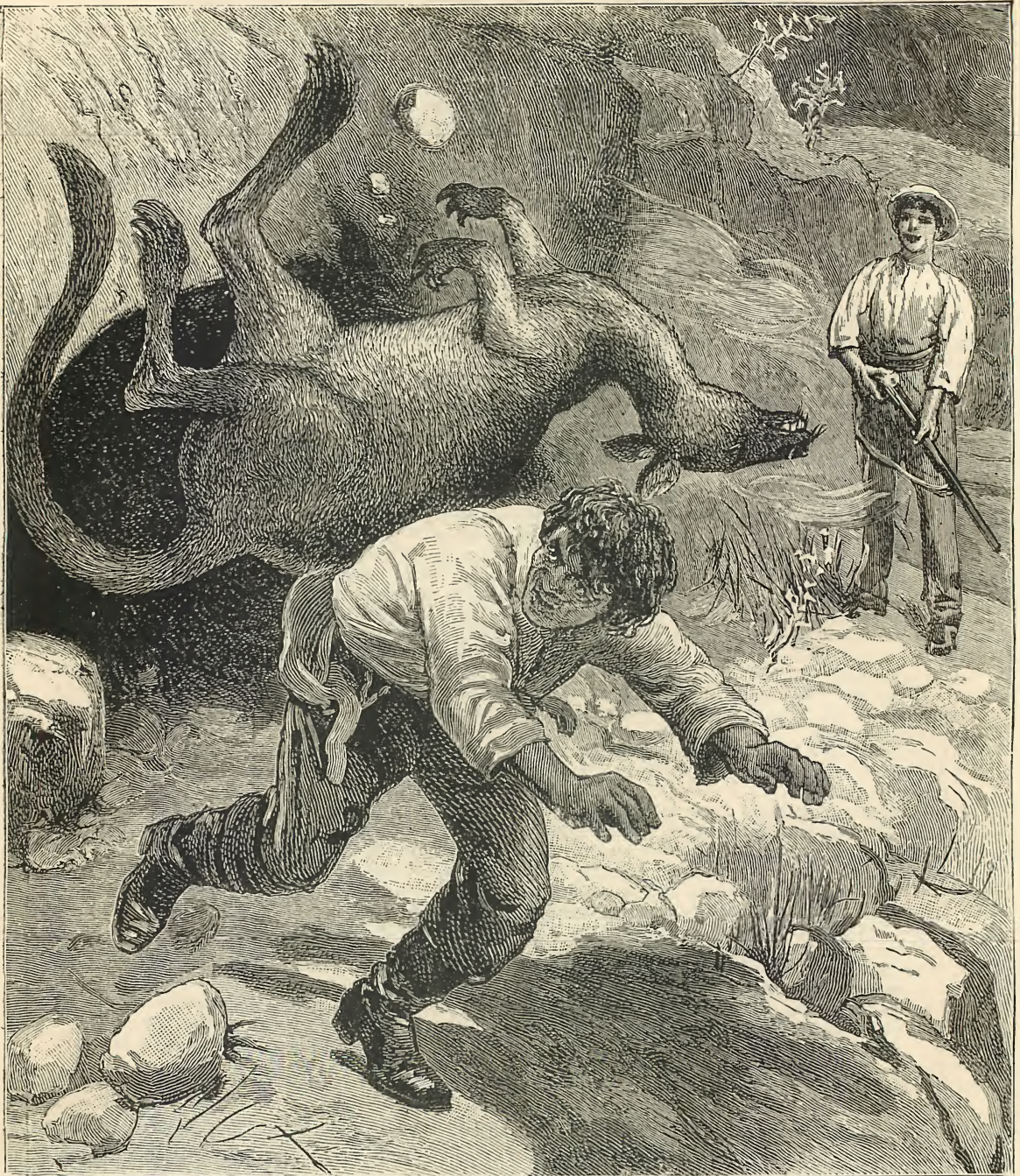
'He is bringing it out!' said Tom.

'Here, catch the *man's* skull!' called out Arthur, and he threw down to the boys the skull of a native bear (koala)! Then he burst out laughing. The boys did not try to catch the skull, they let it fall; then they too saw what it was—no human skull—and their horror vanished.

'Well, you are a pretty fellow, Bob!' said Harry.

'Upon my word!' said Tom, 'you are!'

'Well, I don't care!' replied Bob, 'it is all very fine to get on to a fellow now, but if you had peeped into a hole, expecting to see a 'possum, and seen that thing grinning at you, you would have taken it for anything. Besides, you need not talk, either of you, for you were scared enough yourselves.'



"Jerry darted out just as the kangaroo was falling."

'Indeed they were,' said Arthur, who had descended, 'and it really did look, at the first glimpse, like the head of a man.'

'I am glad it was not,' said Tom.

'So am I,' said Harry.

'Well, yes, in one way,' said Arthur, 'but I am sorry in another. It could not have done us any

harm, and would have been a fine present for "the dad" when I got home, for you would not have wanted it, Bob, would you?'—laughing.

'No, indeed!' said Bob, and he picked up the koala's skull, and began to laugh also, whereupon the others joined in heartily.

(Continued at page 69.)



Painted by H. H. H.

ON THE WAR-PATH.



"The two white men found themselves surrounded by a group of angry Indians."

'ALICE.'

A Story of the Far West.



ABOUT thirty years ago, when the 'Far West' was much wilder and more unsettled than it is now, a small party of seventeen men were travelling through the then almost unknown territory of Arizona. These were the remnant of a Government exploring party which at first had numbered fifty members, of whom some had been slain by the Indians, and others, in dread of the approaching winter, had turned back at Santa Fè.

There was one boy in the party—a brown-haired lad, scarcely sixteen, who, in his eagerness for adventure, had left his New England home to join the explorers in Kansas. His almost girlish appearance contrasted strongly with that of his bearded companions who—partly on this account, partly from a fancied resemblance to a girl called Alice Stone—nicknamed him 'Alice.' The boy's real name was Alfred Peters.

The month was now November, and the weather amid the mountains to which our party had penetrated—the Sierra Madre—was growing bitterly cold. In the quiet of the night, gaunt mountain-wolves would descend into the valleys, and approach the camp as closely as they dared, in the hope of finding something to eat; or, going off to a little distance, they would uplift their long noses and utter dismal and blood-curdling howls. These sounds would be taken up by the coyotes, which would join in with a chorus of wild barks, ending in a long wail. Thus was night rendered hideous by yells and howls.

One very chilly evening the camp was pitched beside a beautiful spring known as Aqua Fria, or 'Cold Water,' in a valley wooded with Norway pines and hemmed in by lofty mountains. Although there was no snow lying in the valley, it had already reached more than half-way down the mountain-side, driving down the wild animals which dwelt there. In the valleys, therefore, wolves were more numerous than usual, and their howling was louder than ever.

As 'Alice' lay at night shivering beneath his blankets, and listening to the wolves, he often wished that he had some of their thick, warm skins, in which to wrap himself. Hitherto, however, the men had had no time to spare for wolf-hunting, and 'Alice' was not allowed to make such a perilous expedition alone. But on one evening the beasts were so much more noisy than usual that they attracted the attention of the men, who sat smoking around the blazing camp-fire. 'Alice' thought this a fitting moment for expressing his wish for the skins.

His friend, old Dan White, a big man, who acted as blacksmith and carpenter to the party, told him that if he could obtain some arsenic from the

doctor he thought that they could manage before long to get some wolf-skins. The doctor was applied to, and he willingly gave a small package of arsenic to 'Alice,' although with many cautions as to its use.

Over the heart, lungs, and some other portions of a deer which had been killed that day, old Dan rubbed the arsenic which 'Alice' brought him, until six pieces of meat were thus prepared. Then he cleverly made a torch of a long sliver of pine. He lighted the torch at one of the fires, and handed it to 'Alice.'

The next thing Dan did was to gather up the pieces of poisoned meat, and then he and 'Alice' sallied forth, and scattered them along the banks of the stream, about a quarter of a mile from the camp. Having completed their task, they returned rather hurriedly, for their torch had burned itself out, and already, unpleasantly near them, they could hear stealthy footfalls on the dry leaves.

The following morning, at break of day, 'Alice' turned out, and after waking Dan, set off with him to fetch the dead wolves. But on approaching the spot where they had strewed the meat, they were surprised to hear human voices, and to see smoke curling above the bushes.

'Tread softly!' said old Dan. 'Let us see if the wolves have gone into camp, and are cooking the meat with which we provided them!'

The two crept forward cautiously, until, through the bushes, they could peer into the open space where they had dropped the meat on the night before. 'Alice' started when he beheld an encampment, not of wolves, but of Indians, within a hundred feet of himself and his companion. He and Dan could scarcely credit their own eyes, for no one had been there the evening before, and Indians seldom travel after nightfall.

There they were, however, twelve men crouching over two tiny fires, and two squaws preparing breakfast. 'They are Navajoes,' remarked old Dan, who had lived long in the Indian country; 'they are at peace with the whites now, but I don't fancy it would be prudent for us to venture unarmed into their camp.'

Scarcely had this whisper escaped from Dan's lips when 'Alice,' who had been watching the movements of the squaws, darted suddenly forward with a cry of dismay. Rushing up to one of the women, who was in the act of lifting a piece of meat to her mouth, with a rapid blow he dashed it out of her hand.

Old Dan was beside him in an instant.

The squaws screamed and scuttled away amongst the bushes. The two white men found themselves surrounded by a group of angry Indians, who at the first alarm had sprung to their feet and seized their weapons.

'It was the poisoned meat, Dan!' gasped 'Alice.' 'She was just going to eat it!'

As both Dan and the Indians could talk Mexican, an explanation was soon offered and accepted. The appearance upon the scene of the two whites saved the lives of all the Indians, and averted the war which would have followed if the band of Navajoes had been poisoned.

E. D.

HOW YOUNG ROOKS ARE TAUGHT.



THOSE who have visited rookeries, or who have watched these sable, noisy birds on their foraging expeditions, know that the families of rooks which live together, and go hunting in parties, have rules or regulations which they seem to keep. Rook laws are not written down, but the birds are quite aware of them—perhaps they are

talked about in rook language; this is certain, that rooks who do not obey the rules of a rookery are sure to be punished sooner or later by the rest, unless indeed they fly off! It may be that even then the news is carried to other rookeries, and the offenders driven away, if they try to get a home on a new spot.

Evidently there is a law forbidding a rook to steal materials from another bird's nest to save him the trouble of hunting for himself. Probably there is a law against fighting, and the scuffle which frequently takes place amongst a number of rooks arises from the efforts of rook policemen to keep order when two or more have quarrelled—there is generally a tremendous noise, so that all seem to be talking at once, or else they are pecking and buffeting, for feathers come off freely at such times.

Perhaps these guardians of the day are also watchers of the night, for a rookery of any size usually has its sentinels. In the dark, go when you may, and tread as softly as you can on the grass or leaves, the slightest sound of a footstep produces a solemn caw—a note of warning from some bird above, who is keeping on the watch for the benefit of the rest of the rookery. Not without reason do they watch, but unfortunately the birds cannot escape, even by flight, from their worst foe—man. It is a common idea that the rook is very hurtful to plants in fields. No doubt they do eat vegetable food, and while hunting for grubs they pull up plants by the roots sometimes. But their chief food is a variety of insects, and every year they devour many millions, caterpillars especially, and they also feed upon slugs. Therefore it is a pity to shoot them, which is often done. What is worse, some people fire at the nests when the young rooks are nearly fledged, to bring them down for the purpose of making them into pies. If any reader of *Chatterbox* has ever heard the sad cries of the parent birds at being deprived of their young, I am sure he will feel that he could never enjoy a dainty got by such an act of cruelty.

Rooks are remarkably careful of their nestlings and affectionate to them—not only anxious to feed them well, but wishful that they should make a good start in life, if we may judge from the way in which they act. When the young rooks have gained strength of leg and wing, when feathers have comfortably covered their little bodies, the father and mother think it is time that they should venture forth from the nest which has been their home. Rooks'

nests are mostly high up amongst the branches, and we can quite understand that a juvenile, peering over the side of a nest at the branches around, and the earth far beneath, might be rather timid in quitting it. To encourage the young ones, the old birds sit on the edge of the nest, and, having got the young ones out, they persuade them first to perch beside them, afterwards to hop from the nest to the nearest branch. Having succeeded in balancing themselves on that, the young birds are then encouraged by their parents to go from branch to branch, both up and down, or to venture upon the daring feat of taking a short flight to another tree. Sometimes, in these early movements, a juvenile will make a false hop, the result being that it has a tumble to the ground, unless it manages to grasp a twig in its descent. Should one fall thus, the parents go down to the place where it is, and, if it is alive, they entice it to the shelter of some bush, where it can remain till it has recovered from the fall, giving it meanwhile supplies of food. When they have learnt to take flight, for some little time the young rooks go back at night to roost close to the nest in which they were bred. Along the fields it is funny to see a foraging party of old and young, the juveniles trying to catch various insects which are about on the wing, often missing them. But the old rooks, hopping along the earth, get their beaks filled with small slugs and grubs, and then return to their children, which soon open their mouths widely to receive what has been collected for them. Not long after, while the weather is still warm, young rooks go off in companies by themselves away from the rookeries to distant fields; but on the approach of autumn they return to some rookery, generally the one where they were hatched. J. R. S. C.

ALONE ON A SINKING SMACK.

A True Story for Boys.

A TOUCHING story is told of a boy named Lill, who was on board the Brixham smack *Ruby* when she was run into. Lill, who is fourteen years of age, told his rescuers that when the collision occurred it was very dark, with a misty rain and strong wind from the south-west. The boy tried to get on board the barque, but he was knocked back senseless on to the smack's deck. When he came to himself, all was still. He called for his uncle (who formed one of the crew), but he got no answer. After searching the cabin he knew that he was alone on a wreck, perhaps slowly sinking. He had a good cry and then he set to work at the pump. The mizen-mast was broken off under the deck, and the water was running down the hole. This he covered up as well as he could, and pumped away again. At half-past two the following morning he observed a steamer's lights, and he kindled a flare-up light in the hope of drawing the attention of the lookout. But the steamer passed along, giving no sign, and leaving the despairing boy to his fate. After another good cry he again manned the pump, and, at daybreak, he saw another steamer approaching. This proved to be the *Desideratum*, and although there was a high wind and a short, choppy sea, a boat was launched, Mr. Rust, the skipper and chief



Alone on the Sinking Smack.

engineer, going in her. They could see the little fellow still pumping away, and the boy's belief in the pump saved his life. As the boat drew near Mr. Rust saw the boy mount the rail of the smack and

prepare to jump into the sea, but he shouted, 'Don't jump. You are sinking; go to the pump.' The boy at once obeyed, and he was still pumping when the boat got alongside and rescued him.



Pembroke Castle.

PEMBROKE CASTLE.

LOST in the mists of antiquity are the early records of this picturesque structure. Built on the extreme verge of the water, boats of fairly good size could sail up and anchor beneath its very walls and towers. For centuries it reared its head proudly as a place impregnable; but, alas! in these days of modern warfare, of big guns and terrible projectiles, such a castle would not stand siege for ten minutes. Seen from the water, it is well worthy of the painter's art, and our sketch represents it in its best aspect. Historical associations cluster thickly round its moss-grown walls, its dungeons, and its keep. One might almost picture to oneself the sturdy Welsh archers of old peopling its ancient battlements, and shooting their arrows and bolts against an attacking party on the shore below.

F. R.

'TERRAWEENA.'*(Continued from page 64.)*

YOU know that skeleton, if it had proved to be human, would have been rather unpleasant company,' said Tom, as they were gathered about the camp-fire after tea.

'I think it was foolish for us to take it for a man's skull,' said Arthur, 'for we might have known that it was not likely that a human skeleton should be in the hollow of a gum-tree, and at such a distance from a settlement, too!'

'Oh, I don't know about that,' said Bob; 'a man could easily be murdered, and then stowed away in a tree.'

'It would not have been an easy task to get a dead man up that tree and put him in the hollow,' replied Arthur.

Tom and Bob drew nearer the fire, and felt they did not care to look out into the darkness towards where the tree stood.

'It could very well have been a black fellow's skeleton,' said Harry; 'I have heard that several of the tribes bury their dead in the hollows of trees; if you can call it burying,' he added.

'I have read of that custom, too,' said Arthur, 'so there is a chance for you yet, Bob, to find a real human skeleton!'—and he laughed at Bob.

'No, thanks,' said Bob, 'I have had enough for one day.'

'I think we will take a turn at the "possums,"' said Harry, jumping up from his seat. The moon is just up.'

They all took up their guns.

'Let us try the tree Bob was up,' said Tom. So they went. They shot seven 'possums in it and a native bear (koala).

This latter was a female.

'Perhaps still faithful,' said Arthur, 'to her dear departed, and on a visit to his last resting-place.'

'What nonsense!' said Harry.

'I say, there is a good shot!' said Bob; 'I am not loaded; fire away, Arthur.' Bob pointed to what appeared to be a 'possum on a clear limb.

'Wait till I get the moon on him,' replied Arthur.

Having 'moon'd' it—that is, got the object fairly in the light between his eye and the moon—he fired. No 'possum fell.

'Sure I hit him,' said Arthur. 'You have a go at him, Harry!'

Harry fired. No 'possum again.

'He is close along the bough,' said Tom, and he had a shot, with the same result. Then Arthur fired again; still no 'possum.

'Must lie very close,' said Harry.

'Very close,' said Bob; 'it is a knob on the limb, it is not even the skeleton of an animal. I am "quits" now!' and Bob laughed heartily.

Harry mooned it long and carefully, and they all admitted that Bob was right. They got over fifty that night, and sat over the fire skinning them.

While they were busy they laughed and chatted. Presently Tom looked up. The fire was very bright, and even with the moonlight shining all round, the immediate surroundings, viewed from the fire, showed dark.

Into this darkness Tom looked just casually, as he straightened himself from bending over the 'possum he was skinning. He suddenly dropped his knife as if shot, fell backwards off the log on which he was sitting, and gave a cry of surprise and alarm.

The others started up as suddenly as Tom had fallen over, and looked with startled faces in every direction.

'Good nite, Missa 'arry!' It was Betty. 'You frighten?' she asked; and she laughed in a chuckling manner.

Tom regained his feet; Arthur put down his gun, which he had at once snatched up. Harry and Bob stared at Betty.

She came right up to the fire and stood among them.

'You had no business to come startling us in that way,' said Harry, angrily; 'you might have been shot.'

'Baal! (no). Wite feller no shoot Betty, Missa 'arry!' and she sat herself on the end of the log as close to the fire as she could.

The boys, recovered from the start she had given them by her sudden appearance, asked how it was she came there.

'Me com along a tribe; bin away down a camp. Got bit a bacca, Missa 'arry?'

'No, I don't smoke, Betty.'

'There is some, though, Harry, in the pack,' said Arthur; and he got up and went into the cave and brought out a fig, which he gave to Betty. (They had purposely brought it in case they should meet blacks.) Betty put some in her pipe, and began to smoke forthwith, muttering to herself.

'How did you find us out, Betty?' asked Arthur.

'O, black feller in camp 'way over dare,' and Betty pointed with her finger across the limestone ridge. 'Me see um boss, Missa Aus'in, go long a mornin', 'ear em gun, see em fire, com' along an' frighten you.' She laughed again.

'Well, you have got some 'bacca, and you had better go now,' said Harry; he felt that she would stay there all night if he didn't speak very firmly to her.

'Here, take some 'possum with you,' said Bob.

'Baal (no) eatem 'possum!' she laughed. 'Give um meat?'

Harry cut her some salt mutton, and put half a damper with it. 'Get along now, Betty!'

'All right, Missa 'arry,' she lit her pipe again and stood up. 'Com' agen a morrer,' she said.

'No,' said Harry, 'we don't want you, and don't bring any "black feller" here: we will come over to your camp; do you know?' he asked. Yes, Betty knew—she nodded, grinned, and was gone as silently as she had come.

'She gave me a start!' said Tom, who had been silent during her presence. 'I just happened to look up, and there, with the firelight shining on her, she stood right behind Harry.'

'Well, we have had starts enough to-day, at all events; we had better "turn in" now,' said Arthur. 'No skeleton about Betty, eh, Bob?'

'No,' said Bob, taking the joke in the best of humour, 'the real thing itself. Perhaps one could call her a spirit of the night; she came as silently as any spirit.'

Soon the camp was hushed, the embers smouldered lower and lower, till the last flicker died away, and the moonlight flooded all the hill-side and the open, making the white stems of the gums stand out like spectres against the dark shadows of the oaks which fringed the river, and through whose thin wire-like foliage the wind of the night played strange, weird, whistling sounds. And over the limestone ridge a figure, darker than the shadows under the white-capped limestones, or those beneath the oaks where the river flowed, went quickly and silent, chewing damper and corned mutton, Betty—Bob's 'spirit of the night.'

Soon after midnight Bob woke—a strange, long moaning sound seemed in his ears. He thought he must have been dreaming. He listened. All was still. Out through the opening in their sleeping chamber he could see the broad moonlight. The others were asleep. He was about to compose himself again, when a long, weird, tremulous howl increasing in volume towards its close broke the stillness and made Bob's blood creep. The howl was something like the howl of a domestic dog, but wilder, more blood-curdling. Bob shivered. Then another howl went up; it had not ceased when another joined with it; then came a chorus of howls, well prolonged. Then followed a patter of feet, and something trotted past the opening; then a snarling and yelping, then another long howl.

'Here, Harry, Arthur, Tom, wake up! Native dogs!' exclaimed Bob.

'Where?' asked Harry.

They were all awake in an instant. They looked out through the opening. Five dingoes (native dogs) were close to the camp fire, now almost out. They were worrying, snarling, over the bodies of the skinned 'possums' which had been thrown aside by the boys, who had intended to remove them in the morning. The boys, half scared and yet all eager for a shot, watched them from the cave for a few minutes. The dingoes seemed very hungry. They tore at the flesh, and fought, and yelped, and snarled, but none howled as before; they were intent on eating.

Each of the boys got his gun in perfect silence. There was quite enough room in the opening of the cave for the four boys to get together so as all could fire at once on the dingoes.

'Now, when I say fire,' whispered Harry.

They waited, breathless, till the dogs got close together over the bodies of the 'possums. Two dogs began to fight over the one body, as they rose on their hind legs and tusselled.

'Fire!' said Harry, and the four boys sent four bullets into the snarling crowd. A yelp, a scatter, four dogs were hit. The fifth bounded a few feet, stopped, snarled—then, as the boys rushed from the cave above, took to his heels through the bush. Two were dead, a third was writhing and snarling, unable to stand, but the fourth, recovering from the first shock, rushed at Tom, who hit the animal aside with his gun, which he had still in his hand; then yelping, it limped away. The boys were after the dog in an instant. 'He is wounded, I am sure!' said Tom. But they were not fast enough, and they soon lost sight of the dingo among the rocks. They came back. Three dead dingoes lay among the carcasses of the 'possums, from which they, but a few minutes before, had been enjoying such a goodly feast.

'I am sorry we didn't get that fourth fellow, boys,' said Arthur, 'we would have had one each then.'

'Yes,' said Harry, 'he is hit pretty hard though, I am sure; we will follow up his track in the morning.'

'This is a good night's sport!' said Tom. 'What a savage-looking fellow this big one is!'

The boys turned the dingoes over. They were all of good size, about that of an ordinary house-dog,

of a tawny yellowish colour, with full bushy tails, and sharp ears and muzzles.

'Ugly customers, if they tackled you!' said Bob. 'When I heard the howl first, after I woke, when you fellows were asleep, I felt scared!'

'Rather!' said Harry.

'Let us pull them up to the cave,' said Arthur; 'we can skin them and get their brushes and scalps in the morning; they will be safe from anything else there, too.'

So Bob took up the guns, and each of the others a dog, and they went back into the cave. They left the dead dingoes by the entrance, and loaded their guns again before lying down.

'I say, it is jolly cold, boys!' said Bob; they had gone out in shirts and trousers just as they had awakened.

'Soon get warm again, Bob; one does not think of the cold when the excitement is on,' said Arthur. They rolled themselves once more in their blankets and 'possum-skin rugs, and slept undisturbed till morning. Harry was chasing dingoes in his dreams, when they awoke, and saw the three trophies of the last night's adventure lying stiff and cold before them.

'I propose that we go and look for that other one,' said Bob, eager to find the fourth, and so have one each, for as Bob was the youngest of the party, he felt sure that it would fall to his lot to go minus a brush and scalp.

'We had better have breakfast first, I think,' said Tom, making up the fire.

'And skin these others,' added Harry.

'The other one won't get any further wherever he is, Bob,' said Arthur. 'If he was hard hit he is probably dead now, and if not he is well away, and half an hour or so in following his track won't make any difference either way.'

Bob had his gun in his hand and stood holding the barrel, with the stock on the ground, watching the breakfast preparations.

'Well, you fellows can get breakfast ready, I will be back soon,' said Bob, and off he went.

'Bob is determined to find that dingo,' said Harry. The others laughed. 'He will look a long time, I think,' said Tom, toasting some damper on a stick, while Harry watched the billy-can boil.

Bob had disappeared among the large boulders on the hill-side.

Presently there came a whoop and a cooey, and the boys looking round saw Bob coming, running as fast as he could towards them, holding his gun with one hand and dragging by the tail the escaped dingo, dead enough now.

'He has got it!' exclaimed Arthur.

'He has, indeed!' said Harry.

'Good boy, Bob!' exclaimed Tom. 'Where was it?'

'Just round the big rock where we lost sight of him last night,' said Bob; 'he had only gone a few yards beyond. Isn't he a big fellow?'

'Yes, bigger than any of the others,' said Arthur.

'Where is he hit?' asked Harry, turning the dingo over.

'Look, here, right through the body!' said Tom; 'the bullet has gone clean in one side and out the other.'



"Tom fell backwards off the log on which he was sitting."

'That explained how he got away,' said Arthur; 'the bullet did not hit a vital spot, and the dingo felt no effect for a minute or two in the struggle to escape.'

Bob had got his dingo now; all were pleased, breakfast was most enjoyable, and dingo was the one topic of conversation.

(Continued at page 74.)



A Surprise.

SURPRISED BY A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.



EVER since white men began to travel in Somaliland, it has been known as a famous hunting-ground for big game, such as lions and elephants, whilst near the river-banks there are found the rhinoceros and hippopotamus. Birds of prey also abound, and the boa-constructor and other dangerous snakes are plentiful. The boa-constrictors grow to an enormous size, and are often thicker than a man's thigh in the middle of their bodies.

One evening, after a hard day of 'carrying' for a white man's party which was hunting big game in the neighbourhood, a Somali native went into the jungle to cut some pony grass. He carried his gun with him in case of attack by wild beasts, but he met none. After advancing about two hundred yards into the dense thicket, a horrible hissing sound suddenly assailed his ears, and before the poor fellow could make any attempt at escape, a hideous boa-constructor reared its head up close beside him. The native could not use his gun, and the snake was upon him in an instant. It quickly coiled itself round the poor man's legs and body, and began to squeeze him in its horrible folds. The native yelled out in an agony of fear and pain, and his cry was heard by the white-man hunter, the head of his party. He had wandered into the jungle with a gun to look for game, and was not far from his native carrier when the latter was attacked by the snake. The hunter plunged forward through the thicket at the cry of distress, and, being an old hand at forest warfare, he wasted no shot at the boa-constructor's tough, leathery body. Instead of so doing, he got quite close to the angry, hissing reptile, put the muzzle of his gun to its eye, and literally blew the top of its head off. Instantly the great thick coils relaxed their hold on the now half-strangled man, who fell fainting to the ground, with four of his ribs crushed in.

However, the white hunter, who, like most men living far remote from human habitations, was a bit of a rough amateur surgeon, bound long strips of cotton, torn off a shirt, round and round the broken ribs, tightening the bandages afresh every morning, and in less than six weeks' time the man was practically well again. His nerves, however, were hopelessly shattered, and he trembled like a leaf whenever he had to go through any underwood or likely-looking cover for snakes for the rest of his life. Such a state of things was hardly to be wondered at after so terrible an experience as he had gone through.

F. R.

THE largest pleasure-ground in America is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 3740 acres.

OBEYING HIS MASTER.

A MILKMAN, who obtained his supply of milk from a number of farms in the neighbourhood, employed a boy to drive round from one to the other, collecting it just before delivering it to the customers. On his round, he had to go over a dangerous railroad crossing, so his master said to him, 'Wait until the train passes, if there is one coming.' Somebody soon after asked his master why his boy stood with the cart nearly thirty minutes every morning at the crossing. The man was puzzled to account for it, so he asked the boy. 'Well,' said he, 'I am forced to wait, because there is a bend on the line, and as I cannot see whether a train is coming or not, I simply wait until one goes past, and then I hurry over as quickly as possible.'

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 72.)



AFTER breakfast Tom and Harry went down to the junction to see that the horses were all right, while Bob and Arthur tidied up the camp, took away the skinned carcasses of the dingoes and opossums, and burned them against a large fallen tree.

When Tom and Harry returned they announced the discovery of a bees' nest in a tree near. 'Some honey would be grand with damper,' said Bob, so it was agreed to fell the tree forthwith. A small axe and a tomahawk had been brought with their equipment, so they set to work, taking a spell in turn. It was not a very large tree, and was easily felled.

'Make a plug of grass and bark, Bob,' said Arthur, 'to stop up the hole as soon as the tree falls. You can see where they are flying in and out now; well, you stuff up that hole as soon as you can.'

'What for?' asked Bob.

'Why, to keep the bees from coming out,' said Harry. 'While we were cutting open the tree where the honey is, the bees would be all round us, if we did not block them in.'

'I see,' said Bob; 'right you are!'

The tree began to crack. 'There she goes!' said Arthur, and down came the tree with a resounding crash.

'Now then, Bob!' It was Harry that called. Bob made for the hole. A few bees had been quicker than he, however, and were coming out fiercely. Bob jammed in his plug, then one of the escaped bees made at him. Bob gave a yell, beat his hat about his head and rushed off fighting the bee, which still pursued him, and succeeded despite all Bob's buffeting in stinging him in the neck.

Bob's companions were laughing loudly at his discomfiture all the while.

'A bee's sting is no joke,' said Bob, rubbing his neck. The others agreed with Bob before the nest was robbed.

The next matter after the laughter was over at the antics Bob had cut was to make a fire on the windward side of the part of the tree to be opened, and then to throw a quantity of green bushes on it, to make a dense smoke, which, from the fire's position, would blow across the nest and somewhat stupefy the bees.

Harry then opened up the trunk by putting some cuts across and then sideways, lifting off long pieces, till the hollow was reached. There were the beautiful combs all attached to the sides of the hollow, and there were the bees too, and they made themselves busy. Harry worked away quietly, however, and only received one or two stings. Bob sat afar off on a limb of the head of the tree, enjoying a large piece of well-filled honeycomb, which he had plucked up sufficient courage to come and take from Harry. 'I have done my part,' said he; 'I blocked the hole, made the first attack on the enemy, got stung, but checked their onward march. Without that you never could have got to the honey,' and he went on eating his honeycomb.

Arthur and Tom took the combs from Harry as he got them out; they were each stung, but this did not deter them.

'I will leave some of the honey; there are several old combs,' said Harry.

So he did not take all out, and then covered in the openings made, the swarm being very likely to stay on and work in the fallen tree, at least for a little while.

'Those bees are just the same as garden bees,' said Tom.

'Yes,' said Harry, 'they are not Australian or native bees.'

'The native bees have no sting, have they?' said Arthur.

'No,' replied Harry.

'Ah! that is the sort I should like!' exclaimed Bob.

'They are very much smaller too,' continued Harry. 'Bees like those we have robbed were brought here by the early settlers years ago.'

It had not taken very long to fell the tree and get the honey, so there was still the greater part of the day before them. 'Those stings did not feel too comfortable,' as Tom expressed it, but they were not going to sit idle about the camp because of a few bee-stings. Accordingly they brought up the horses, and, taking their guns, they decided to visit the camp of Betty's tribe.

The camp was situated on a level, on the top of a low ridge. Behind, to the west, were ranges covered with white box, and, beyond these, forests of stringy bark and ridges of pine trees. Flats with small lagoons here and there lay between the camp and the river, about two miles distant.

Game was everywhere abundant; — kangaroos, wallabies, bandicoots, emus, and brush turkeys. About the lagoons were numerous water-fowl, swimmers and waders, and in the river were splendid fish. There was no lack of food for the black fellows, and here, year after year, at about the same season,

came the tribe to which Betty belonged. They had other camping-grounds; when the game about one became scarce from their attacks, they moved to another. In this tribe there were, about this time, a little more than three hundred, men, women and children. Year by year their numbers were diminishing, and the day was fast approaching when 'the last of his tribe,' so well depicted by the Australian poet, Kendall, would

'Crouch, and bury his face on his knees,
And hide in the dark of his lair,
For he cannot look up to the storm-smitten trees,
Or think of the loneliness there,
Of the loss and the loneliness there.'

* * * * *

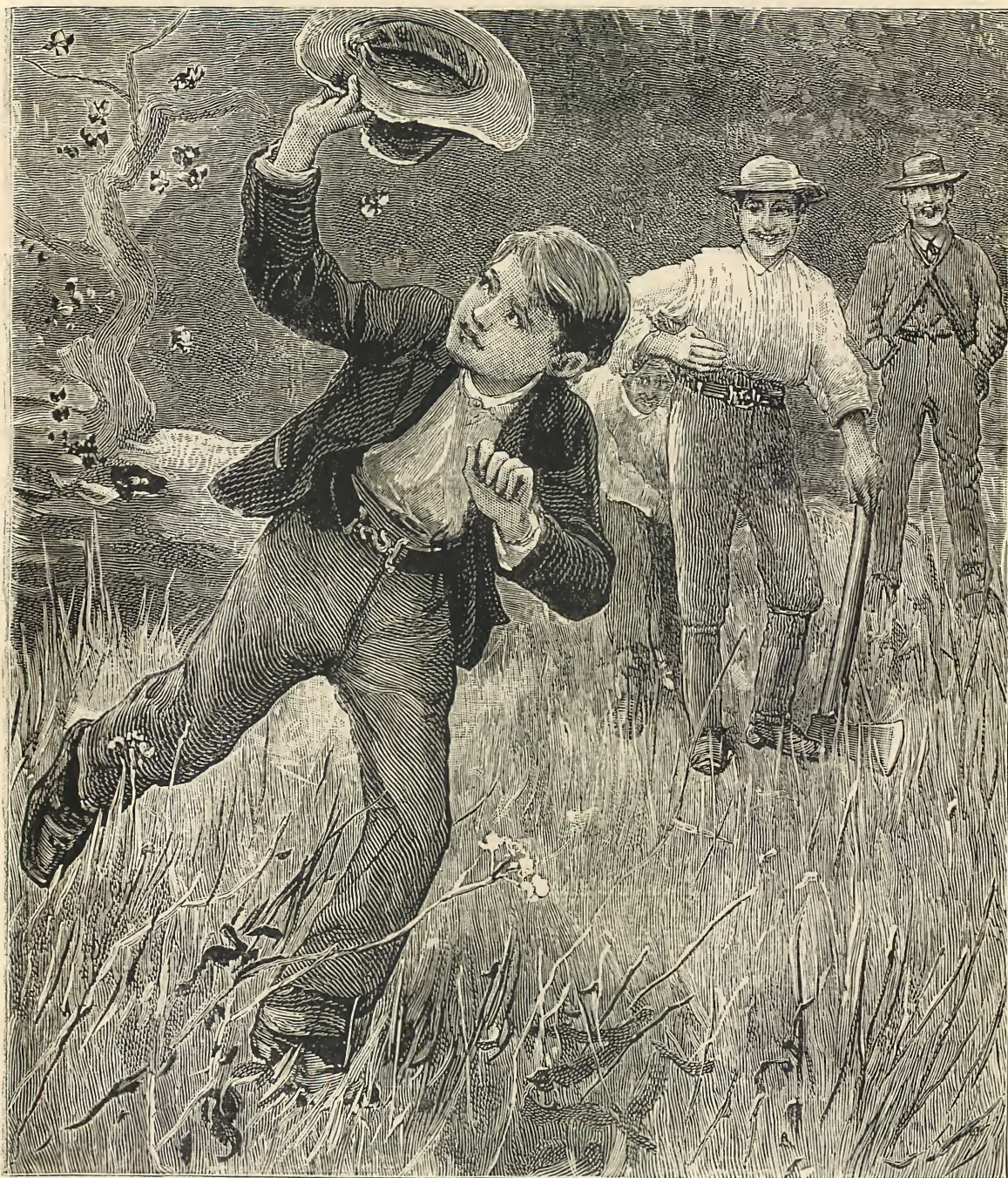
'The wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass,
And turn to their covers for fear;
But he sits in the ashes, and lets them pass,
Where the boomerang sleeps with the spear,
With the nullah, the sling and the spear.'

The site was open country, with large trees here and there. Against these the gunyahs, that is, the shelters for sleeping-places, were built. A pole is first placed slantingly against the tree, reaching up it some six or seven feet, and extending from its base eight or nine feet; another pole leans against the trunk in the same way, at an angle to the first, and against these sheets of stringy bark with boughs are placed, and the gunyah is complete. Others make gunyahs of boughs interlaced, and shaped like a beehive. The open side is away from the weather quarter, and just in front is the fire, which, while it is never really out, is mostly a very meagre one. It is said by some never to have more than three sticks on it at any one time. Through the day it smoulders on, and the black fellow sits about it with his possum rug about his shoulders, sleeping and smoking much of his time. The younger men and the gins hunt and fish, while the old men lie idle, or lazily carve boomerangs, womerahs, spears and nullah-nullahs at home.

A tall, very old man, with white hair, was king of this tribe. He stood very erect, and had in all his bearing the commanding manner which was always obeyed, though often, no doubt, unwillingly, by his tribe. Round his neck he wore a brass chain, attached to a crescent-shaped plate also of brass, that rested on his chest. On it was inscribed these words:—'Booli Belangalang, Prince of Meglow.'

A prince, indeed, but his day was changed!

Here, long years ago, on this very spot, he had played as a piccaninny (child), had grown to manhood, and returned year after year to the same ground, had brought home his lubra (wife), the old gin who, all scars and bent with age and service, now sat crooning over the ashes. Long years ago no 'white feller' had come, and the land was free everywhere, and the tribe was strong and great. They roamed where they would; they fought, and hunted, and fished, with no desires and no thoughts higher than the denizens of the forests around them. Belangalang was prince then, indeed—a king, a leader, a head, in very truth. He wore no breastplate then



Bob attacked by Bees.

to mark his distinction. He needed none. He was king, and in all the tribe there was no man dare gainsay it, or dispute his power.

Now a 'white feller' had bedecked him with the insignia of his office.

The aboriginal king would polish his breastplate with jealous care and simple pride, yet feel no more a king than he was before.

The 'white fellers' had cheered 'King Booli' when they decked him with his medal, and he had walked away so proudly: cheered him and took his land.

They certainly have put it to a better use, but in all the wide Australian lands surely sufficient could have been set apart for the aboriginal to have spent his life, without being disturbed from his possessions.

(Continued at page 86.)



Crowning Henry VII. after the Battle of Bosworth.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF BOSWORTH.

MOST of our histories do not give a good character to Richard III., who met his death on Bosworth Field in the year A.D. 1485, when he was only thirty-five years old. The 'crookback' king, who was first the 'Lord Protector,' only reigned over England for two years, so that we cannot tell what

he might have proved himself to be as a monarch if he had lived longer. He was the last of the House of York, and that battle at Bosworth ended the succession of fights between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, called the Wars of the Roses.

We cannot feel much pity for most of the men whom he sent to execution—they were bad men, and would probably have treated Richard in the same way if it

had been in their power to do so; but his murder of the two young princes at the Tower was a dark deed.

He had not gained the love of the people of England, who were ready to remove him from the throne, and knowing this, the Earl of Richmond resolved to invade the country with a force of about two thousand men whom he had gathered in Brittany. He started from Honfleur, August 1st, and sailed round England to land at Milford six days after, choosing Wales as his starting-point because he had many friends and supporters there. Richard III. took up a position near the centre of his kingdom at Nottingham, so that he might be prepared to meet his enemies, whatever way they advanced. The Earl of Richmond had gathered six or seven thousand men, and marched into England. Hearing of this, Richard mustered his troops, of whom he had more than twenty thousand, and moved westward to meet his rival. When he reached Leicester, he commanded Lord Stanley, who had raised a body of men in the north, to join him at once. Stanley, however, had secretly resolved to take the other side, and he made excuses, though his son was in the hands of the King.

On the 21st of August, Richard left Leicester with his army, and marched to a heath called Redmore, about two miles from Bosworth. There is a curious story about a bed, which was long preserved at an old inn at Leicester, and on which Richard III. was said to have slept. Many years after the battle of Bosworth, some one was shaking this bed, and part of the cover broke, when a gold coin fell out. It was then examined, and found to be stuffed with gold pieces, which people supposed had been hidden there for safety by the King. There is a story, that as the King rode out of Leicester by the north gate, a blind beggar who sat on the bridge said to some of the soldiers, 'If the moon shall change to-day, the King will lose both life and crown.' This was supposed to allude to Lord Percy, who had a half-moon on his crest, and who was rather wavering in his attachment to Richard. He, indeed, knew too well that many of his soldiers were not to be trusted. When the battle began, the King himself and 'Jocky' of Norfolk were in the front, and the troops of his enemy were led by the Earls of Richmond and Oxford. The archers began by shooting clouds of arrows, and in a little while the armies came into close conflict. It was just in the fury of the fight that Stanley brought up his men, attacking Richard's troops at the rear, which threw them into alarm and confusion. Seeing how desperate matters were, Richard dashed forward with a party of horse, intent upon coming face to face with Richmond, his foe, crying out as he rode, 'Treason! treason!' Shakespeare, in his description of the battle, makes the two rivals engage in combat, but this did not happen.

In this charge, the Duke of Norfolk—'Jocky'—was killed by the King's side, and Richard himself struck down Brandon, standard-bearer to Richmond, also another knight; but a number of Richard's soldiers rushed in, and the King received several fatal wounds. The King's body was soon stripped of its valuable armour and ornaments. The soldier who had managed to obtain the crown concealed it in a bush of haw-

thorn or May. Search was made, and when it was found, Stanley at once placed it upon the head of the Earl of Richmond, who was greeted as King. Hence the House of Tudor took as emblem a spray of hawthorn with berries, and the saying arose, 'Stick to the crown, though it hang on a bush.' J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

15.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE chief town of a large republic in South America, the first which threw off the Spanish yoke. The country consists of vast plains, destitute of trees, but covered with very high grass, and in some parts with numbers of thistles, ten or twelve feet high. The capital is the centre of trade for that part of America, and carries on an extensive commerce with the United States and Great Britain. It has a beautiful Cathedral and other handsome buildings.

1. A town in Lincolnshire, also in one of the United States; the latter has a very good harbour.
2. A range of mountains between Europe and Asia.
3. An imaginary line drawn round the middle of the globe, dividing the North from the South.
4. A town in England famed for its manufactures, especially that of lace.
5. A large river in South America, falling into the Atlantic Ocean.
6. A group of islands situated nearly in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, discovered by Captain Cook in 1778.
7. A name given to that part of the sea in which there are many islands.
8. The chief town of the largest county in England, the see of an Archbishop.
9. A city in Kent containing a beautiful Cathedral; also a town in the State of New York.
10. A people of North America chiefly inhabiting the coast of Labrador: they have no fixed abode, but roam from place to place.
11. A large plain in the South of England in which are found traces of Roman and British antiquities.

C. C.

[Answer at page 91.]

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 11.—1. Heptarchy. | 11. Naphtha. |
| 2. Holiday. | 12. Oratorio. |
| 3. Hospital. | 13. Pavement. |
| 4. Pestilence. | 14. Peninsula. |
| 5. Photography. | 15. Cavalcade. |
| 6. Revenue. | 16. Amethyst. |
| 7. Receipt. | 17. Fragment. |
| 8. Harpsichord. | 18. Laughter. |
| 9. Tartan. | 19. Strange. |
| 10. Mistletoe. | 20. Tobacco. |

12.—T U R K
U P O N
R O S E
K N E E

- 13.—'Bone' Clark, of Anatomy.
'Tone' Clark, of Music.
'Stone' Clark, of Mineralogy.

14.—Newton.

TWO LITTLE KINGS.

SOME time ago now, from the far-off South, two 'baby Kings' were brought to England from their island home. That home is the volcanic islet named after Governor MacQuarie, and lying hundreds of miles south of Tasmania.

Now I must tell you that they were not boy-kings, but bird-kings, and their proper name is King Penguins. They were so young as to be real babies when they left the island. Their parents were with them, but both of them died on the voyage, so the little King Penguins were orphans when they arrived in England, and were taken to the 'Zoo' in Regent's Park.

If you had never seen a penguin, you would scarcely believe at first sight that it is a bird, as they always sit in an upright position. When we looked at them from behind, they were more like little woolly bears than birds. They are not able to fly either, like other birds, as their wings are more like paddles than wings, though they assist them greatly in swimming and diving, which they do splendidly.

It was a most touching sight to see those awkward-looking little birds in their first house at the 'Zoo,' sitting huddled together, and constantly crying for more fish. So young and helpless were they, they could not even help themselves from the bucketful set beside them, but went on crying and waving their long slender bills in the air. They often tried, too, to feed themselves from each other's beaks, in memory of the way in which their mother used to feed them.

The Penguins are a very peculiar class, and the 'King Penguins' are the largest members of it. They are all antarctic birds, coming from the very far south.

In the north we have a dear hardy little bird which resembles the Penguin in many ways. He is called the Little Auk. I got one or two of these Little Auks a year or two ago, when a whole army of them were driven from the German Ocean in a storm, to take refuge on our east coast.

Poor little birds! it was a new and cruel experience for them to be brought to land in a starving condition, for their natural home is the sea. They are daring little sailors, and live, sleep, and eat entirely on the wide ocean. When they build their nests, they come to rocky islands in the far North, though one or two of them have been seen as far south as the 'Bass Rock' in the Firth of Forth.

MINNIE MCKEAN.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY.

NO doubt it is quite true that some of the English people who go travelling over Europe have not half explored the beautiful scenery of their own country, and so have missed pleasures easy to obtain. For instance, there is Ireland. Many parts of the 'Green Isle' are lovely, and especially the South. In the neighbourhood of the Lakes of Killarney there is scenery quite rivalling what may be seen in lands far distant from our shores. Our illustration gives us a glimpse of a romantic spot amongst the mountains, which has the name of the

Gap of Dunloe, this being the entrance to what might be called a pass or defile, which ends in a splendid view, while along its track is a great deal that is amusing and interesting.

Starting from the town of Killarney, remarkable for its cathedral, bishop's palace, and ruined tower, the visitor takes a drive of eight miles in a car, if he likes, to the entrance of the Gap; beyond, he must either walk or mount a sure-footed pony. At the cottage standing close to it, he can have a glass of goat's milk with some home-made cakes. Through the pass flows a stream, the Loe, which forms a lake where the Gap begins, as shown in our picture, and widens also into several more before the end of the Gap, which is four miles from the cottage. The narrow road has sometimes to cross the Loe by a bridge, and on coming out of the Gap the traveller is greeted by a beautiful waterfall of great height, the white foam dashing noisily over the rocks. This Gap is in the extensive parish of Knockane, and passes amongst what are called McGillycuddy's Rocks, from a powerful chief of that name, who was lord of the territory, and whose descendants live around the country now. Almost directly you enter upon the rugged path through the Gap, you pass under the shadow of the Purple Mountain, which people climb to get a fine view of the Lakes of Killarney and their wooded islands of Gearhameen, Dunloe Castle, with other places, far and near.

But the highest mountain is at the upper end of the Gap, near Coomdhuv, or the Black Valley—not darker, though, than several other valleys amongst the Killarney hills, which often overhang so as to give a deep shade even on a clear day. This mountain is 3414 feet high, and is called Carntuail, loftier than any other peak in Ireland. A short distance along the path through the Gap of Dunloe, you pass under a jagged piece of rock, which has the name of the Hag's Tooth. The road is not safe for carriages, because of the masses of broken rock, and on foot people have to go warily. Mr. Coyne says: 'As you advance upon the narrow pathway, the immense crags above seem suspended fearfully over your head. From the spaces between these huge fragments a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes, which with the climbing ivy and luxuriant heather have a very pleasing effect.' Some of these rocks are soft sandstone, others are of grey flint on which are found little white crystals and specimens of the precious stone called the amethyst. It is one of the amusements of tourists to fire off small cannon in the Gap, causing curious sounds and echoes amongst the hills.

At no great distance from the Gap, in a field, a singular cavern was discovered in A.D. 1838, which had at one time been inhabited, and upon the walls of which were some ancient inscriptions. But the Cave of Dunloe can no longer be visited, for about ten years ago, after heavy rains, the earth fell in. Upon reaching the end of the pass, the tourist has before him a large expanse of water, the Red Fruit Lake, and the prospect widens. It is most usual, after quitting the Gap, to enter a boat on the river Gearhameen and finish the trip by a row, but some prefer to climb the hill-tops for a wider view.

J. R. S. C.



Entrance to the Gap of Dunloe, Killarney.



A Fatal Leap.

A FATAL LEAP.

BUT for the large herds of different sorts of antelopes, the lions in Africa would fare but hardly for their food. Swift as they are, it is often said that a lion can run down most antelopes through sheer speed; but, whether there is any truth in this or not, it is not often that the king of beasts captures his prey in this manner. Much more after the feline nature, he likes to conceal himself and to lie in wait, springing out upon his prey.

In our illustration it is clear what has happened. Using the slight cover afforded by a mimosa thorn-bush, the lion has waited patiently whilst three antelopes were grazing and getting nearer and nearer, little suspecting the presence of their terrible enemy in ambush only a few yards from them. Crouching lower and lower, in order to avoid being seen, the lion has waited until one of the luckless beasts has approached to within half-a-dozen strides of him before bounding out upon it with a terrible roar. Dashing away for dear life, the antelope rushes towards the edge of a precipice, whilst its two companions, terror-stricken, gallop off in the opposite direction. Gaining on his victim at every stride—for it is well known that for a few yards' distance a lion's speed is terrific—the savage beast overtakes it just as the two reach the edge of the precipice. Heedless of this danger, merged as it is in the still greater one of the pursuing lion, the antelope struggles madly to the edge; the lion, with claws and teeth firmly fixed in the deer's shoulder and neck, too late perceives his own terrible position; the next moment pursuer and pursued are launched into space, turning over and over in the air, and reaching the bottom with a thud which could be heard a long way off. The antelope has escaped one danger, only to meet its death in another: whilst the lion, baulked of his prey, has died beside his intended victim.

F. R.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

UMBRELLAS.



THE word umbrella comes to us from the Latin through the Italian, and means a 'shade.' In the early days of the umbrella it was neither more nor less than a sunshade, its original home having been in hot, brilliant climates. In Eastern countries the umbrella was one of the badges of royalty, and on the sculptured remains of Nineveh and Egypt the kings and men of rank are represented as going in procession with an umbrella carried over their heads. Throughout Asia the umbrella had, and still has, something of the same dignity. We find that one of the titles among

the Mahratta princes of India was 'Lord of the Umbrella.'

About forty years ago the King of Burmah, who had occasion to address the Governor-general of India, spoke of himself as 'the monarch who reigns over the great Umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries.' Although wealthy Italian ladies carried umbrellas to shield them from the rays of the sun, this useful article did not pass into common use for very many years. Even as late as A.D. 1608 we read from an old book of the Italians that 'many of them do carry fine things that will cost at least a ducat (5s. 6d.) which they call umbrellas; that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heat of the sun. These are made of leather, something answerable to the form of a little canopy and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the umbrella into a pretty large compass. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs, and they impart so long a shadow unto them that it keepeth the heat of the sun from the upper part of their bodies.' From Italy it is supposed that the use of the umbrella spread to Spain and Portugal, and thence to America. All who have read 'Robinson Crusoe' will recall that that hero describes how he had seen umbrellas employed in the Brazils, and that he had constructed his own umbrella in imitation of them. 'I covered it with skins,' he adds, 'the hair outwards, so that it cast off the rain like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so effectually that I could walk out in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest.' For a long time, in France, one species of the old heavy umbrella was called '*un Robinson*.'

In our own country the umbrella was used early in the seventeenth century as a luxurious sunshade. It presented a very curious appearance, being made of feathers, in imitation of the plumage of water-birds. Later on, oiled skin took the place of feathers. In the reign of Queen Anne the umbrella came into every-day use in London as a screen from rain, but only for women. Here are two lines from Dean Swift's 'City Shower,'—

'The tuck'd-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.'

At Woburn Abbey is a full-length portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Bedford, painted about A.D. 1730, representing the lady as attended by a black servant who holds an open umbrella to shade her.

The eighteenth century was half through before the umbrella had even begun to be used in England by men as well as women, as we now see it used. In A.D. 1752 an English writer from Paris wrote, 'The people here use umbrellas in hot weather to defend them from the sun, and something of the same kind to defend them from the snow and the rain. I wonder a practice so useful is not introduced into England.'

It is said that the first Englishman who carried an umbrella was Jonas Hanway, the traveller. He was, it is true, in ill-health. He began to take an umbrella out with him on his daily walks in the city, some

thirty years before his death. At first people mocked and jeered at him, but he did not care very much about their derision, as he was sure that the practice was a wise one, and he lived to see his example followed by many.

Even as late as a hundred years ago any man who ventured to carry an umbrella was sure to hear the mob shouting after him as 'a mincing Frenchman,' and cries would follow him of 'Why don't you get a coach?'

Large umbrellas were sometimes kept in coffee-houses for the use of men on special occasions, though few men cared to run the risk of being considered 'womanish.' There is a curious advertisement appearing in a paper published in A.D. 1709 which reads thus: 'The young gentleman belonging to the Custom House, who in the fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Will's Coffee-house in Cornhill, of the mistress, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion he shall be welcome to the maid's pattens!' It is unlikely that that young gentleman again made use of the coffee-house umbrella.

The early specimens of the English umbrella, made of oiled silk, were, when wet, exceedingly difficult to open or to close; the stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient, and the umbrella itself was very expensive. It presented quite a different appearance to the umbrellas of to-day. The handle was very long; the ribs were of whalebone, or cane—very rarely of metal—with stretchers of cane. The joining of the ribs and stretchers to the stick and to each other was very rough and imperfect. There was a ring at the top, by which the umbrella was usually carried on the finger when furled, and by this ring it was hung up in the house. The wooden handle terminated in a rounded point to rest on the ground. Eighty years ago, or less, old ladies might have been seen carrying such umbrellas. Not so very long since there was living in Taunton a lady who recollected when there were but two umbrellas in that town; one belonged to a clergyman, who was accustomed, as he entered the church, to hang up his umbrella in the church-porch, where it attracted the gaze and admiration of the town's people coming to church.

How different it is nowadays. The umbrella of to-day is light, elegant and strong; and there are many reasons why it is so. The old cane stretchers and ribs and their imperfect joints have been done away with, and instead we have them made of light steel. Notice how neatly and perfectly all the stretchers are attached to the ribs by separate hinges and joints, and secured in a notched ring affixed to the runner, which, in opening and closing the umbrella, slides evenly up and down the stick. The covering, you will find, is cut into eight pieces, and these are neatly and strongly seamed. The material is thin, but tough. Sometimes it is of pure silk, at others it is of wool and silk, according to the price paid for the umbrella. The handle is ornamented with various devices, and the stick is cut from all kinds of fancy woods.

Men, as well as women, make use of an umbrella—it is now no longer thought 'womanish' for a man to carry this useful shelter from rain and snow and

sleet, but on the contrary, should the weather overtake him without it, he is reckoned as wanting in prudence to be so surprised. 'Other times other manners,' runs the proverb, and the history of the umbrella proves the truth of it.

JAMES CASSIDY.

'CARRY HIGH THE COLOURS.'

THE GUARDS AT INKERMAN.



THE victorious incident at which this command was given remains one of the most glorious achievements of the British army.

The battle of Inkerman is famous. The opposing armies were the Russians against the British and allied forces. The battle was fought on hilly ground. The Russians seemed to be a countless host. Thousands of them had taken up their position on the heights. They had been repeatedly driven back by the British soldiers, but owing to their enormous numbers, whenever a regiment was cut down, fresh troops came forward in their place.

On one of these occasions, two fresh battalions managed to get between a hundred and twenty Guardsmen and the allied forces; thus cutting these Guardsmen off from the main body of the British army. What an awful position for these men, hemmed in by thousands of their foes!

'Carry high the colours!' was shouted by the commander, and closing up, the guardsmen set themselves to fight their way through the opposing host.

Seeing their awful danger, Captain Burnaby, with thirty horsemen, and without a moment's hesitation, diverted attention from them by boldly charging the head of a Russian column. By this manoeuvre the Guards were able to escape after a desperate fight from the deadly peril in which they were placed.

Having fought their way through, they shook off their foes, and approached the main body of the British army, who along with their French comrades-in-arms received the heroes with ringing cheers! Two of the Guardsmen 'carried high the colours' with broken staff, and all torn and tattered with shot. The others followed, guns in the air, and caps on the points of their bayonets, to answer the friendly cheers which were given them by their comrades.

MINNIE MCKEAN.

IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

ON the so-called 'Lake' Victoria Nyanza, which is really a great inland sea, a traveller, some years back, together with about a dozen bearers or porters, was making his way in one of the long, roughly built canoes, made by the natives out of bark and greenwood, along the shore. There are many islands, and from behind one of them there suddenly appeared a fleet of war-canoes—at least a dozen of them. The



An Adventure in Central Africa.

traveller, an Englishman of the name of Barrington, ordered his men to cease rowing, though he did not lower the sail. However, the breeze being very light, they merely drifted until they were alongside the canoes of the savages, who were armed with spears.

Barrington knew that if he tried to escape they

could easily overtake him, so he saw that his only plan would be to try and make friends with them. He offered them several small trinkets—beads, glass balls, cheap knives, and so forth; but these things were all refused with contempt. They ranged up alongside, completely surrounding the Englishman's boat, and then, from being insolent they quickly got



A Reverie.

aggressive and noisy. Two or three of them seized different small articles lying in the boat which had evidently taken their fancy, and then they made a dash at the paddles. Barrington made motions with his arms to warn them away, but to these they replied with loud, defiant shouts, and one of them struck down the rower in the bow of the traveller's boat. Barrington, seeing that matters were serious, at once picked up his rifle and fired it into the air. Frightened by the noise, the savages let their canoes drift away for twenty yards or so, whereupon Barrington seized his double-barrelled gun, loaded only with small shot, and, taking careful aim at the back of a fat little savage standing up and shouting in his canoe, he fired. The result was startling! The black who had been 'peppered'—he was not really hurt—gave a wild 'whoop' and plunged overboard, whilst the rest of them seized their paddles in what looked like a tremendous hurry, and made for the shore. The native, who had been so astonished at the fact of 'a noise hitting him,' refused to get into his canoe again, and swam ashore, whilst Barrington, taking advantage of this welcome lull in the hostilities, ordered his rowers to paddle for their lives, and they soon succeeded in putting a long distance between themselves and the astonished natives.

FOX RUSSELL.

FAITHFUL TRIX.

MR. KESWICK often says that he has not a more faithful friend in the world than his dog Trix, and, as he sits in his study this evening, with Trix lying beside him, he is thinking of one of the deeds by which the dog's faithfulness was proved.

Yes, he is thinking of an adventure which he met with about three years ago, when in London with Trix. He had gone up for a few days on business, and had taken apartments near the Strand.

On the afternoon of the day before he had arranged to return home, he went to a bank and cashed a cheque for one hundred pounds, and that night he met the adventure which his memory is recalling.

He and Trix had trudged about a long way that day, and both were very tired on reaching their lodging-place, and soon after supper Mr. Keswick left the dining-room and went to his bedroom, and by eleven o'clock he was in bed, having put under the pillow his little leather case containing his bank-notes and gold. He was, as I have said, very tired, and, as he wished to go to sleep quickly, he got very annoyed because Trix was restless and did not lie down quietly as usual on the couch at the foot of the bed.

'Quiet, Trix!' he commanded two or three times;

then, as Trix did not obey the order, his master got out of bed, picked him up by his collar, gave him a shaking and a hit, and put him on the couch, and told him that, if he did not lie down and keep still, he would be put outside the room.

The threat had the desired effect; Trix gave a heavy sigh, then lay down with his nose between his paws, and did not move again until nearly an hour later.

His master was then fast asleep and breathing heavily, but some one was awake in the secret cupboard on the left of the bed, and that some one was a burglar, and it was when he came stealthily out of his hiding-place that Trix moved, glanced up quickly, gave a long and low growl, then some sharp, short barks, which awakened Mr. Keswick, who was speedily made aware that his life was in danger. Yes, the burglar, who was standing close beside him, rapidly whispered the familiar threat, 'Your money or your life,' and was just in the act of drawing out a pistol when Trix flew at him and seized him by his right cheek, and so surprised and alarmed him that the pistol fell from his hand.

'Good Trix! Hold him fast! Hold on!' shouted Mr. Keswick as he sprang out of bed, and in less than a minute after he had rung his bell violently, the master of the house and his sons hastened to his aid.

The burglar was seized and taken into custody, and he was identified as one who had long been sought after, but had hitherto escaped justice. He confessed that he had discovered the secret cupboard several years previous when lodging in that house, that he had often wished for a chance of making use of it, that he had watched Mr. Keswick's movements, and knew of the bank-notes and gold in his possession, and had meant to take them, and their owner's life also if any resistance was offered, and he added that he could easily have carried out the plan had not the dog, which he had thought harmless, hindered him!

So, you see, Trix gave a grand proof of his courage and faithfulness, and I am sure that you will all agree that he deserves the affection and the praise which his master gives him.

D. H.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 76.)



LITTLE more than an hour's ride brought the lads to the blacks' camp. They saw the smoke from its fires as soon as they crossed the limestone ridge over which they had watched Mr. Austin and Jerry go.

They approached the camp without fear, though Bob and Tom felt somewhat nervous about their reception.

Numerous dogs rushed out, barking and snarling round their horses. The number of dogs about a blacks' camp is quite astonishing. It is no unusual

thing for a black gin to have a pack of ten or a dozen at her heels. They are of all sizes and all kinds. She exercises great control over them, however, and has names for them all.

'I wish they would call these brutes off,' said Arthur.

Harry struck at some of them with his stockwhip. The gins scowled and the men looked sullenly at the visitors. Among them Harry recognised the half-caste who had formerly been at Terraweena.

'Here, Louie,' for so he had been known, 'make these dogs lie down, please!' said Harry. But Louie sat unheeding on a log, and chipped away at a boomerang he was making. In the midst of all the noise and the blacks' indifference, Betty appeared. She drove off the dogs at once, and scolded her fellows, some of whom laughed at her, and others took no notice.

'Where is "King Booli," Betty?' asked Harry, for he knew who was chief of Betty's tribe.

'Come along a dis way,' said Betty; and they followed her past several gunyahs, till they came to one in front of which some spears were stuck in the ground, pointing upright. They got off their horses and shook hands with King Booli, who rose up from his seat by the fire. Old Betty retired, and they did not see her about the camp again during their visit.

'Where you flog?' Booli asked.

Harry explained by words and signs, for the king knew little English.

'Plenty bird, kangaroo, here?' asked Harry.

It looked a very likely country in his opinion.

'Baal!' (no) said Booli, shaking his head.

'White fellow send them away. Big noise frighten them;' and he pointed to the guns.

'No fear!' said Harry; but Booli knew better.

A piccaninny, apparently about twelve years old, who had been carving a boomerang for himself, came up just then and handed the weapon to the old king, to whom he spoke in aboriginal. Booli took it, balanced it in his hand, then stepped forward a little into the open. Taking it by one end he threw it; it did not rise and circle as it should, and soon fell. The piccaninny ran and brought it back. The boomerang is shaped like an arm, bent at the elbow, flat-sided and cut down light, and thin-edged. Booli took his tomahawk and cut a little from it, running his experienced eye over it again and again. Then he threw it again; out and up it went, then round and up and round again, whirling in circles with tremendous speed, then back and round over the head of the thrower, cutting the air like a knife, then back, falling finally at the thrower's feet. The wonderful whirling, circling movement is designed to catch the flock of birds in their flight, and very effective it proves.

Arthur and Tom and Bob were delighted and astonished. The piccaninny laughed joyously as Booli handed it back to him. It would do now, and he went to join his companions. The piccaninnies' play was making spears and boomerangs, and other weapons, trying to throw them, and thus learning from their earliest infancy the arts of their fathers.

There were real *baby* piccaninnies too. Bob was much taken up with one little fat chap stowed away in a bearskin bag on his mother's back. It was like

a kangaroo in its mother's pouch. There safe in the bag the baby piccaninny would spend most of the day, and be carried for miles when the tribe wandered.

Everywhere through the camp squalor and misery met the boys' gaze, and yet the blacks seemed happy and content.

'They hardly seem like human beings,' said Arthur, 'and yet they are; we have only to look at them to know that. Look at the homes we build to live in, the comforts and luxuries which rich white people have; and look at these gunyahs—a dingo sleeps as sheltered!'

'No doubt,' said Harry, 'but they never knew any different life; they don't understand.'

'But could they not be taught?' said Bob; 'the advantages of education are great; Arthur is always dinning that into my ears.'

'I don't think anybody ever tried very much,' replied Harry. 'I do not remember father or mother ever doing so, and they are the same as most folk, I suppose. We have blacks about the station. Old Betty comes awhile, and there is Mickey, who rode that buckjumper you remember, and there are Billy and Jerry; but no one bothers about them; they work, but they will never stay away from their tribe altogether. They are sure to clear off some time or other for a while. Old Betty, you see, is here now, living on blackfellow fare and sleeping in a gunyah, though while she stayed at our place she was always well fed, and had clothes, and a comfortable place in which to sleep. 'You cannot do anything with a black fellow, father says, no more than you can break a dingo.'

'There seem to be many birds over those lagoons,' said Tom, changing the topic. Tom was for sport and shooting, the blacks had little interest for him. Moreover, he did not like the look of them; they did not seem too friendly by any means, he thought, and he did not wish to prolong the visit.

'Hey! just look here!' called out Bob. 'How would you like a bit, Tom?'

Hanging from a stick over a fire near was a whole 'possum roasting. It was suspended by the tail, and two piccaninny girls sat watching it.

'No, thanks, don't care about any just now; have had my dinner,' said Tom.

'It looks all right, though!' exclaimed Bob, as the girls took it from the fire and divided it, showing beautiful white delicate-looking flesh beneath the outer brown of the roasting.

'Bah!' he exclaimed again; 'they cook it just as it is!' and Bob looked very disgusted.

'That is to retain the delicate flavour imparted to the flesh by the gastric juices,' said Arthur; 'you are not well up in cookery, I can see.'

Tom and Harry laughed heartily.

'Possum's all right to eat,' said Harry, 'if you like it; why should it not be as good as kangaroo?'

'Too much gum-tree and black fellow for me,' said Tom; 'let us shift, we have been here long enough.'

'Right you are!' said Harry, 'and we will come over to-morrow and shoot round those lagoons yonder.'

'These blacks won't be pleased if you do,' said Tom.

'Nonsense! we need not care for them,' replied Harry.

So they said good-bye to King Booli, and gave him a fig of tobacco, and rode past the sullen faces of the tribe, out of the camp.

'I believe you are right, Tom,' said Arthur; 'we were not very welcome. I dare say our guns do frighten the birds, as the old king said.'

But Harry only laughed.

Tom was of opinion that it would be no laughing matter if the blacks 'turned rusty,' as he called it. Bob and Arthur were disposed to agree, but Harry knew more of blacks and their ways than they did, and so Tom's suspicions were soon forgotten.

When the boys returned to their own camp they found everything just as they left it. Harry had been disposed to think that Betty might have paid it a visit in their absence, as he remembered that she had disappeared after she had taken them to King Booli. The thieving tendencies of the aborigines are very great, and this has led to their being harshly used by the white settlers.

It was Arthur's turn to prepare supper, so he set to work while the others took the horses to their enclosure.

As they were fixing the rails securely, having let the horses go, a strange, sad cry came from overhead.

'Whatever is that?' exclaimed Tom; he felt creepy. Bob looked white.

Harry laughed. 'Oh, that is a native bear (koala) crying,' he said.

The cry went up again; it was just as creepy as at first, and Bob and Tom did not feel more composed, though Harry had said it was a native bear.

'It makes a fellow shiver!' said Bob.

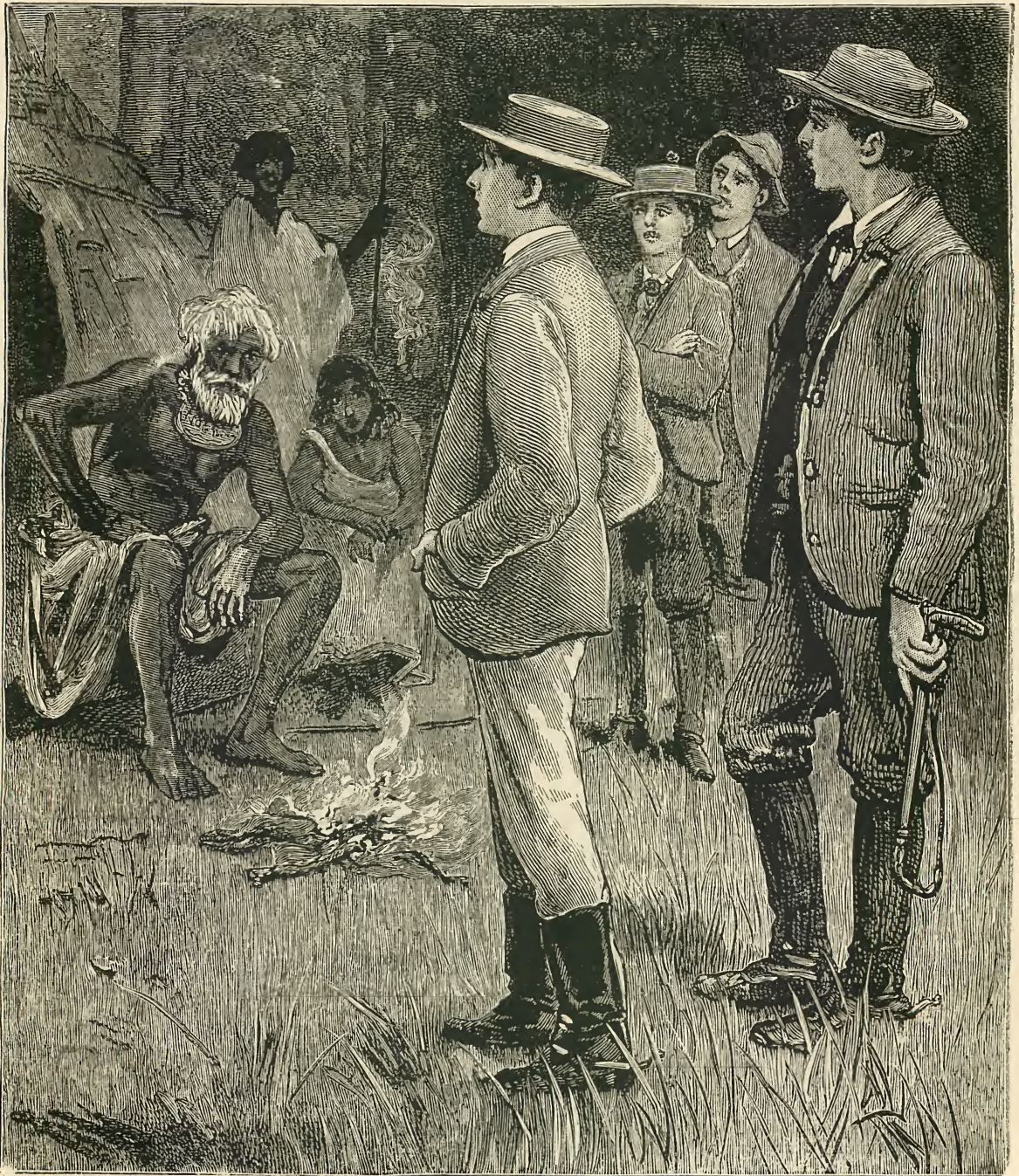
Once more the cry was repeated. The sound is something resembling the cry of a child, with no sobbing, but a deeply pained, hopeless wailing. The silence and sadness of the Australian bush are its most impressive features. The brute creation is all silent; only in pain or great fright or desperation of attack do they give forth sounds, with a few exceptions; and the sounds in the exceptional cases are in keeping with the weirdness and the loneliness. Such are the howl of the dingo, which had so startled Bob, and the cry of the native bear now breaking on the ears of the boys at the fence.

Of the birds, the parrots are certainly chatters, but are not loud in their demonstrations unless disturbed. A flock of cockatoos will make a goodly screeching in some great hollow eucalyptus (gum-tree) during their breeding season, but the caw of the crow is as melancholy as his sable garb. The curlew's note is wild and weird and long, but not frequent.

The noisiest bird of all is the kookooburra, who laughs so humanly, and often so appropriately to an occasion, as when Bob fell into the water-hole in chasing the wild duck.

This remarkable laugh has earned the bird the title of 'laughing jackass,' the latter part of the designation having been given from the resemblance of the sounds to the bray of a donkey.

(Continued at page 94.)



Introduced to King Booli.



"You can have my parding, and welcome, miss."

BE POLITE.

ONE evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner and ran against a boy, who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, 'I beg your pardon; indeed, I am very sorry.' The small, ragged, and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he answered very politely, 'You can have my parding, and welcome, miss; and you may run agin me and knock me clean over, and I won't say a word.' After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, 'I never had any one ask my parding before, and it kind of took me off my feet.'

HOW FERNS GROW.



PEOPLE who lived in England when there was not much knowledge of wild flowers and plants had some funny ideas about the ferns, which grew so plentifully about the forests or heaths of bygone days. There are still woods and other places where the ground is covered with a tangle of fern. The tall branches of which afford a fine shelter to birds and insects. Our ancestors did notice that ferns had no flowers, but round cases upon the leaves which produced young plants, and they fancied that there was something mysterious in the seed of ferns. One idea was, that by putting a little fern seed into the pocket, a person might go into a crowd and be invisible to others. Some kinds of fern, if carried, were thought to have the power of making people attractive, which was a pleasant thing, had it been true. But how these curious seeds came to be new plants, nobody thought or cared.

Very likely, while strolling in the woods during autumn, you may have observed the leaves or fronds of ferns thickly studded with these small bodies, of various shades of brown, which are by-and-by to turn into young plants, or at least some of them will. For a very large number of the seeds die off and do not grow after they have been wafted away by the wind, or have fallen from the parent plant. Yet each one of these tiny specks or seeds contains a germ of life, which could produce a new fern. It has been reckoned that an average-sized plant of one of the common species, when it is full-grown and has formed its 'spores,' as they are called, may have on them about a hundred millions of seeds.

With a pocket magnifying-glass, we see more of the beauty of the fern spores than with the eye alone. Pick out one of the clusters, and as we examine it, we notice that each of the capsules or cases has a thin skin over it, and round it an elastic ring, while it is held on to the leaf by a short stalk. Fifty or sixty seeds are inside each case. When the time has arrived for these to be scattered, the top skin

dries up and the ring bursts: this jerk sends the seeds in all directions—they are so light that they travel fast and far. Let us suppose that a fern seed drops upon soft ground, suitable for it. You must not expect the young plant will grow as a pea or bean shoots up. Instead of rising above the earth, the juvenile fern flattens itself out, a sort of cell is formed, and other cells come from this, till a leaf-like object is produced, which rests upon the ground, holding to it by fine rootlets. This is round or heart-shaped, and takes in nourishment.

After a time, under this leafy thing more leaf-like cells grow, which are of two kinds, and one kind has inside its cells very tiny, curled threads. These cells get larger till they burst, and the funny threads jump out, and move along underneath to enter the other cells. Presently a bud appears on the top of the leaf, and uncoils a little stalk and new leaves, and the flat leaf which first came from the seed dies away, being no longer needed.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16.—METAGRAMS.

(A.)—1. I am a word of four letters expressing a native of a northern country of Europe; change the first letter and the following words will appear.

2. A woman's name.
3. Long with no turning.
4. A school-boy's dread; a kind of plant.
5. Anything injurious.
6. Showing how the wind blows.
7. A building for sacred purposes.
8. Belonging to some animals.

(B.)—1. A word of six letters, now before your eyes.

2. More than good.
3. A kind of dog used by sportsmen.
4. Anything which restrains from freedom of action or movement.

(C.)—1. A word of five letters expressing strength of mind or body.

2. A high building.
3. To shrink with fear.
4. One who prepares for the future.
5. A wife's property.
6. Not the highest point.
7. Employed on the water.
8. A covered place in a garden.

(D.)—1. Not pleasant in the hand.

2. A seat; to fix your habitation.
3. Spirit, ardour.
4. Useful for preparing a favourite meal.

C. C.

17.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. O, U, F, F, L, K, S. An eastern county of England.

2. F, E, O, O, W, L, S, F, F, T. A town in the same county.

3. A, I, U, R, S, S. A large country in the East of Europe.

4. E, O, Y, K, R, N, S. A group of islands off the coast of Scotland.

5. A, A, A, I, J, C, M. One of the West Indian Islands.

6. A, I, Y, C, B, S. A province and bay in Spain.

7. A, I, O, S, C, R, C. An island in the Mediterranean, famed as the birth-place of a great conqueror.

8. A, O, U, P, L, R, S, G. A country in the West of Europe.
 9. E, I, A, G, L, S, R. A country in the North of Africa.
 10. A, A, O, J, M, C, R. An island in the Mediterranean.
 11. A, I, D, D, M, R. The capital of a country in the West of Europe.
 12. A, E, I, I, S, R, D. A large country in Asia.
 13. E, E, U, Y, G, S, N, R. An island in the English Channel.
 14. E, E, I, N, N, N, P, A, S. A range of mountains in the South of Europe.
 15. E, E, Y, S, M, R. A river in the North of England.
 16. A, O, N, N, N, S, H. A river in Ireland.

[Answers at page 107.]

ANSWER.

15.—Buenos Ayres.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Boston. | 7. Archipelago. |
| 2. Ural. | 8. York. |
| 3. Equator. | 9. Rochester. |
| 4. Nottingham. | 10. Esquimaux. |
| 5. Orinoco. | 11. Salisbury. |
| 6. Sandwich. | |

PATIENCE AND WATER-GRUEL.

A STORY OF A LONDON FOG.

By K. E. V., author of 'Colonel Kit,' 'Life Threads,'
 'An Old Song,' 'Twas in Trafalgar Square,' &c.

I WISH I could have gone with mother,' sighed little Derrick West, one cold day in February, as he stood at the window.

'Well, you couldn't,' said Amy, with her head in the cupboard.

'I wish I had some brothers and sisters; some boys have *heaps*, and a father, too.'

'Patience and water-gruel is good for the gout,' said Amy, cheerfully.

'But I have not got the gout, and I do want some one to play with me.'

'I will finish putting the cupboard to rights to-morrow, and go and dress now, then we can have a game of cricket in the passage.'

Derrick's face cleared. 'I do like you, Amy,' he said, gratefully.

The little boy was rather to be pitied. He was an only child, and his father had been dead three years, so that he could only just remember him. Till just before Christmas they had lived in a pleasant country town, where Mrs. West had kept a little school. But the school had fallen off, and some friends had got the young widow appointed to a school in London. Mrs. West had taken a small house, and had brought Amy with her as servant. When she had time to look about, she hoped to find a good school for Derrick—she could not take him with her—and at present he had to be left with Amy, who was very fond of him. He was rather delicate, so perhaps it was better that he should not go to school till warmer weather set in, but he found it rather dull sometimes.

Amy was not long changing her dress, and the two were soon having a game of what they called cricket.

'How dark it is getting! mother will soon be

home,' said Derrick, as he sat on the stairs to rest a little.

'Why, it is only half-past three,' said Amy, after peering at the clock; 'I do believe it is foggy.'

It was, indeed; it had come on suddenly, but was very thick.

'Do you think mother will lose her way home?' asked Derrick, as he flattened his nose against the window.

Amy was feeling rather anxious about her mistress, but she would not let Derrick see that. 'Some one will come with her, I dare say.'

'I don't believe there is any one,' Derrick said, dolefully.

'My!' exclaimed Amy, suddenly, 'I have forgotten all about those letters; they must be posted before half-past four. Do you mind staying alone, Derry dear? It is not fit to take you, and I will be as quick as ever I can.'

'I will stay,' said Derrick, with a little sigh, 'but I had rather go with you; s'pose you got lost, and mother can't find her way home, I believe she would rather you didn't post those letters.'

'They are very particular,' she said, 'and I was to be sure not to forget. I think I had better run, and don't you be frightened, there's a dear.'

'I shan't be frightened,' said Derrick, indignantly.

In spite of his protest, he did not feel very comfortable when Amy disappeared almost directly she got outside the gate. He pressed his face against the window, but there was nothing to see; sometimes he could hear a cart go by at a snail's pace, and the nearest lamp made a queer blur of brighter fog. It was quite a new experience to Derrick, and he amused himself for a little while with listening, but he did not find that very entertaining, and presently he thought, with a start, that Amy had been gone for a very long time.

Suppose she was lost, suppose his mother could not find her way! The house was very dark, and at last Derrick got quite into a fright. He had lately been learning about the plagues of Egypt, and he thought of that terrible darkness, till he made up his mind that this would last as long as that did. But how could he bear it alone? By this time he was in a frenzy, and his poor frightened voice broke into a wail of anguish.

At last he went along the passage and opened the front door. He had to gather up his courage for the effort, but once there he felt a little braver, and wondered how he could help his mother and Amy. They would find it hard to see the right house, but perhaps if he went to the gate he would be able to see them.

The fog deadened sound, and several times people came close to him without his hearing. Once a man asked him if he knew which was number fifteen, and he felt rather proud at being able to tell him it was next door but one. The very speaking to some one was a comfort, but the fog was getting worse. How would they find their way home?

'That looks like mother,' Derrick said to himself, as a blurred figure came close and passed him. 'Mother,' he called, but his voice did not seem to make any sound, and without thinking more, he ran after the person. But she had disappeared, and as



Lost in the Fog.

he turned to go back, he found he could not tell in the least which way to go.

'Mother! oh, mother!' he called, pitifully; but there was no one to answer. Which way should he turn? Surely that must be right, and with a sob of fear, the poor little fellow turned away from his home, and was swallowed up in the fog.

Amy had found more difficulties than she expected in going to the post, which was yet so near at hand. In the first place, she took the wrong turning, and went on for some little distance before she discovered her mistake; then, at last despairing of finding her way by herself, she had gone into a shop and asked. She happened to light on a kind, motherly woman,



The Opossum.

who wished her to stay till the fog lifted, but hearing of the little boy who was left alone, she offered to send her eldest boy to show Amy the way. The boy had to be waited for a few minutes, so altogether a good deal of time was taken up.

Coming out of the shop, the boy ran into some one who gave a little cry, and Amy found that it was her mistress.

Mrs. West was glad to see her, but distressed at the thought of Derrick being alone for so long.

'We closed school early when we saw the fog coming on,' she explained, as they made as much haste as they could. 'I am so sorry about the letters, Amy; they were important, but I had rather they had been left.'

'I thought I should have been back directly; it is quite close,' said Amy.

The boy, Alfred Bacon, chuckled. 'You don't know much about London fogs. Well, the next will be your house, mum, and then I am off.'

'No, indeed,' said Mrs. West; 'you must have a cup of tea and some cake before you go back; I could not think of your going without.'

Amy put the key in and opened the door. Afterwards they wondered at finding it shut, but the explanation was simple enough: some one had mistaken the house, and after feeling the number, thought that he had pushed the door open, and so shut it quietly.

(Concluded at page 98.)

THE OPOSSUM.

THIS is one of the most cunning of animals, and, in order to escape, it will often sham death so cleverly that the man who has perhaps wounded it with a gunshot is completely deceived, and after storing it away in his game-bag, or laying it out on the ground as dead, sees it suddenly spring up and scuttle away in safety. The skin is greatly prized by the negroes, who make themselves caps and other garments from it. As an article of food the flesh has its virtues; it tastes very like a tender piece of pork. The smell of the flesh, however, is something of a drawback. The common method adopted amongst the blacks for cooking it is as follows: the creature is skinned and washed, a layer of sweet potatoes is placed at the bottom of a deep cauldron, on which the animal's body is laid; another layer of potatoes is put on top, together with a little fresh lard; salt and pepper are added, and the whole is allowed to simmer for five or six hours. This makes a very good dish—for hungry men, that is! 'Hunger is the best sauce,' they say, and certainly the dainty and over-fed would not be likely to take very kindly to opossum in any form.

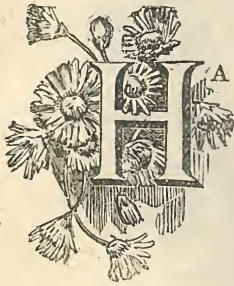
The creature's tail—over a foot long and very like that of a rat—is used in order to enable it to climb trees, or hang from a branch whilst watching for its prey. It can also sleep whilst hanging

by its tail, a most remarkable circumstance. The American negroes are in the habit of going out in large parties at night, with dogs, to hunt the opossum. The dogs get on the scent and run the animal until he takes to a tree, which the negroes then at once attack with their axes; as the tree begins to crack the opossum dives deeper and deeper into the branches. Presently the timber comes crashing to the ground, and the animal along with it; this is the chance for the hunters, who dispatch it with sticks or see it killed by the dogs.

F. R.

'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 87.)



'A! there is the bear!' exclaimed Harry; 'she has a young one on her back.'

'Where?' asked Tom.

'Here, on the limb of this oak, near.'

'What a pretty little young one!' said Bob, as he caught sight of the animal sitting on the limb with the youngster holding

tightly on, like the piccaninny at the blacks' camp on the back of the gin.

'Pity to shoot them,' said Tom; 'could we not get them alive?'

'Oh, yes!' said Harry; 'that is an easy tree to climb.'

It was one of the many large river oaks which grow along the banks, and have branches like pine-trees and thin, wiry foliage, not at all like the English oak in general appearance.

Bob ran up for the tomahawk to the camp, and Harry was soon up the tree as far as the limb on which was the 'bear.' It had ceased its cry on being noticed, but took it up again as soon as Harry began to chop off the limb. The limb was long and thin, and not more than thirty feet from the ground. Harry's intention was to cut deep enough through to make it hang down, bringing the native bear and her infant within reach of Tom's pole. Bob had his bridle rein ready for a strap with which to secure the old one—the young one they could carry in their arms. The koala is a defenceless animal, having none of the qualities of the bear in ferocity, and far more resembling in appearance the sloth of South America.

'Look out, boys! here she comes!' called out Harry, as the limb cracked and bent downwards.

Arthur just then arrived on the scene, having set out the supper and left the billy of tea by the fire.

Harry had been standing on a lower limb while cutting with the tomahawk. Just as he spoke this limb cracked short off, and Harry was sent headlong into the river. As he fell he struck his head heavily on a still lower limb, and then fell into the water. The boys forgot the bear in the sudden excitement of Harry's fall; but Harry struck the water, and

before they had time to think of getting him out, from the opposite bank of the river, some forty feet distant, a black, naked figure was seen to jump into the stream. Harry had sunk; the black dived, and in a few seconds more the boys, who had stood breathless with astonishment at the suddenness of the whole occurrence, saw the black fellow, holding Harry's unconscious body, swim towards them.

Eagerly they helped to lift Harry up the bank, which was about three feet above the water—the river running deep in a long reach just at this spot. Harry was laid on the grass, and the boys began to bring him to consciousness, Tom running to the camp for some brandy. The black stood for a few moments wet and glistening in the evening glow. He did not speak nor stay, but turning, dived back across the stream, threw a rug over his shoulders, and, joined by another, at once disappeared among the trees.

Harry soon recovered.

'Who pulled me out of the river?' he asked.

'A black fellow,' answered Arthur; 'he jumped in from the other side. He came suddenly and left as suddenly.'

'There was another with him; I saw two go away,' said Tom.

'How strange!' said Harry.

'Well, he saved your life, old fellow!' said Arthur; 'I was just going to jump in, but I could not have got you out like that black fellow. You had sunk; I am afraid we would not have got you out at all.'

They were all silent. There was such a mystery about the suddenness of the black fellow's appearance and departure.

'Come, Harry,' said Arthur, 'let us help you up to the camp, and get your clothes off, and we will give you a good rub down.'

'Where is the bear?' said Harry.

'Oh, we didn't think of the bear,' replied Bob.

'There it is!' replied Tom; 'it is high enough now,' and he pointed to the top of the oak-tree, where, in the highest fork, clean against the evening sky, sat the old bear with her young one clinging as before.

'I don't think I will go up again,' said Harry, with a faint attempt at a laugh; 'that limb I was on must have been eaten with grubs; these oaks are full of them. They make grand bait for fish,' he added.

'Oh, I dare say; but come along, do,' said Arthur; and Arthur and Tom helped him, for he was giddy when he tried to walk, while Bob carried the bridles.

They were all still concerned about the black fellow; and after supper, with Harry rolled up snugly in a 'possum rug, they tried to come to some conclusion concerning him.

'He was not one of Betty's tribe,' said Tom, 'for they did not look much like helping us this afternoon.'

All agreed with Tom in this. Then they felt there must be another tribe close by, for it was not very probable that two blacks would be wandering far from their tribe. Tom had said that he had seen two go away. The boys did not relish the presence of a second tribe. Though this one black had done so kind a deed for them, the tribe might act differently. Who could say? So it was decided to

watch through the night. The fire was made up, Harry was made comfortable in the cave, the guns loaded, and Arthur and Tom and Bob watched from the entrance, beguiling the hours and keeping each other awake, chatting of their adventures so far, and of their school and their homes.

Towards morning Bob was drowsy and now and then dozed off.

'Let him sleep; we will manage,' said Tom.

'Yes, we will manage,' said Arthur; and they drew their rugs close about them.

It was broad daylight. Harry awoke, dressed, made the fire, and cooked the breakfast, then walked up to the three sleeping watchers, and shaking Arthur first, said: 'My dear Arthur, would you like breakfast in bed this morning, or will you get up?'

The watchers woke.

'Sorry to disturb you,' continued Harry, 'but I could not wait breakfast any longer.'

The boys laughed awkwardly, feeling ashamed at their having fallen asleep.

It was decided not to go to the lagoons beyond the black camp that day, but to hunt for kangaroos across the ridges behind their own camp.

Almost immediately after setting out, kangaroos were sighted, big bluish-coloured fellows, and small grey 'flyers,' while wallabies darted through the tussocks or the patches of scrub.

The country became wilder, the hills more rugged, and a long gully, which the boys had been following up, narrowed with steeper sides, till it became a ravine. Craggs and overhanging rocks, with dense brush, and some enormous trees lifting their heads to the sunlight above, and a perfect silence among the shadows and the gloom of the ravine, impressed themselves upon the boys, who pushed their way through scrub, or stepped from rock to rock, without a word.

Arthur was in advance. Presently he said, 'Well, boys, there is not much game here; we should have stayed in the more open parts for kangaroos.'

'We are a long way from the camp,' said Tom; 'I propose we put back.'

'Oh, no,' said Harry, 'let us push on and see what this gully ends in. The country is quite different here from the ridges.'

'I would like a drink,' said Bob; 'there is a stream here, surely.'

'There ought to be water at the bottom,' said Harry, so they turned straight down the steep slope, and soon came on the creek. It was quite dry. Its sandy bed, with banks some six or eight feet high, showed no sign of water. They followed it up. The deeper parts in holes here and there were also dry, but dark stains on the boulders in them showed that they had not long before held water.

'Not much appearance of a drink, Bob,' said Harry; 'it is so long since we had any rain.'

They still kept on.

'Is not this a wild place?' exclaimed Tom, 'and not a sound anywhere!'

'I don't suppose any white man was ever here before,' remarked Arthur.

'Most likely not,' said Harry; 'he would have nothing to come for.'

They were keeping on close together. A large limestone boulder was right in front of them.

'There is most likely water there,' said Harry, pointing to the stone.

They made towards it. The rays of the sun struggled down through the branches high overhead, and a faint breeze sent slightly rustling sounds through the leaves, and swayed a loose, half-broken dangling bough, with a dismal creak. Far up above there was sunlight and life, and the twittering of small birds in the bush. Here in the dry bed of the creek was only silence and shadow.

'No water!' said Arthur.

'What is that?' exclaimed Tom, pointing ahead.

An enormous bird sat on a dead limb overhanging the creek. It was tearing the flesh from an animal it held, and was so intent on its meal that the approach of the hunters was not observed.

'Sh—! an eagle,' said Harry. 'You fire, Arthur.'

Steadily Arthur rested his gun over the stone in front and took aim, the boys all watching the result. The loud report rang out, the smoke cleared, and the great bird was flapping its mighty wings, clawing the ground and attempting to rise. All ran to the fallen eagle, when a blow on the head from a stick soon dispatched it.

It was a magnificent specimen, nearly ten feet in the stretch of the wings from tip to tip; a grand trophy, they all agreed.

'What was it eating?' said Bob. It proved to be a koala that had formed the luncheon of the king of birds.

'That reminds me,' said Tom, 'I feel inclined for dinner; what say, boys?'

'No water,' said Bob.

The ravine ended a little further on, the hills rising abruptly.

'There may be some at the head,' said Arthur, and he went to look. He came back without finding any.

'Oh, well! we will dig in the creek,' said Harry, and taking a strong dry stick he began to scrape away the sand. The others looked on, astonished. Soon the sand showed moist.

'Here, come on; lend a hand, you fellows!'

The others joined in; at about three feet down, through very easy sinking of sand and pebbles, they found beautiful water. Shovelling away the sides, and making a round hole with their hands, the water rose a few inches in the bottom, clear and cold.

'Well!' said Tom, 'we would never have thought of that!'

'No, I dare say not,' said Harry, 'but you can get water in all the creeks and water-courses about Terraweena, when they are quite dry to look at; so I thought we would try it here.'

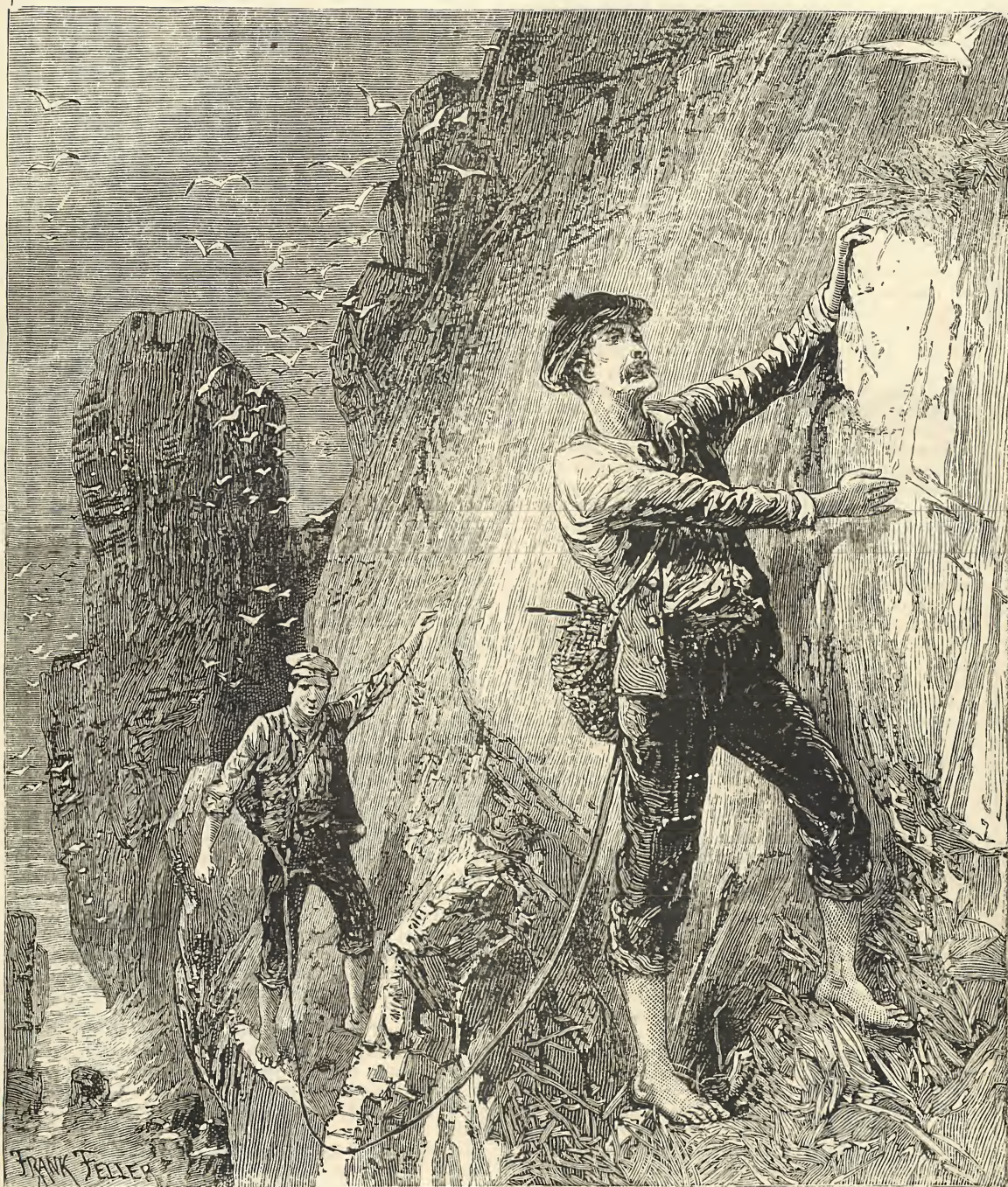
'A man might die of thirst, though, in a creek like this, and never know that he was so near water,' remarked Arthur.

And so, no doubt, many have died, following some dry water-course for miles, becoming more and more exhausted, stumbling on, with parched dry throat and burning skin and reeling head, to fall at last and die, even while the water lies beneath their prostrate bodies.

(Continued at page 102.)



"From the opposite bank a black figure was seen to jump into the stream."



The Egg-hunters of St. Kilda.



THE EGG-HUNTERS OF ST. KILDA.

IN a little lonely island, some hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Scotland, there lives a hardy, simple race, who support themselves mainly by sea-fishing and hunting for the eggs of the wild sea-birds, which nest amongst the beetling rocks.

These strange people live a life of isolation, almost completely cut off from the rest of the world. The island of St. Kilda lies about fifty miles north-west of the Outer Hebrides, and is about three miles long by two broad. Three smaller islands, none of which are inhabited, stand near the principal one; these are called Soa, Borrera, and Doon, and upon their rocks, bare and wind-swept as they are, vast numbers of the sea-birds nest and breed.

In order to carry out their hunt for these birds and their eggs, with the greatest safety possible in so hazardous an enterprise, the St. Kildans work in pairs. They use a long rope made out of raw cow-hide, with which they are coupled together, and then, whilst one cautiously descends the face of the cliff, his comrade, from above, carefully pays out the rope, setting his own feet, meantime, securely against a piece of rock in order to be enabled to resist the sudden shock, should his mate happen to slip and fall. Crawling along treacherous ledges, scaling dizzy heights, and often hanging over the sea, a sheer two or three hundred feet below him, the adventurous wild-fowler of St. Kilda pursues his risky calling. At evening-time, when the work is done, the whole of the 'catch' is brought down and spread out on the rocks below. Here the little community—some sixty to seventy souls—gather about the birds and equally divide them: the old, the lame, and the halt sharing with the men who have actually captured the spoil.

Puffins—perhaps the commonest kind of sea-bird to be found in the British archipelago—are snared here in large numbers by a very simple device. Armed with a long rod, to which a horsehair noose is fastened, the fowler creeps slowly and cautiously towards where the puffins are sitting. The birds are very foolish and much more trustful of the enemy, man, than most of their tribe, and they let the snarer approach until, by a quick, dexterous turn of the hand, the noose is dropped over the bird's head.

Solon geese also breed upon these rocky islands, and vast numbers of them are slain in midnight forays by the fowlers.

Of course this terribly dangerous calling cannot be pursued without accidents; and many fatal ones have happened to the brave St. Kildans at different times, such as a man missing his foothold, or a rope breaking under a sudden strain; but on the whole, the islander, by reason of his being used to rough climbing and feats of strength from his early childhood, stands a fair chance of ending his days in his bed.

There is only one regular boat a year calling at St. Kilda; but of late years, as a rule, some four or five boats have been run from Glasgow for the purpose of taking visitors to the island; it is a rough passage, more often than not, and lying as it does exposed to all the fury of the North Atlantic gales, it may well be imagined that ships give these rocks a wide berth. There is nothing in the shape of a harbour, and the labour of hauling boats ashore is a serious one.

F. R.

PATIENCE AND WATER-GRUEL.

(Concluded from page 93.)



IT was very dark, and Mrs. West shivered a little. 'Derry dear,' she called out, 'we have come at last; were you very frightened?'

Of course, there was no answer. Amy, with a trembling hand, struck a light, and then looked round half expecting to see Derrick on the floor in a fit. Mrs. West ran upstairs calling anxiously, but it took very little time to see that the boy was not anywhere there. The back door was fastened, Amy had done that before she went upstairs to dress; Derrick's little hat and coat hung in the hall, the stick they had used for a bat was in the corner, and Alfred stumbled over the ball on the stairs.

'My boy, my boy,' moaned Mrs. West, catching at the banisters and turning very white.

'Don't you be alarmed, mum, we will soon find him; he can't be far off,' said Alfred Bacon, cheerfully, though he was very much perplexed.

'What shall we do? where can we look for him?' asked Mrs. West, turning to the boy for advice in her grief and fear. Amy had no word of comfort for her, though she, with tears raining down her cheeks, was trying to get the kitchen fire to burn up, that she might make a cup of tea for her mistress.

Alfred was thinking hard. 'I know what is best,' he said at last. 'I will go to the police station; it is not a bit of use trying to find him in the streets, you might pass him a hundred times, but the police will be sure to find him, and take jolly good care of him, too. I had a fine time with them once when I got lost.'

His tone of conviction brought some comfort to the poor mother. 'I will go with you,' she said.

'No, mum, begging your pardon, you won't do no such thing; you stay and get a cup of tea comfortable, and I shall get along a deal quicker alone.'

He sped off in spite of the fog, and Amy applied herself to looking after her mistress. Mrs. West tried, for Amy's sake, to drink the tea, but the first mouthful seemed to choke her, and she put down the cup, and wandered about the house.

'Suppose the boy should not come back,' she said, suddenly, 'there would be all this time lost.'

'Oh, he will come back,' said Amy, glad to be able say something comforting.

'I hope so, but I wish I had insisted on going with him. There is some one coming now.'

They hurried to the door, and found Alfred accompanied by a policeman whom he had interested in the case. The man, though greatly puzzled at the disappearance of the child, could yet hold out solid comfort to the mother. Derrick could not have been drowned, as there was no water at hand, and if he had been hurt and taken to the hospital, they would hear very quickly. 'You may depend upon it, ma'am,' he concluded, 'the little chap was frightened and went out, then he would lose his way directly, and most likely some one is kindly taking care of him till the fog clears.'

That was what they hoped, though the sight of the little hat and coat in the hall made Mrs. West doubt whether Derrick had gone out on purpose. The policeman and Alfred Bacon departed together, though the latter said that he should be back again before long.

'Do try and rest a bit, ma'am,' urged Amy; 'you won't be fit to welcome Derry when he comes back.'

Mrs. West suffered herself to be covered upon the couch. Amy made up cheerful fires, and had lights all over the house, and there was nothing else to do but wait. The poor girl was deeply ashamed when she caught herself nodding, quite worn out with sorrow and anxiety, and she pulled herself together and stood up, looking guiltily at her mistress.

'Yes, go to sleep if you can, poor child,' said Mrs. West, so kindly that she broke into a passion of tears, and was fully aroused.

'If—anything happens to him, I couldn't go on living,' she said, wildly.

'Oh, hush, Amy! I have been thinking that God loves him better than I do, and will care for him, wherever he is, so that even if what we call the worst has happened, I will try not to grieve too much.'

Her voice quivered at the last words, but she spoke with great steadiness and sweetness.

Amy looked at her with an awe that quieted her.

'And,' went on Mrs. West, with a little attempt at cheerfulness, 'perhaps it will be the best, and not the worst.' She went to the window, and pulled the blind aside. 'The fog has cleared away,' she exclaimed, and Amy could see the dark outline of the houses opposite; the yellow blur had gone from the lamps, and one star shone down peacefully. Just then the clock in the church at the end of the road struck ten, and the listeners drew a long breath. There were very few people about; one or two cabs rattled by noisily, the policeman who passed at regular intervals looked at the lighted house, and was on the alert for any news of the lost child.

'It is going to stop!' cried out Amy, and flew to the door as a cab which had slackened its pace drew up and stopped.

The cab-door was flung open, there was a bound, a cry of joy, and Derrick was in his mother's arms. 'Mother, mother! I have found you!' he cried.

They got indoors somehow, and then saw that a grey-haired gentleman, who limped painfully, was with them, as well as Alfred Bacon and the friendly policeman, who had arrived just as the cab drew up; so there seemed quite a crowd, and at first no one asked for or gave any explanations.

'You brought him back,' Mrs. West said to the grey-haired gentleman, as she held Derrick close; 'how can I thank you?'

'I wish I could have brought him before,' he answered; 'but it was not safe till the fog cleared off, though I knew you must be most anxious.'

'I did want you so, mother!' said Derrick, giving her a little squeeze; 'but I really and truly didn't cry hardly at all. I remembered "patience and water-gruel."'

Mrs. West looked puzzled, as well she might, and Derrick tried to explain. 'It was what Amy said, and I thought about it, and thought patience was the waiting and water-gruel the knocking.'

Major Morecambe, the gentleman who had brought Derrick home, interposed. 'He is a gallant little fellow, madam, and you may well be proud of him: it was enough to frighten a much bigger boy. It seems he went outside to look for you, and lost his way at once, and wandered further and further away. The house next door to mine is being done up, and the workmen must have left the lower door unfastened; your little lad somehow fell against it, and in trying to get out must have shut the door, which he could not open again. He knocked and waited, but though we heard his knocks, we did not notice them much for some time, till at last my daughter asked me to go and see, and there we found this brave little fellow.' Major Morecambe cleared his throat, and turned aside quickly as he called to mind the picture of the little boy, sitting there waiting so patiently for some one to come and help him.

'Now you see why patience and water-gruel helped me, don't you, mother dear?' asked Derrick.

'Indeed, he has given us a lesson we may all well take to heart,' said the Major; 'to do what we can, and leave results in higher hands without fretting.'

'Were you not frightened, my Derry?' asked Mrs. West, tenderly.

'A little! Put your ear down, and I will whisper it. I remembered that God can see just as well in the dark, and that He was looking at me, and really taking care of me, though I couldn't see anything.'

All in the room heard the loud whisper, and a silence followed. Were some of those present wondering a little that the thought of the All-seeing Eye brought such comfort to the child? The policeman was the first to speak. 'Well, ma'am, I am very glad it has ended so happily; we had best go now, and you must try and get a little rest.'

'You have all been so kind,' said Mrs. West, looking round; 'I wish I knew how to thank you.'

But nobody wanted thanks. Alfred Bacon was executing a little dance in the passage, unseen by all but Amy; he came in again to say good-bye, and then departed with the policeman.



Finding the Lost Child.

'You mustn't let me lose sight of my little friend,' said Major Morecambe; 'he is just the kind of little lad I like to know. He has my card in his pocket. He tells me he has to be alone a good deal; we must take some walks together, if you will lend him to me, madam. I will show him some of the sights of London.'

'It will be a great pleasure to him,' said Mrs. West.

'Now, my young friend, let me have your shoulder to help me out to the cab,' said the Major, and Derrick started forward eagerly. 'I must see whether your remedy of patience and water-gruel will not be good for my gout.'



CASHMERE GOATS.

SEVERAL beautiful varieties of the goat are found in different parts of the East, and one of these, shown in our illustration, is the famous goat of Cashmere. Probably the species ought rather to be called the Thibet goat, for that country appears to be its home. No doubt they came to be associated with Cashmere because from that district shawls made from the wool of these goats were sent off to these Western lands. The Cashmere goat has long, silky wool next the skin, over which is a coarser hair, of a greyish colour. Before the weather gets warm in spring this wool is carefully shorn, all the long, hard hairs being picked out. On the hills the goats are

mostly reddish brown; then, rather lower down, they become yellow, and farther south still, of a creamy white. They are valuable, not only for their wool, but on account of the rich milk they give, and the flesh tastes like venison. Their food is generally rather of a dry nature—aromatic plants, a sort of heath, and they also browse on buds or small twigs.

On the Himalaya mountains there is found a goat with black wool, much prized for shawls and carpets. But of all the goats that of Angora is the handsomest, its white hair being in long ringlets, while its horns are spiral and black.

J. R. S. C.

'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 95.)

HE boys were seated enjoying their luncheon, with the eagle lying near, when Tom observed, 'There seems to be a hole in the opposite hill, just below that grassy patch.'

The others looked in the direction to which Tom pointed.

'So there is,' said Bob.

Tom went over the creek and ascended to the spot.

The others were not very interested, and went on with their luncheon. Tom reached the opening. A ledge of rock, on which the grass grew, with a covering of soil, projected slightly: under it was a hole about two or three feet square. Tom looked in, but there was not light enough to penetrate far. He crawled in; then, as soon as the light failed, he took some matches from his pockets, and struck one to get a better view. He found the roof high enough to stand upright, and the width increasing. He walked a few paces further, lighted another match, and before him stretched a magnificent spectacle, a million glittering points of light, as if from diamonds, gleamed above him; but—whirr, whirr, whirr, flap, flap, something came rushing all about him. Tom made for the mouth, fell over, bruising his hands and knees, crawled through the opening and rolled down the slope in front, while several bats, blinded by the light, followed him.

'Tom has disappeared,' Harry had just remarked; 'he must have gone into the hole.'

It was at the very instant that Tom rolled forth.

'Then he is coming out again pretty quick,' said Arthur, laughing, and the three boys rushed up the bank to Tom, to see what was the matter.

'It is a cave,' said Tom, out of breath, 'but something put out my light.'

'And put you out too,' said Arthur, at which they all burst out laughing, Tom's exit had been so ludicrous.

'Bats!' said Harry. 'A cave would be just the place for them.'

'I dare say,' said Tom.

'Let us all go in,' said Arthur. 'As you have been in, Tom, you had better lead the way.'

So in file, on hands and knees, they entered. When they reached the wider part they all stood together, and each held matches.

'The light is not good enough,' said Arthur; 'it does not let us see very far.'

Their voices sent an echo far away through the vaults of blackest darkness.

'Let us cooey,' suggested Bob.

Bob put all his force into that cooey; had he been hopelessly lost in the bush, his life depending on his being heard, he could not have cooeyed with greater

energy, and the sense of something like fear of the unknown that pervaded their position added to its force. Far through those halls, unseen it went, echoing and re-echoing, caught in this chamber and resounding through that long aisle, to die away fainter and fainter in the dark beyond. The silence was the more oppressive when the last sound was gone.

'We must be in a very large cave,' said Harry.

'Probably a great number of caves,' suggested Tom. 'Listen to the echoes,' and he cooeyed again, and again and again the echoes came, and died away as before.

The matches were becoming exhausted, and besides, so little could be seen by the light they gave, that it was not deemed wise to explore farther. There was light enough, however, to show the boys the splendour of the walls and pillars over their heads. They decided to return to the camp, and come back next day fully equipped to explore the caves.

The afternoon sun had dropped behind the hills before they were out of the hollow, making it more dark and weird than ever, and all felt a sense of relief when once more they were out in the open, when the strange oppression seemed to lift. The caves, and the prospects for exploration which they offered, were now the absorbing topic.

The eagle proved no light burden, and, along with the goodly number of kangaroo skins, made a load of which they were very happy to relieve themselves when they reached 'home,' for the camp seemed so familiar and comfortable after the adventures of the day that they called it home. Arthur undertook to skin and preserve the eagle, while the others prepared supper. Harry was about to make up the fire, when he stopped and stared, holding the bundle of leaves and bark in his arms. In the dead ashes of the camp fire, standing upright, and stuck well into the ground, was a spear! It was too upright to have been thrown and to light in that position. Evidently it had been placed there. A feeling of fear crept through Harry's every nerve. The spear stood before him a silent monitor. Was it a warning for them to leave? He thought of the sudden appearance and disappearance of the black who had rescued him from the river the night before. Looking carefully, the footprints of bare feet were visible among the loose dust and ashes about the fire. Should he call the others? He looked round: Arthur was busy on the eagle, hurrying in the fading light that he might not have to work after dark; Bob was coming up from the river with water; and Tom, gaily whistling, having set out the pannikins and plates, was cutting up the damper. Harry drew the spear out of the ground, broke it in pieces across his knee, and putting it with the leaves and bark, lighted the fire. Then, from behind a neighbouring gum, a tall black figure stepped quickly away, unseen. Harry decided to say nothing to his companions just then.

That night round the fire the boys made torches, a plentiful supply. They melted fat in the frying-pan, and dipped in long strips of cloth, tearing up every-

thing which they could do without while in camp. Then they wound these strips on the ends of sticks about two feet long; fortunately too, Harry had brought a small bottle of turpentine (so commonly in use at all stations), and this they packed up with the torches.

They had also two pounds of candles, of which, preferring to sit and talk by the light of the fire, they had not yet made use.

'We will be all right for lights, Harry,' said Arthur.

'Yes,' assented Harry. 'Let us "turn in" now; we have a long day before us to-morrow.'

He had been unusually silent all the evening; often he could see in imagination that spear standing upright in the ashes. The others had laughed and joked, and twitted him with his unusual silence. All through the night he slept but little. He dozed now and then, only to wake with a start and listen. But no sound save the melancholy continuous call of the mopoke, and once the distant howl of a dingo, came to his ear. Towards morning he dropped asleep and was the last to wake. When he got up he found that the others had everything ready for a start, and the breakfast was well under way.

'Our turn this morning,' said Arthur cheerfully; 'but I thought that you did not seem very well last night, so we let you sleep it out a little.'

'Thanks, old fellow!'

The sun was up, some little birds were chattering and hopping about near, and everything was so bright and cheery with such joyousness, that all the anxieties of the night were dispelled, and Harry was soon himself once more. The spear might mean nothing after all.

The boys started off and reached the entrance to the caves sooner than they expected, but they knew the way better this time.

Outside the opening they poured a little turpentine on the torches, lighted one for each, and then entered. They soon reached as far as they had been the day before, and now, with the greatly increased light, the glory of their surroundings burst upon them. Here was a mighty vault, a subterranean temple; the floor was fairly even. Here and there stood pinnacles of varying heights; above, from the ceiling, glistening as with gems in the torch-lights, hung pendants, and here, amid the gloom, there rose before the astonished visitors four mighty columns; beyond these the passage narrowed, and the floor became uneven. Here were masses of purest alabaster, stained with lovely hues from waters which for countless ages had slowly permeated them with the dyes of copper and of iron. The boys were at a loss for words to express their admiration. Their footsteps sounded through the echoing halls. Dark gloom beyond, and behind the columns and the pillars, the blackness of blackest night.

Across this wonderland the boys passed, and the descent became more rapid and more rugged. On they went till they ceased to wonder. Passing down a passage more narrow than the rest, a cold current of air was felt. They turned a corner, and then they heard the sound of gurgling water. The torch-lights showed a stream a few feet wide, and shallow;

gliding gently, then falling, a short distance away, over the edge of a precipice, into a gloom darker than ever. Into what unknown depths did those waters flow?

'Let us turn back now,' said Arthur. 'Is not all we have seen magnificent?'

'Grand indeed!' the others replied, their thoughts too big for words.

They turned away along a narrow passage. Soon they heard no more the sound of falling waters. They did not stay to examine and admire as they had done on entering. They all felt seized with a desire to once more see the sunlight and be free. They crossed several caves.

'We ought to have reached the one with the giant figure in it, by this,' said Tom.

'I have been thinking so for some time,' said Bob.

Arthur and Harry did not speak; they stopped and looked in each other's faces, and all four saw there, only too plainly, what fears had occupied their minds for some little time, though none would give them utterance.

'Lost!' said Bob, the agony of his one word being intense.

At the word and the awfulness of the pain in its expression the others started panic-struck. Bob was standing opposite Arthur, his face clear and distinct in the torch-light.

Arthur soon recovered himself: 'Nonsense, Bob!' he said.

It was the old habitual remark so often made by Arthur to Bob; they had all heard it many a time—at studies, or when Bob would be hotly defending some ridiculous idea. Its effect was wonderful, the great fear was allayed.

'Let us take our bearings, if possible,' continued Arthur.

So they sat down calmly and discussed their position.

'We went wrong at first,' said Harry; 'we came back along a passage near the one we had traversed, not the actual one; it was so much the same that we did not notice, but I remember now, it turned away to the right.'

'That is so,' said Arthur; 'I believe it did.'

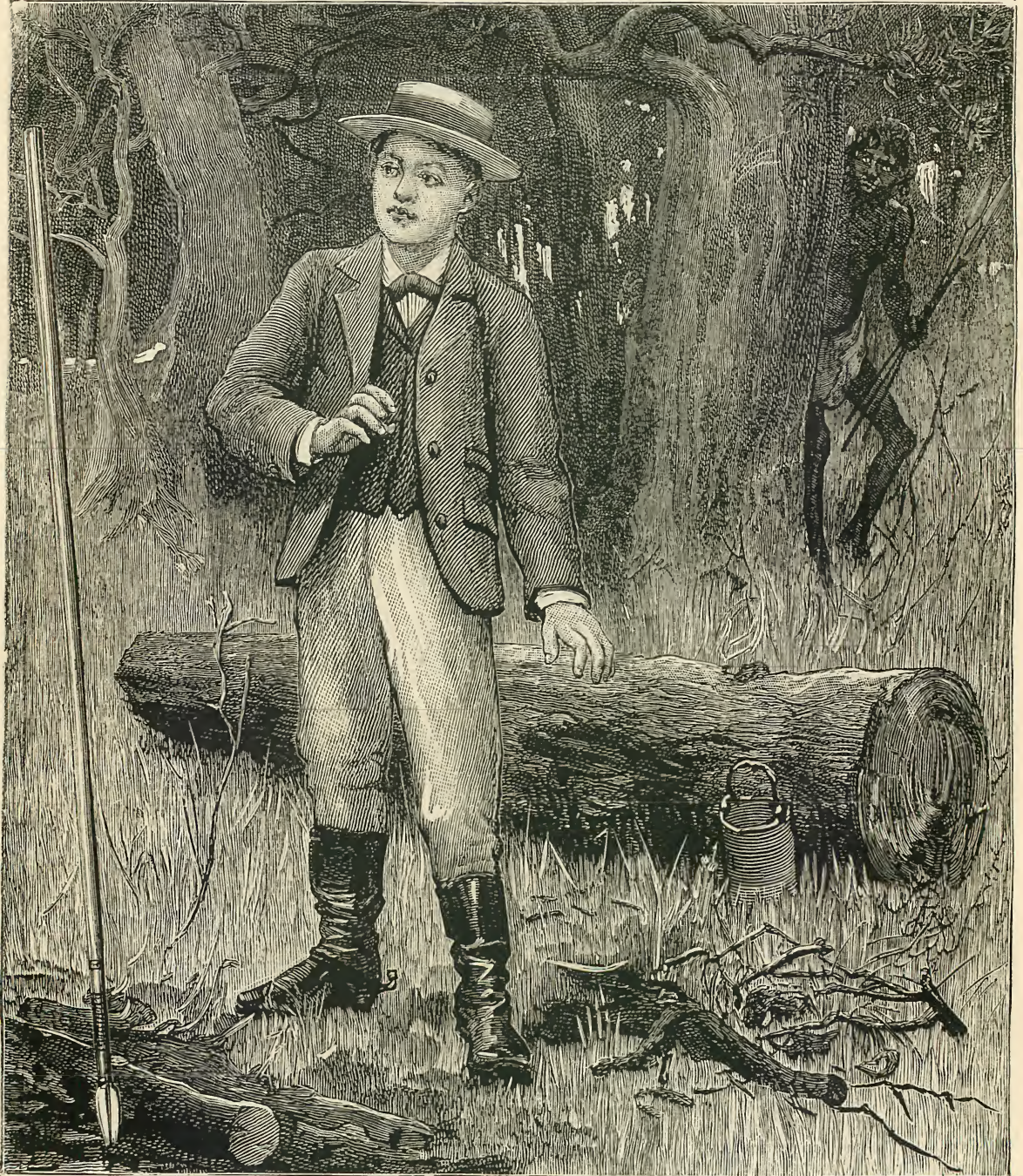
So they decided to take the first opening that presented itself to the left.

With anxious hearts and straining eyes they set out. Soon they came upon a passage almost at right angles to the one they were travelling. This passage went left. They turned down it, for it began to descend. It was rough, and the travelling more difficult than before, the descent becoming sharper. They were almost turning back.

Harry suggested it.

'No,' said Arthur, 'we will go a little farther. Suddenly the descent ceased, and there—yes! far away it was—yes! it was the sunlight showing! What a wild glad shout rang out through those mighty vaults, as with hurrying stumbling feet the boys dashed forward, pushed away the brush which grew about the opening, and stood exhausted, with beating hearts, once more in the glorious sunlight, with the blue vault of heaven overhead.

(Continued at page 110.)



"The spear stood before him a silent monitor. Was it a warning?"



John Stark running the Gauntlet.

HOW JOHN STARK RAN THE GAUNTLET.



DAVID STINSON, Amos Eastman, William and John Stark, were enterprising young hunters, who in the year A.D. 1752 paddled their canoes up the Merrimac River. After passing the last log-hut which told of the presence of a white man, they went on forty miles farther. Entering a small stream now called Baker's River, they built a camp on its bank, and set traps for the beavers which were then busily constructing their dams.

One day the hunters made an unpleasant discovery. They saw the tracks of Indians in the woods.

Upon this, they decided to take up their traps and leave as quietly and quickly as possible, for they were aware that the Indians claimed the whole country as *their* hunting-ground. But it was already too late! When John Stark went to remove his traps, he was suddenly confronted by several Indians, and made a prisoner. These redskins had travelled some distance; they had come from the Canadian village of St. Francis, and were on their way to plunder the settlements on the Merrimac. They knew nothing of John's companions in the camp close by, and he took care not to inform them.

But the other white men grew anxious, asking each other, 'Why is John absent so long?'

One made a suggestion, 'Perhaps he is lost. Suppose we fire a gun.'

The gun was fired. Its report rejoiced the hearts of the Indians, for it told them that there were more prisoners to be had. Stealing through the woods—dragging John with them—they came upon his three companions. William Stark and Stinson were in a boat; Eastman was on shore. The Indians seized the latter.

'Pull to the opposite shore!' shouted John to the two who were afloat.

Bang! went the guns of the Indians. Stinson fell dead. A bullet split the paddle held by John's brother, but he leaped to the other bank, and managed to escape. Enraged at this disappointment, the Indians gave John a thrashing, but he only laughed in their faces. Then they took the hunter's beaver-skins, guns, and traps, piled them upon John and Eastman, and made for their canoes. They intended taking their prisoners to their village on the St. Lawrence.

Wearisome was the journey to the two hunters, laden with their weighty packs. John, however, being young, strong, and brave, kept up his spirits. He did not think that the Indians meant to kill them—they could make more profit out of them in another way.

The Indian village of St. Francis was an assemblage of wretched cabins and wigwams. The

Indians dwelling here were nominally Christians—converts of the Jesuit fathers who had been working amongst their tribe for many years. But their savage, blood-thirsty nature remained unchanged, and they were never happier than when plundering, killing, and scalping some defenceless settlers.

Great were the rejoicings in the village over the return of the braves with their prisoners. It was decided that the latter should run the gauntlet.

To 'run the gauntlet' means running between two files of Indians armed with clubs and sticks, each one to strike a blow at the runner as he passes.

The Indians—not the men only, but squaws and children also—formed themselves in two lines about four feet apart. The elder prisoner, Eastman, was the first to run. Whack! whack! went the clubs and sticks. He was beaten black and blue.

Then it was John's turn.

John Stark, at this time thirty years of age, was tall and broad-shouldered. He had muscles like springs of steel, a will of iron, and was very quick to think and act. The Indians expected some fun in bringing down their cudgels upon those broad shoulders.

John began his run. In an instant he had snatched the cudgel from the hands of the first Indian, and swung it, with the strength of a giant, above his head. He knocked the Indians about right and left; they went down before him like the Philistines before Samson. Very soon they took to their heels, and John, having thus broken up the gauntlet, marched as a conqueror over the ground. Instead of being enraged, the Indians were greatly pleased with his prowess. This sort of thing was to their taste.

At midsummer they took John into a field, ordering him to hoe corn with the squaws. He gave a few strokes, cutting up weeds and corn together, doing all the damage he could. Then he flung the hoe into the river.

'Squaws hoe corn,' said he; 'braves fight.' The Indians patted him on the shoulder, and cried, 'Bono! bono!' (Good! good!)

It is the Indian idea that women were made to work, men to fight. Their wives are their drudges. When they wish to humble their prisoners, they put them to work with the women.

John Stark was artful. Thoroughly understanding the Indians' character, he acted accordingly, and so delighted his captors that they wanted him to become one of themselves.

'We will make you chief,' said they. And the chief said, 'You be my son. I give you my daughter.'

But to these proposals John replied: 'No, thank you!' Nevertheless, he remained on friendly terms with the Indians, and kept his eyes and ears open, learning all he could of their ways. Among other things, they showed him how to follow a trail over the dead leaves of a forest—how the leaves would be turned up at the edges, or pressed down harder where men had set their feet. He observed how cowardly they were when things went against them, and how wily they were in stealing upon the foe. He learned a little of their language. He did not

object to go deer-hunting with them, but he steadily refused to work.

Thus the Indians set a much higher value upon this prisoner than upon his companion, Eastman; and when friends sent money to ransom them, they asked only sixty dollars for Eastman, and one hundred for John! The money was duly paid; then the two men were sent to Montreal, and thence to Albany.

E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

18.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

THINK of a word which rhymes to *corn*.

1. Is it often heard in the hunting field?
No, it is not a —
2. Is it the early morning?
No, it is not the —
3. Is it an unpleasant accompaniment to a beautiful flower?
No, it is not a —
4. Is it to give notice of danger?
No, it is not to —
5. Is it departed?
No, it is not —
6. Is it a graceful young animal?
No, it is not a —
7. Is it a grassy plain?
No, it is not a —
8. Is it a bad way of raising money?
No, it is not to —
9. Is it an imaginary creature?
No, it is not a —
10. Is it very desolate and lonely?
No, it is not —
11. Is it deprived of a natural outer covering?
No, it is not —
12. Is it the first part of the day?
No, it is not the —
13. Is it the effect of long use?
No, it is not —
14. Is it cut with a dentated instrument?
No, it is not —
15. Is it a delicate woven fabric?
No, it is not —
16. Is it the effects of rough usage?
No, it is not —
17. Is it what I hope you will not do before you come to the end of this?
Yes, it is to —

C. C.

19.—CONUNDRUMS.

Rivers in England.

1. WHAT river in England runs between two seas?
2. A material for ladies' dresses.
3. The most sensitive part of the human frame transposed.
4. My first reversed makes a bright colour, my second is the past tense of a verb of motion.
5. A little irregular verb repeated.
6. Beheaded I am an agreeable excursion, but transposed I am changed into evening parties.
7. Beheaded I am what no lady likes in her dress; leave out one letter, and I form a movable habitation; leave out two letters, and you double my number.
8. Add a letter to the beginning, and you will see a habitation.
9. A natural period of time transposed.

C. C.

20.—PROVERBS WITH VOWELS OMITTED.

1. L, D, B, R, D, S, R, N, T, C, G, H, T, W, T, H, C, H, F, F.
2. P, R, D, W, L, L, H, V, F, L, L.
3. N, T, H, N, G, V, N, T, R, N, T, H, N, G, H, V.
4. N, V, R, P, T, F, F, T, L, L, T, M, R, R, W, W, H, T, Y, C, N, D, T, D, Y.
5. N, G, D, T, R, N, D, S, R, V, S, N, T, H, R.
6. D, R, W, N, N, G, M, N, W, L, L, C, T, C, H, T, S, T, R, W.
7. C, T, S, N, G, L, V, S, N, V, R, C, T, C, H, M, C.
8. H, N, D, S, M, S, T, H, T, H, N, D, S, M, D, S.
9. T, S, L, N, G, L, N, T, H, T, H, S, N, T, R, N, N, G.
10. L, V, M, L, V, M, Y, D, G.
11. L, S, T, S, D, S, N, S, T, M, N, D, D.
12. R, M, W, S, N, T, B, L, T, N, D, Y.

C. C.

[Answers at page 123.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|----------|------------|-----------|------------|
| 16.—(A.) | (B.) | (C.) | (D.) |
| 1. Dane. | 1. Letter. | 1. Power. | 1. Nettle. |
| 2. Jane. | 2. Better. | 2. Tower. | 2. Settle. |
| 3. Lane. | 3. Setter. | 3. Cower. | 3. Mettle. |
| 4. Cane. | 4. Fetter. | 4. Sower. | 4. Kettle. |
| 5. Bane. | | 5. Dower. | |
| 6. Vane. | | 6. Lower. | |
| 7. Fane. | | 7. Rower. | |
| 8. Mane. | | 8. Bower. | |
-
- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|----------------|
| 17.—1. Suffolk. | 6. Biscay. | 12. Siberia. |
| 2. Lowestoft. | 7. Corsica. | 13. Guernsey. |
| 3. Russia. | 8. Portugal. | 14. Apennines. |
| 4. Orkneys. | 9. Algiers. | 15. Mersey. |
| 5. Jamaica. | 10. Majorca. | 16. Shannon. |
| | 11. Madrid. | |

A BIT OF OLD LONDON.

OUR illustration represents one of many places in Old London, which, once a highly aristocratic neighbourhood, is now a home for the very poorest in the land. Many things may account for the change; it may be excessive building of a bad style of property around the great houses, of fashion decreeing that such-and-such a place is not genteel to live in, and so forth. The sure, though rapid, spreading of the great London to what were, in former days, green fields and country lanes, affords some reason why such things are. It is not so very long ago that the limits of a noted hunting country (Lord Berkeley's) stretched from Bristol to Wormwood Scrubs, and the first Lord Berkeley used to kennel his hounds at Charing Cross and hunt in Gray's Inn Fields and round about Islington. In such places as Cheapside, Aldgate, and St. Helen's, rich and reputable merchants used to have their private houses, and many of the most eminent men in the City, merchants and tradesmen, dwelt over their counting-houses in the busy London streets. But all that is changed now. No City men stay longer at their offices or counting-houses than business compels them to do; they hurry away to the suburbs, the near country of some ten or fifteen miles away, or, in many cases, even to the sea at Brighton. 'The old order changeth,' and in no more striking a manner is it apparent than in the gradual decay of what used, at one time, to be the dwellings of the rich.

F. R.



A Bit of Old London.

DOGS IN WAITING.

ALMOST any day, outside the fashionable 'Stores' of the West End of London, may be observed a very mixed company of dogs, waiting whilst their masters and mistresses are making their purchases within. If dogs have a language—and surely such intelligent beasts must have some way of communicating their thoughts to each other,

even though they cannot speak—what a rare chance this would be to form a 'Canine Club!' with Mr. Bulldog as Chairman of the Committee! Water-troughs and Spratt's biscuits served at all hours, with milk and chicken-bones for the pampered lady's pets!

In our picture the bull-dog has already, in some mysterious way, got rid of his muzzle, so perhaps he is making ready for the club meal. This group also



Dogs in Waiting at the Stores.

contains a white poodle—a most distinguished and aristocratic-looking person; here is a greyhound in a long coat, carefully wrapped and fastened around him; a fox-terrier, all life and movement; and a King Charles spaniel, with his funny little tip-tilted nose and long, silky ears. Frequent quarrels, I regret to say, take place amongst them, for in this particular, dogs are very foolish: they always seem

ready for a fight. That is not the way to get on in life, as we all know; and why dogs should be always seeking occasion to squabble with their fellows is one of those mysteries which no one seems able to fathom.

Perhaps this enforced companionship at the 'Stores' will do something to refine their natures and make them more peace-loving.

F. R.

'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 103.)



HIS is not where we entered,' said Harry.

'No!' replied Arthur.

They were on the other side of the range of hills and much lower. A small stream ran past them towards the level country in which the long slopes of hills terminated. This stream flowed out from the hill, its waters were very

cold; the boys, going to it to drink, discovered its source as it issued not far from the opening through which they had escaped from what had promised at one time to be a terrible imprisonment.

'This is the stream which we saw in the caves,' said Arthur; 'how different it appears now!'

'Is it not wonderful?' said Tom.

'Awful, too!' said Bob; 'where the waterfall seemed the most terrifying part: I did not feel any fear till we got there.'

'It did seem terrible, Bob, indeed!' said Harry, 'to see the waters leap into the darkness and hear the splash from below; but out here now we can laugh at all that.'

They climbed the hill-side, and soon from the crown they saw the trees near their camp. They had made an important discovery; they would have something more to boast than a goodly stock of skins as trophies of their expedition.

Returned to the camp, Harry looked carefully for any further signs of any one having been there; but no spear stood upright in the ashes that evening—no impress of naked feet marked the dust.

The next day was Sunday. There was nothing here to denote the Sabbath; the hush of the Australian bush is not of the Sabbath alone, it is every day. The blacks know no Day of Rest. They know no story of a wonderful creation and a Great Creator—they must eat, therefore they must hunt, and the days have no distinction for them. Far from settled parts, where newspapers rarely reach, in the great 'out back,' the few white settlers even have been known to lose calculation of the days of the week, and Sunday has been celebrated by a stoppage of work and a general lounge, combined with a change of apparel, on a week-day. The shepherd—now a fast-vanishing figure from the stage of Australian progress (owing to the enclosure by fences of the runs)—what had he to mark the days? Man marks the passage of time for his convenience, but Nature knows no time, and Nature is all that the shepherd ever sees. His sheep feed alike on the Sunday and the week-day, and he and his dogs rise in the morning and let the flock from its yard, and wander away from solitude into solitude, day by day, the same and ever the same. A newspaper a year old is as interesting as one of yesterday. What concern has this man in the affairs of the city where the ships come and go? It is more important to him that he have plenty of rations and tobacco.

The next day at the camp was occupied in tidying up. After dinner Bob climbed to the top of a large rock near, and sat sunning himself.

'Hello, Harry!' he suddenly called out.

'Hello!' responded Harry.

'I can see a black fellow down by the river, near where you fell in.'

Harry started. The mysterious black again! He and Arthur and Tom went up to Bob.

As they looked where he directed them they saw another black fellow following the first. They were travelling slowly down-stream away from the camp. Soon others appeared—men unclothed, then increasing numbers, women and piccaninnies. Rather slowly on they marched in broken order, gliding stately in their unhampered strides. The boys from their vantage-ground watched them pass. There were fully four hundred; they took some time to pass. Now and again some would stop and look across the river towards the boys' camp, and then go on. The tribe went away beyond 'the junction,' evidently intending to camp near the lagoons, where Bōōli Belangalang's tribe had already taken up its winter quarters.

'There will be ructions, I expect,' said Harry, 'if these fellows encroach on Bōōli's special hunting-grounds.'

'They might go on farther,' suggested Arthur, 'when they find the place occupied.'

'Oh, they know who is there,' said Harry. 'Some of them have been on ahead to spy out the country.'

'That would account for the two we saw here, then,' said Arthur.

'Yes, no doubt,' said Harry, 'we thought at the time that they were not of Betty's tribe.'

But Harry said nothing of the spear. He regarded that as a bad omen. He would watch events.

'They are not all gone yet,' exclaimed Tom; 'here is one coming.'

The black approaching was not tall, he was also fat,—'a good beer-barrel stomach,' as Bob expressed it. He was barefooted, as all are, but not bare-headed. His black head was adorned by a chimney-pot hat of undeniable modern manufacture, a little battered, it is true, but a chimney-pot for all that.

He wore it perched on sideways, and was evidently fully aware of the distinction which its appearance gave to him. His coat was a swallow-tail, that is, it had been; one tail was now absent, the other, however, was intact, and, as it was fairly ample, it did duty for two. The coat was out at elbows also, and bore traces, in varying stains, of having been worn at several carousals. A cotton shirt and a pair of tweed trousers, decidedly aged, completed the outfit.

'He is in evening dress!' laughed Harry.

'Going to dine out, perhaps,' said Tom.

They were all laughing, but the black solemnly advanced, took off his hat and bowed.

'Good ev'ning, genilmen.'

'Good evening, sir,' said Bob, lifting his hat, and bowing with equal politeness, at which the black laughed heartily. The boys looked at him for an instant; then, suppressing their inclination to laugh outright at the grotesque appearance he presented, Harry said, 'What's your name? Where you from?'

'Me King Billy, com' along a Blayney!'

'What you doing here?' Harry asked.

Billy explained. He had come to see his tribe—his was Betty's tribe, and he had fallen in with the tribe that had just passed on that morning. He spoke English very well. 'Had evidently moved in good society,' Bob said. They had seen none to equal this black fellow in all their trip. Bob regarded him as highly funny.

'Have some 'bacca, Billy?' asked Tom.

Billy lifted his hat and bowed again.

'Much obliged! real genilmen, sir!' he said, and laughed.

Arthur got him some 'tucker' too, and, bowing and smiling, Billy took himself off. Before replacing his hat he carefully rubbed it round with the sleeve of his coat—the wrong way, Bob and the others laughing heartily.

'King Billy' was indeed 'a character.' He was not really a king, like Belangalang; his was a courtesy title. Every one knew him as 'King Billy,' no one inquired into his claim to the distinction.

Billy knew he was no king, but if people were willing to believe him to be such, well let them, he did not lose.

King Billy's headquarters were Blayney; often, however, he went to other towns. He pitched his gunyah just outside the town, leaving it at breakfast time and not returning often till midnight. He hung about the hotels, held horses, acted the fool, or begged for a shilling. Sometimes when trade was dull he cut wood, but he never was given to cutting much, it was a 'charity job,' and he responded on charity lines. He never, under any circumstances, owned a dog that stole meat from the butcher's, or the hotel kitchen, or in any way got itself into trouble; he was the very first, if the dog was detected, to stone it away. 'Baal along a 'im? No fear, boss; King Billy 'onest!'

Elections were Billy's special festivals. He supported all candidates, and attended all meetings. The 'boys' would put him up to ask questions, the one most favoured being, 'Who was king afore white feller com' a this country?' Billy always got this off with great dramatic effect, and the 'boys' laughed and called, 'Hear! hear, Billy!' 'Good boy, Billy!' till the policeman put him out. Such is the degradation of 'kings.' The meetings always concluded with cheers for some one. Australians always are ready to cheer at a moment's notice. Maybe they are oppressed by the prevailing quiet of their forests, and eagerly seek every chance which presents itself of dispelling the gloom. The chairman always calls for cheers for the Queen; it is not the gloom that *he* wishes to cast off—he has 'a duty to perform.' Who can tell but that some day he may be Sir John Thomas Smith, K.C.M.G.? his wife, *Lady* Smith? Another courtesy title.

Once the Governor visited the town where Billy happened to be staying. King Billy was introduced. He must be, he had privileges far above the townspeople. The Governor gave him a sovereign, a bright new sovereign with the Queen's head stamped very clearly upon it.

'Real genilman, Missa Gubiment!' said Billy; and a loyal old lady tried to explain to Billy what the figure on the coin meant, and told him to keep it carefully and buy food and clothes, and to get himself a pair of boots, for his feet were knotty and had sores on them. But Billy did not care whose image was on the coin, and he never wore boots; he knew gold from silver and a sovereign would buy a lot of beer. He was polite though all the time, and bowed and laughed and paid great homage, which his gin—for he had one with him that day—did not, so King Billy abused her, and strode away with a great strut, and called her after him, and she followed. Nor is this trait wholly confined to the *aboriginals* of Australia.

The Queen's birthday is greatly celebrated in the Australian colonies. The occasion is one well known to the aboriginals, for it is then they receive each a blanket, a full-sized one for the adult, and a half blanket for a piccaninny. The blankets are of excellent quality, and the time of the year at which they are distributed is most suitable, being at the beginning of winter.

Billy often managed to get more than one blanket, his regulation allowance. The blankets are distributed by the police from the police stations and the court-houses. Billy always applied immediately for his; having got it, proudly arrayed he set off to some other town, and sold it; many a bush publican was only too willing to buy it, and the money returned to his till. Billy, now blanketless, applied at another police station, declaring that he had had none that year. He usually got another and sold it as before. Sometimes he was successful in getting three or four. One day he arrived at a town when the Quarter Sessions were being held. The judge arrived, escorted by the police in full uniform. Billy had no blanket, he had asked for one, and had been refused. He decided to apply to the judge. He was making his way up the steps in front of the court-house, where a crowd was gathered, when Sergeant McCarthy caught sight of him. 'Here, where are you going, Billy?' said he.

'Go along er ask Missa Judge, gib it Billy plankit,' was Billy's reply.

'You are a nuisance, Billy—it is no use asking the judge, he can't give you one; here, take this note to the lock-up keeper; you know where?'

'Yes,' Billy knew. So the sergeant wrote a note, which Billy took smiling, and bowing, and hurried off most delighted, the crowd watching him.

The lock-up keeper took the note. 'Did the sergeant give you this, Billy?'

'Yes, sir, Missa Sargen.'

'Come along then, this way, Billy!' and before Billy knew where he was, he was locked up for the day on the sergeant's instructions. And now he is wandering through the forest to visit his tribe, wearing a tall hat and a dress coat with one tail.

The boys were glad that Billy was with the tribe, for the others had appeared so savage; they were certainly less civilised than King Billy, and the boys felt that Billy might be some protection if the blacks were to become troublesome.

(Continued at page 118.)



"Good ev'ning, genilmen."



A SISTER'S HELP.



"The stately sailing swan."

SPRINGTIDE.



TURNING over the pages of Thomson's *Seasons* recently, we came upon his marvellous description of the delightful spring-time of the year, when all nature appears young and happy, blooming and benevolent.

Take a walk on an early spring morning, and observe how surely winter has passed away. He has called off his 'ruffian blasts,' and spring has ushered in her 'softer gales.' Notice how the snows are dissolving upon the mountains, and the summits are peeping through them, looking upward to the genial sky. See in the plains the hopeful farmer and his tillers ploughing up the earth preparatory to sowing and planting. Every now and again gentle, refreshing showers fall upon the land, and all about is vivid verdure. The young green of the unfolding leaves and the grass-blades is restful and pleasing to the eye. In the happy country the hawthorn whitens, as though to welcome the spring, and the 'juicy groves put forth their buds, till the whole leafy forest stands displayed.' Listen patiently as you stand in the forest, and presently you will hear the deer rustling in the twining brakes. Shyly they peep forth to greet the kindly spring. A thousand birds sing concealed amid the leafy boughs of the newly clad trees. Leave the woods, and take a walk in your own garden. What a change has been wrought! The bare brown earth of winter is sending forth tender, green shoots—everything is bursting into life and loveliness. 'The garden grows!' you cry, and you speak the truth; it grows and fills the air with fragrance.

The whole harvest is concealed in myriads of tiny buds, each lying an embryo within its crimson folds. Each descending shower sheds 'herbs, and fruits, and flowers on nature's ample lap.' Nor is it inanimate nature only that rejoices in the spring. The herds and flocks gambol with joy. The shepherd sits out on the hillside enjoying the glorious sunshine, and around him feed the sheep and sportive lambs. These scamper here, there, and everywhere, and race up the hills and down again.

The birds sing from early morn till dewy eve, and every twig seems to support a songster. There are thrushes, woodlarks, blackbirds, mellow bullfinches, linnets, 'all in the freshening shade of new spring leaves;' not to mention the jays, rooks, daws, stock-doves, and hosts of other old favourites of the country. Nor are the happy little feathered songsters idle for a moment; they have employment for each hour of the day. Watch them at their nest-building. See that swallow! How gracefully he 'sweeps the slimy pool, to build his hanging nest intent!' Alighting on the back of one of the sheep, he tugs out some wool, and carries it to the site which he has chosen. He leaves it there with his mate to work up with some straws, which he has previously

plucked out from a barn bundle; then he settles on the back of one of a herd of cattle, and pulls some hair from a bull's back, which he carries to his gentle and industrious mate. By-and-by, thanks to their united labours, the nest is completed, and their habitation is soft and warm, clean and secure.

Thomson the poet thus alludes to the swan:—

'The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet,
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young.'

Very pretty are the cygnets snugly carried upon the back of the mother away from what may be impending danger. It is in the spring season of the year that the ornamental waters in the public parks present an especially attractive appearance, as they are covered with young water birds, and skirted with cool, green plants.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

HATS.

IT is an error to suppose that the Ancient Britons wore no clothes, but merely stained their bodies with woad; for Cæsar himself, who invaded this land, has told how even the least civilised dressed in skins, while the people of South Britain were 'splendidly attired.' When rushing into the fight they often flung off their garments, and so fought without clothes, but when peace reigned in the land they dressed well. Generally the hair was worn in long curls and left uncovered, but sometimes a cap was put on. That word *cappan* or *cap* comes from an old British word *cab*, meaning a *hut*. But, you say, why should a head-covering be called a *hut*? Well, it was *shaped* like a hut. The houses of the Britons were made with twigs, stuck in the ground and fastened together at top, and their *caps* were similarly shaped. In Wales a cap is still worn which is very much like this old British cap. It is made of rushes, tied at the top, and twisted into a band at the bottom. The Welsh children call this horn-like cap, *cappan cyrmyll*.

The Saxons, on the contrary, very seldom covered their heads in times of peace; but in war they protected them with leather helmets, bound and bordered with metal. They also used, sometimes, a felt or woollen hat. Their word *hoett* meant simply a covering for the head, and not such a piece of finery as we are apt to call to mind when we speak of a hat. Anglo-Saxon ladies, equally with their maid-servants, used to wrap a long piece of linen or silk round the head and neck when going out of doors; but at home the hair itself formed the only head-dress, and this was curled and twisted.

The Normans and the Flemings and others, who came over with William the Conqueror, were very fond of finery. It was their custom in bad weather, or when travelling, to cover the head and shoulders with a cloak or mantle, having a *cowl* attached to it, known as a *capa*.

In an old book we find it written that 'in the year of our Lord 1369, they began to use caps of divers colours, especially red, with costly linings.'

About the same time, too, people began to use feathers, or rather a feather worn upright in front of the bonnet or cap; and beaver hats became fashionable. It is to France—Flanders—that we owe the beaver hat. Turning over the leaves of a volume showing the dress of the days of the good Queen Bess, we find several pictures of very fine hats! One of these was that worn by Douglas, earl of Morton. It was known as a 'steeple' or 'sugar-loaf' hat, from the cone-shaped crown and narrow brim.

Here is a verse of an old song which tells of the value set on beaver hats in Queen Elizabeth's reign:—

'The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever;
But of all felts that may be felt,
Give me your English beaver.'

Both men and women wore these high-crowned hats during the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and short people were fond of them, as the high crowns added to their height. Fashion, however, changed quickly then, as now, and by the time His Majesty Charles II. was King the high crowns were held to be quite old-fashioned.

In one of the escapes of Prince Charles he was disguised as 'a mean person, wearing a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brim turned up, without lining or hat-band.'

Fifty years ago beaver hats were sold for two guineas each. At last the beavers grew so scarce that it became quite difficult to find animals enough to supply the hatters, and silk was substituted, and a very good thing, too, both for the little animals and the wearers of 'chimney-pot' hats. Silk is more elegant in appearance, much cheaper, lighter and cooler than beaver, and certainly it does not look so rough and tumbled.

A great many people, who are not in the secret, fancy that beneath the silk of their hats there is a brown-paper framework. Now this is an error, for the apparent brown paper is really stiffened 'gossamer,' that is, fine twill muslin or calico, stiffened with shellac, which is brown in colour. This shellac is ironed in, and the ironing glazes it, giving it the appearance of shiny brown paper. The 'chimney-pot' hat consists of three parts, known to the hatter as 'tip,' 'body,' and 'brim.' Each hat is shaped on a wooden block, and the block is made in five pieces.

Let us watch a 'body-maker' at work for a moment. Measuring the circumference of the block, he cuts a strip of muslin to the measurement, gums it at its two edges, and slips it over the block. Into this muslin, shellac—a sort of gum—is ironed and allowed to dry. Again and again he repeats the process, until there are several layers of this stiffened muslin, as many as seven going to form the brim.

The second and third layers are ironed on to the body, we notice, after its union with the brim, in order that the join may be strong. The crown is a

round piece, and it is connected with the body by ironing, the heat from the iron always melting the gum and causing the portions to adhere. The joining of the sections is really a fine art, and when finished it is impossible to distinguish any seam by the touch, and so the frame-work is completed.

(Concluded at page 122.)

ALONG THE PASS OF LLANBERIS.

BEAUTIFUL, very beautiful, is much of the scenery in Wales. In their grandeur and wildness some parts of it are like Scotland: we have there mountains and valleys, glens and passes, numerous streams and lakes too, but we miss the moors and big forests of the north. Still, Wales has its woods (several of them remarkable for their pines), and the lovely green valleys of the south are not excelled by any country, far or near. But it is in North Wales that we have the grandest and roughest scenery; lofty are its mountains, very rugged its peaks, and our illustration gives us a glimpse between the hills. You must fancy yourself in the Pass of Llanberis, looking down from the bridge, called Pont-y-Cromlech, upon the rushing waters of a mountain torrent, which dashes loudly upon the boulders and stones. High on the left rises a huge dark ridge of cliff, dangerous to climb, while on the right the ground is rough, yet overgrown with herbage, offering food to the wandering goats.

By this pass it is that many travellers make their way to the valley of Gelert, which has been compared to dells in the Alps or Pyrenees. Through this valley flows a rapid stream; it is overlooked by the lofty top of Snowdon; nearer to it are two mighty peaks, Corrig Llan and Hebog. When you leave it, the path rises and opens up a fine view of lakes, hills, and meadows, with the sea in the distance. Gelert—named, some people say, after a British saint of the sixth century; but the more common belief is that it keeps in remembrance a *dog*—the faithful servant of Llewellyn Jorworth, whom his master killed by a sad mistake. Indeed, his tomb is still a conspicuous object, though in ruins; it is of stone, but the inscription has gone.

The people of the country tell the story of the dog to those who visit the green slope where the tomb stands, protected by a paling. The chieftain had gone out hunting, and his little son was left in a tent alone, under the charge of his hound, Gelert. An enormous wolf that was prowling about for prey scented the child, and would have killed it, had not the dog rushed forward and, after a long fight, laid the animal dead. Coming home, Llewellyn found the tent lying flat, for it had been knocked over in the struggle, and beside it lay his dog, covered with blood. He thought at once that it had killed his child, and in his fury he gave the dog a fatal wound. Seeing something move under the tent he lifted it up, and beneath it was his little son, quite unhurt, and beside him the carcass of the fierce wolf, which Gelert had fought and conquered. Overwhelmed with grief, the chief threw himself down and vainly tried to save the life of his faithful



Along the Pass of Llanberis.

hound, but it was too late; by an effort it licked his hand and died. Hence the monument to tell of a dog that suffered for being true to his charge.

Not many miles to the north of Llanberis is the town of Carnarvon, on the Menai Strait, famous because of its fine old castle. This carries our thoughts back to the time of Edward I., by whom

it was built. Within its walls was born the first Prince of Wales, and when the chief men of Wales came to this king, telling him they did not want a stranger to rule over them, he brought them into the room where the baby prince lay. 'Here is the king for you,' said he, 'born in your country, and he does not know a word of any foreign language.'

J. R. S. C.



"A careful glance at Eric's face
Explains what is amiss."

A BLACK DOG.

A CAREFUL glance at Eric's face
Explains what is amiss;
A fierce black dog is in his heart,
Yes, I am sure of this.
And that black dog is tugging at
The muscles of his face,
And this is why poor Eric makes
That horrible grimace.
And if he lets that dog remain,
I'm sure that it will lead
Him on to do some naughty trick;
Oh, yes, it will, indeed!

So strong and vicious is this dog
That every one should try
Their best to drive it back when they
Can feel it drawing nigh;
For when it gets inside a heart
It drives out all the calm,
It filleth full of evil thoughts,
And does tremendous harm;
It gives the face an ugly look,
The eyes a dreadful light,
It makes the tongue speak bitter words,
It prompts the hands to fight.

It prompts to looks, and words, and deeds
Which wound and aggravate:
The crimes to which this black dog leads
Are numberless and great.
Ah! many hands at its command
Have been upraised in strife,
And then have given a blow which took
A fellow-creature's life.
You know this black dog well, I'm sure;
Yes; Temper is its name.
You know it as an awful thing,
Which leads to deeds of shame.

And, knowing this, I think, my lads,
You should not let it stay
Within your hearts, but bravely drive
The horrid thing away;
And never let your faces look
As Eric's does to-night;
For if you do, they are, indeed,
A *very* ugly sight!
Ah! no, indeed, I hope that you
Are with the wiser band,
Who do not let black Temper rise
And gain the upper hand!

D. HAMMONDE.

FARMER RESCUED BY A DOG.

HUMANLY speaking, Jeff Stringham, a farmer at North Fairfield, Omaha, in the United States, owes his life to his faithful dog. Early one morning Stringham went to his barn for the purpose of feeding his cattle. When he opened the big, old-fashioned door, it fell upon him, and pinned him to the earth in such a manner that he was unable to move. He called aloud to his wife for assistance, and did everything in his power to attract the attention of the sleeping household, but all in vain. The family dog became aware of the perilous position of his master, and began barking and running to and fro between the house and barn, and at length the noise awoke his mistress, who followed the dog to the barn, and found her husband lying under the heavy door more dead than alive. Assistance was obtained, and the farmer was then released.



'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 111.)

EXT day the camp at 'the Junction' was deserted, the hunters having decided to go to the lagoons by the blacks' camp for three or four days. Before leaving, the skins and other things not likely to be wanted were securely stowed away in the cave and the entrance blocked.

The horses were left in the paddock, the boys deciding to walk, and carry their

camp things in swags. The second tribe had come from the Bogan River; the long drought had made all kinds of game seek the lagoons, and the aborigines had to wander farther afield than usual. The boys found that the Bogan tribe had not crossed the river, but camped on a bend distant about two miles from Belangalang's people, the blue haze of whose camp fires, hanging in the sunny winter air, was visible across the open.

The new-comers were not welcome; was it not enough that 'white feller' who had plenty to eat should come for sport and scare the game with his loud-sounding guns? And now a distant tribe, which never hunted these grounds before, was come to devour what little remained. Belangalang sent no friendly message of greeting to his dark brethren. He communed with his warriors, or sat long hours silent, by his camp fire, while his daughter, Brooya, the lithest and handsomest of all their tribe, cheered him with words in sweet soft liquid tones, and tempted his appetite with delicacies of aboriginal cookery. Neither did the Bogan tribe make any advances; they held aloof, and hunted on their own side of the river. But Brooya speared fish that day in the stream, standing poised in all her ebon beauty above the reflecting waters, unconscious that any eyes other than the fishes rested on her; and a Bogan chief stood in the shadow of the oaks on the opposite bank, watched her, and loved her.

He called; she started, looked up, saw him, snatched up her rug which had been thrown aside, and fled; his calling heard, but unheeded. He had called kindly though, and in her swift glance she had seen that he was tall and kingly, like her father.

She came to the river to fish the next day. The Bogan chief came also.

'I think we had better camp lower down the river than these fellows,' said Harry, when they saw the site chosen by the Bogan tribe.

'The country is more open there too,' said Tom; 'we can get a better view of both tribes.'

Tom had no confidence in any of them, he was not afraid, but 'it was just as well to be careful and keep your eyes about you.'

A very large eucalyptus, not far from the river, with its hollow base much eaten out by fire, made a splendid sleeping place, quite as good as the rock-cave at 'the Junction,' and soon the camp was fixed.

That afternoon they shot ducks on the lagoon, and stately ibises and white cranes, which were to be preserved as trophies. The sound of their guns boomed over the flats, and away among the hills, and the birds rose and circled in numerous flights, startled at the unusual noises, and Belangalang heard the guns and was sullen.

'Well, we have had plenty of bird-shooting to-day,' said Bob at tea.

'Yes,' said Arthur; 'what do you say to trying kangaroos to-morrow, lads? We can try the hills over the river.'

'Agreed!' said Harry.

'Hello! here is Betty, or some other gin coming,' said Tom.

'Always got your eye on the black, Tom!' said Arthur, laughing.

'Rather!' replied Tom.

'Well, Betty, what do you want? We haven't seen you for a long time,' said Harry.

Betty grinned, but didn't seem to want anything in particular; she sat on a root of the giant gum, and looked into the fire. Harry cut her some damper, and gave her half a roast duck. She chewed away in silence, while the boys chatted and skinned their birds. The night was well advanced before she attempted to go, and she had scarcely spoken during her visit.

At last she rose, looked hard at Harry, made a beckoning sign with her hand, and walked away.

The others had not noticed any sign. Presently Harry said, 'I think Betty may have something to say, I will go after her.' And he went. Betty was waiting not far off.

'What is it, Betty?' Harry asked.

'Yo' go 'way ffrom here, Missa 'Arry; not safe!'

'Why, who will hurt us? Your people won't, will they?'

Betty shook her head in a doubtful way, and persisted, 'Yo' no stay here!'

Harry questioned her further, but could get very little information. Then suddenly she said, 'Yo' fin' em spear yo' camp?'

Harry understood now. 'Yes,' he said; 'who put it there? You?'

'Baal me!' Betty answered. 'Blackfeller!' Then she explained to Harry that the spear was to warn them to leave, and one of the tribe had put it there, and watched to see what became of it, and he had returned and told them how Harry had broken it over his knee and put it into the fire, thus treating the warning with contempt.

Belangalang and his warriors had then held a council, and it was decided that 'the Junction' camp should be left alone, however, unless the hunters trespassed on Belangalang's hunting grounds. And now they had trespassed, they were here, camped, and who could tell how long they might stay? and there was the Bogan tribe on the river bend also.

All this Harry understood from Betty. Then he said: 'Betty, you tell Belangalang, we promise to go away from here after three days,' and he held up three fingers for her to know by.

'But Louie, 'im say yo' mus' go now,' said Betty.

'Louie is not king. He is not a proper blackfellow at all; he is only a half-caste,' replied Harry. 'You tell Belangalang, and let me know to-morrow.'

At Harry's remarks upon Louie Betty started and an angry light showed in her eyes for a brief space, but it soon passed, and she shook her head sadly. Betty promised, and Harry returned to his fellows.

'Did you find her?' asked Bob.

'Yes,' replied Harry.

'Was she the bearer of some love message from the aboriginal king's daughter or other dark damsel?' said Tom.

'No,' replied Harry, 'she brought no message for you, Tom.'

'Oh, I wasn't inquiring for myself,' said Tom; 'perhaps our friend Arthur, here——' but Tom's speech was cut short by Arthur hurling the dead body of a crane at his head.

'What is it, Harry?' asked Arthur

Harry explained that the tribe wished them to leave, and made it appear as if Betty had been sent to interview them. He did not mention the spear episode, or that Betty was acting as informant on her own account. He knew they were not likely to be interfered with that night. Also Arthur and Tom and Bob were not accustomed to blacks and knew little of them, therefore it was no use alarming them. The aborigines of New South Wales are by no means the fiery bloodthirsty savages that some writers have pictured them. In Queensland and the tropical portions of Australia the black tribes are far more aggressive, however.

'I told her to tell Belangalang we would stay three days,' concluded Harry, 'and we are to know to-morrow, boys, if our proposal is accepted, or whether they insist on our leaving.'

The others agreed that this arrangement was quite satisfactory, and turned in for the night.

The barking of dogs from the blacks' camps was heard for a while, then all was silent, and the stars looked down on the peaceful scene. Brooya saw them in her wakefulness, through the bows and spears overhead. She looked towards where her father slept, and knew that to-morrow she would leave him, and go with the black prince who had called her by the river that day.

After midnight a warrior arose, took his spears and marched out of the camp. Stealthily, silently he approached the boys' camp fire, now flickering fitfully, drew three strokes in the dead ashes, stood a spear upright in the ground, and departed.

Belangalang had accepted the conditions. The upright spear and the three marks in the ashes were a sign thereof, a warning and an agreement.

Tom was the first awake. 'Hello! these blacks have been trying a pot shot in the dark!' he exclaimed.

'What do you mean?' asked Arthur.

'Look at this,' said Tom, and he pointed to the spear. 'No more stopping here for me, thanks; they might throw straighter next time.'

Harry looked at the spear, and saw the three distinct scratches on the ground.

'This is a sign our promise is accepted,' he said; 'the spear warns us to leave after three days, the scratches here are three, you see.'

'Then indeed is a prophet risen in Israel, and he shall be called Harry,' said Bob, with solemn voice and serious attitude. 'Sorry we cannot put a gold chain about your neck, Harry, as we read in the stories of old.'

'It would take more than a gold chain to keep me here,' said Tom; 'I am for moving.'

'You are rather in a hurry,' said Arthur. 'I somehow think Harry is right, and certainly as we have not been disturbed all night, we won't be to-day I should think, and Betty is sure to come if there is any danger; isn't she, Harry?'

'Oh, yes, she will come all right. I am sure I am right though about the spear; however, we will know when Betty arrives.'

(Continued at page 126.)



"Yo' go 'way from here, Missa 'Arry."



"The little bugler sounded the regimental call."

AN INCIDENT OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.



IMMEDIATELY after the taking of the Shâh Nujeef, it became necessary for the British to signal to the Residency at Lucknow to let those shut up in it know the position occupied by the relieving forces. For this purpose the Adjutant of the Ninety-third Highlanders, Lieutenant William Macbean, together with Sergeant Hutchinson and Bugler Ross, a little lad twelve years of age, climbed to the top of the dome of the Shâh Nujeef by means of a rope ladder. They took flags with them, and the little bugler sounded the regimental call on his bugle from the dome top.

The call was acknowledged from the Residency roof by the lowering of their flag three times. Just as the signalling was finished, the enemy espied the three in their exposed and dangerous position on the dome, and immediately trained their guns on them. Several round shots went very close as the trio began to descend. Unseen by the other two, however, the boy Ross clambered again up the rope ladder, and, holding on to the spire of the dome with his left hand, he first waved his Highlander's feather bonnet to attract the enemy's attention, and defiantly sounded the regimental call again. This he followed by playing them a couple of verses of

'There's not a man beneath the moon,
Nor lives in any land he,
That hasn't heard the pleasant tune
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy!'

Lieutenant Macbean had ordered him to descend, for fear of his getting struck by a shot. As soon as he saw that the boy had returned to the dome, and had got down to the parapet in safety, his superior officer was too pleased in his heart of hearts with the little lad's spirit and pluck to really feel angry with him, and no more was said about it.

F. R.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

HATS.

(Concluded from page 115.)

THE silk plush is imported from France, as our climate is not suited to its production. It arrives here packed up as ordinary rolls of cloth might be. The first step taken by the hatter is a very simple one—he cuts it to the required size for body and crown. The piece intended for the body-covering is cut on the cross, and the two pieces for crown and body are then neatly sewn on the reverse side with fine black silk, the nap being brushed back with a small wire brush until the sewing is finished, when it is carefully brought over the seam. A strip of plush

is cut for the brim, and ironed again and again until it lies upon the brim quite flat, without the smallest crease or wrinkle; the bag-covering, formed by the united crown and body, is drawn over the hat, and ironed just as the brim was, and the slanting seam is joined up. This join, having to be made on the right side, is a very delicate task, requiring marked skill. It is done so perfectly that it is quite impossible, even upon close inspection, to detect the join.

The brim up to this stage is flat, and the shaper has now to put in the 'curl,' which is, of course, the scroll-like bend which adorns every chimney-pot hat. This 'curl' is given to the brim by ironing it over a curling-pad, and the operation takes about half an hour. In some hat factories the 'curlers' are paid at the rate of one shilling for every hat they shape, and some of them earn seven and eight pounds a week.

Although the materials used in making 'chimney-pot' hats are brought from all parts of the world, yet not a single 'silk hat' is imported into England, and English-made hats are exported to every quarter of the civilised globe.

The introduction of the straw hat into this country is due to Mary, queen of Scots. It is said that when travelling in Lorraine, her mother's country, she noticed numbers of women and children engaged, some in making straw-plait, and others in working the plait up into hats; and she observed, too, that wherever the peasants were so occupied they seemed happier, more contented and comfortable than their non-plaiting fellow-country folk. The Queen invited several of them to Scotland to teach their handicraft, and, in A.D. 1552, she settled them under her immediate protection. But before long Mary was executed, and her son, James I., invited the Lorrainers to England, and found a suitable shelter for them, under the protection of personal friends, the Napiers, at that time (A.D. 1605) the owners of Luton Hoo, and it was from this town that the art spread over the whole county of Bedford, and over the neighbouring counties of Hertford and Essex. The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire soil is particularly favourable to the industry, giving to the straw a bright sheen, which even the best Italian straw does not possess. It is said that this is due to the flinty nature of the soil. Only wheat-straw is used in England in the straw-plait industry, but the Japanese employ rice or barley-straw, remarkable for its lightness, and the Italians turn their rye to account, but we cannot use our rye-straw.

After the wheat-straw is cut, and the outer covering removed, it is passed through sieves, and so sorted into different thicknesses. Each stalk is cut into portions of equal length, say nine inches, and the pieces are tied up in small bundles, about twenty-four straws in each bundle. The farmers sell to the dealers, and the dealers give out the straw to the plaiters to be plaited into different styles. In the early days of the industry, and right on to the beginning of the present century, whole straws alone were used; but an ingenious little machine for straw-splitting, invented by the French prisoners at Yaxley barracks, near Sulton, between the years A.D. 1803 and 1806, led to the use of split straws, and the

plaiters were able to work these thin straws up into many and various designs. The cottagers plait up the split straws into patterns, and coil up lengths of twenty yards of plait, very much as an ordinary clothes-line is coiled, and these coils they term 'scores.' Each 'score' has a loop of string attached, and by this means it is easily carried on the right arm with several other scores to the plait-market, or hall, and there sold to the highest bidder.

One of the most important processes in the making of straw hats is that known as 'blocking.' The crown and brim of the hat are placed in a zinc mould, and upon this descends an india-rubber bag filled with water, which by means of air pressure is made to exert a force equal to six hundredweights. The water-bag fills the inverted hat and distributes itself over the brim. Of course it is impossible for the water to escape through the india-rubber.

While visiting one of the best of the Luton straw-hat factories, we were shown some very old bonnets dating back to ninety odd years ago. These had very high cone-shaped crowns and brims nine inches deep, and were fashionable with ladies in the days of His Majesty George III. But the fashions have altered again with the times, and at the present moment many of the bonnets are scarcely larger than a button-hole bouquet, and plain sailor-shaped straw hats are worn by princess and peasant alike, equally with more pretentious straw hats, gaily trimmed with flowers, and ribbons, and feathers. Lads and men wear them with ribbons, the colours or badges of which tell of their clubs, colleges, or schools.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

21.—HISTORICAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

A GREAT patriot who lived in the last century and was the native of a country formerly under British rule, but the people, chiefly by his efforts, at last succeeded in gaining their independence, and elected him as their first ruler in 1789. He ruled for seven years with great wisdom, justice, and moderation, and after his resignation in 1796 he accepted the command of the army, which he held till his death in 1799.

1.—12, 8, 11, 4, 16. A small county in the north of Scotland.

2.—4, 8, 5, 6. Violent anger.

3.—1, 8, 11, 16. To obtain by industry, to win.

4.—9, 10, 11, 12, 6. To send out light; to be distinguished among others.

5.—7, 6, 9, 14. A cardinal point.

6.—11, 3, 12, 8. The burial-place of many kings.

7.—4, 11, 13, 10, 14. Not wrong, but not always its reverse.

8.—5, 4, 15, 7, 11, 12, 13. Increasing in size.

9.—1, 4, 2, 6, 12. The colour most seen in nature.

10.—13, 15, 7, 12. A garment always worn by women, but sometimes by men.

11.—14, 10, 8, 12, 2. A title formerly in use among the Saxons.

12.—4, 10, 15, 16, 2. A large river in France and a department of the same name.

13.—3, 12, 2, 13, 8. A river, town, and lake in Russia.

14.—14, 10, 4, 6, 2. Half of the nineteenth part of one hundred and fourteen. C. C.

[Answer at page 139.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|----------|------------|-----------|
| 18.—1. Horn. | 6. Fawn. | 10. Lorn. | 14. Sawm. |
| 2. Dawn. | 7. Lawn. | 11. Shorn. | 15. Lawm. |
| 3. Thorn. | 8. Pawn. | 12. Morn. | 16. Torn. |
| 4. Warn. | 9. Fawn. | 13. Worn. | 17. Yawn. |
| 5. Gone. | | | |

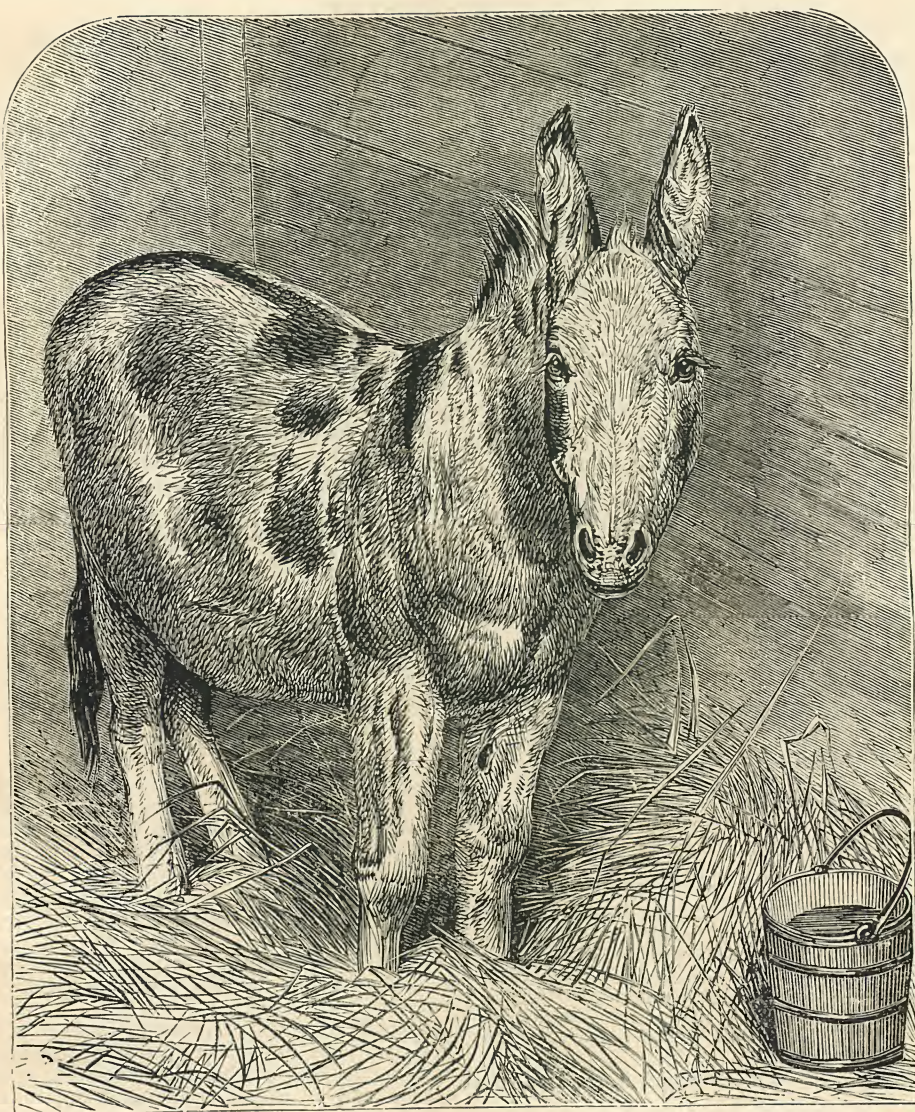
- 19.—1. The Thames, between Chelsea and Battersea.
 2. Tweed.
 3. Nerves, Severn.
 4. Derwent.
 5. Isis.
 6. Stour, tour, routs.
 7. Trent, rent, tent, ten.
 8. Ouse, house.
 9. Yare, year.

- 20.—1. Old birds are not caught with chaff.
 2. Pride will have a fall.
 3. Nothing venture, nothing have.
 4. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
 5. One good turn deserves another.
 6. A drowning man will catch at a straw.
 7. Cats in gloves never catch mice.
 8. Handsome is that handsome does.
 9. It is a long lane that has no turning.
 10. Love me, love my dog.
 11. Least said soonest mended.
 12. Rome was not built in a day.

A PIEBALD DONKEY.

IT is certainly a good while ago since I first saw a piebald horse, and was much interested in the animal, as I had been told that, when you saw one, you might wish for anything you wanted, and would get it, but you were not to tell the wish to another person. Well, I wished for a watch, and, singular to say, not long after I had one given me: still, I doubt if the piebald horse was the means of my getting it. Probably, a piebald donkey might be supposed to be also lucky. In this country, however, we do not often come upon one. But it might be asked, Why are these animals called piebald? Well, we must divide the word into two parts, and 'pie' means that the horse or donkey is of varied colours and so resembles the bird known as the magpie. Then 'bald' comes from an old Saxon word that means streaked or spotted, so it suits an animal which is marked with several colours.

Our British donkeys generally have rather a hard life. Some are made to draw heavy loads, others are kept to be hired at popular resorts, by those who wish a ride when taking a day's holiday; and others, again, are used by those who play street organs. Most of these are not over-fed, and their owners get good profit out of them: but there are a few more favoured donkeys, which are harnessed to chaises and traps, and taken good care of by those to whom they belong, sometimes almost treated as pets. Still, to see the donkey or ass at its best, we have to visit Eastern lands, where the animal is larger and handsomer than in these colder countries. In Syria, it was formerly the custom to have chariots which were used in times of peace drawn by a pair of white asses, and persons of dignity, such as princes and



A Piebald Donkey.

kings, rode upon them or upon mules. Some of those chosen to carry grand people were of the piebald variety, and made to appear even more handsome by grand trappings or saddles. One sort which is now valuable in Arabia and Persia is of a silvery grey, with streaks of yellow, red, and brown; it is no larger than our English donkey, and is strong as well as beautiful. They do not all exhibit the streak of dark colour upon the shoulders and back, which is very familiar to us in our donkeys, and is looked upon by some people with reverence, because they think that the animal bears the sign of the cross, in memory of its having been ridden by Jesus Christ. All the white asses, pure white that is, have pinkish eyes, and they cannot bear great fatigue—the darker sorts being stronger. The wild ass of the East is rather light in colour, being greyish, though not

white, and having a band which is nearly black; the hoofs are large, so too are the eyes, which are very bright. They run with remarkable speed, throwing their heads about, then sometimes capering. The old Greek, Xenophon, calls them swift as a whirlwind. Though fond of lonely places, they are found in herds of from five to thirty or more. During summer they seek the higher grounds. Grass and bitter herbs form their principal food, and they can go a day or two without water; nor have they any dislike for what is salt and brackish. By riding on dromedaries of good speed, the Arabs manage to capture some of the wild asses, especially the young ones; some are always vicious, but others become tame and even affectionate. In Persia, people eat the flesh of the ass, thinking it a treat.

J. R. S. C.



"Doggie, do you live with your uncle?"

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

ONCE a child was left an orphan and had to live with his uncle. The uncle rarely gave the little boy enough to eat, so the boy grew very thin.

One day they were walking down the street when they met a friend who had a large greyhound. It was thin, and the little boy kept amusing himself until at last he clasped his hands around the dog's neck and said, 'Doggie, do you live with your uncle that you are so thin?'

THE PORCUPINE.

THE porcupine belongs to a family of animals armed with spines, or sharp quills, which form its defence against all enemies; the hedge-hog also belongs to the same family. The general aspect of the porcupine is heavy, and it has a grunting voice like a pig. It is from two to three feet in length, besides the tail, with a broad muzzle and short round ears. The muzzle and limbs are covered with short hair, the back and sides with spines, the longest being on the middle of the back; they are as thick as goose quills and nearly a foot in length. When the animal is angry or alarmed, these quills are erected and it rolls itself up into a ball. The porcupine is an animal of solitary and nocturnal habits, burrowing in the earth and becoming torpid in winter. It feeds on roots, bark, fruit, and the like, often committing great havoc in gardens when it finds its way into them. The quills are used for ornamental purposes, such as pen-holders, and it is chiefly to obtain these quills that the animal is sought for. It is a native of Southern Europe and many parts of Asia.

D. B. McKEAN.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 119.)



ELL, let us away for the kangaroos,' said Harry, a little later; 'we must make the most of our time.'

Along the sloping hill-sides they shot several. Farther on the hills ceased, and a wide plain extended. It was well grassed. The breeze swayed the herbage as in a field of wheat.

Here and there stood small clusters of trees. Feeding and moving slowly across the plain were several large birds.

'Emus!' said Arthur. The birds were a long way off, and evidently from their quiet movements quite unaware of the hunters' presence. The lads sat down and discussed the situation how best to get at them. Their guns were loaded with ball, but the difficulty was to get within range. The emu is very shy, with very quick sight and hearing. When it stands erect it can see danger approaching from a distance, whereupon it makes off with long swinging strides, covering several feet at each step, and for a time equalling a dog in speed. The grass was very long, and now and then were tussocks. Beyond the nearer clump of trees was a larger clump; towards this the emus were moving. Bob was told off to creep on the emus, getting a shot if near enough before they observed him, while the others made round, skirting the timber to the distant clump. Here they stationed themselves, and Bob began to

creep through the long grass. Crouching very low, his gun pushed on in front of him, Bob made his way. Once he rested on a tussock, and a red ant, commonly known as 'a bull-dog' ant, crept into his sock and under his trousers. Carefully Bob crept on, all intent.

'Whew! whatever is that?' Bob was up in an instant, pulling up the leg of his trousers and searching for what bit him; ants became more to him than emus.

Meanwhile the emus moved on. Arthur and Harry and Tom had reached the farther trees, and there was no sign of Bob. Their patience was almost exhausted. The boys watched across the field of waving grass. The emus had almost stopped. Presently, seemingly from right under the birds' very feet, Bob was seen to rise from the grass, his head just showing as he knelt on one knee. A loud report spread over the plain; the emus, startled, fled, but one of the finest lay struggling on the ground, a proof of the accuracy of Bob's shot. The other birds ran rapidly towards the trees where the boys were standing.

'Here they come! Let them have it!' exclaimed Harry; all three fired, but the emus swept past with the swiftness of an express train, and none fell. Bob was the hero of the hour.

The emus turned again, and made off in the direction from which the boys had come.

Having skinned Bob's emu the hunters pushed on, hoping to once more overtake the flock. They made a wide sweep, and, cutting across a wooded rise, came again on the open. Several kangaroos offering splendid shots were passed, but no one fired; emus were their quarry, and kangaroos might pass unheeded.

They came upon the emus again, feeding quietly as if they had never been disturbed. Harry and Arthur stalked them, the grass on the plain was very long, and sheltering tussocks were frequent. They succeeded in getting a good shot, and two more birds were added to the spoil.

While Tom and Bob were seated in the timber, watching the progress of the others towards the emus, several large birds were seen emerging from some other timber near, and making their way towards the river.

'What birds are those?' said Bob; 'they are like turkeys!'

'They are turkeys,' said Tom.

'No fear, Tom! How could there be turkeys miles away from houses out here?'

'Well, perhaps they might have wandered away some time and become wild.'

'That is true,' said Bob; 'they might.'

'We must have some of them, anyhow,' said Tom; 'let us watch them while we wait to see how Harry and Arthur succeed with the emus.'

No sooner did the others fire than Tom and Bob were after the turkeys.

The birds which they were pursuing are commonly known as 'brush turkeys,' and were at one time very plentiful in Australia. They are also known as the mound-building bird. Their correct title is the Wattled Talegalla. They are exceedingly shy,

and difficult to shoot when in the open; but in wooded parts a sportsman will often succeed in getting several, as they keep their places undisturbed by the noise of the shot. They lay very large eggs, and deposit them in a mound, which they build for themselves. This mound is constructed of leaves, sticks, and rubbish.

The eggs are laid in the mound and carefully covered over. The birds do not sit on the eggs, but incubation is effected by the heat produced in the decomposition of the vegetable matter of which the mound is composed. A large number of eggs are placed in each mound, it being the nest of several birds. The same mound is used year after year, merely an addition of material being made each laying season. The eggs are of delicious flavour and very large. The young birds are very fully developed when hatched, and probably need no assistance to make their way out of the nest.*

Tom and Bob made directly along the track of the birds, which, as soon as they perceived that they were followed, ran rapidly across the plain, and made good their escape in the brush beyond. The tale-galla does not fly; it ascends trees by hopping to the lower branches, and then higher and higher by others.

'Well, we have lost them,' said Bob.

'Yes, it looks like it,' responded Tom; 'I would have liked to get one or two very much.'

They returned, and met Harry and Arthur with their emu skins.

'You did very well,' said Tom. 'What splendid feathers!' he remarked, as he examined the one Arthur was carrying.

'Yes, very fine,' said Arthur; 'but what did you get?'

'The emus didn't turn this way; so after we saw that we could not get a chance at them, we followed some large birds—turkeys I called them; they came from that clump of trees,' said Tom, pointing to the spot where they had first seen the birds.

'Brush turkeys!' exclaimed Harry; 'we must hunt them up; they are grand eating!'

'Are they real turkeys?' asked Arthur.

Harry explained; he knew much of the tale-galla's habits, and the others were greatly interested.

'I propose we go over to the bush where they came from, and see if we can find any nests,' said Arthur.

'Good idea!' said Harry; 'they will hardly have begun laying yet, but they will be making up their nests; however, we can go and see.'

The boys set off and soon arrived at the spot. The trees grew here much more thickly, and there were also much scrub and undergrowth. Pushing their way through it, Tom caught sight of a bird disappearing among some bushes; he blazed away, and, running up, found that he had secured the first turkey. Then others appeared, and, though remarkably quick at disappearing among the scrub and fallen timber, the boys shot several, and had a very exciting time.

* Gould.

While pursuing the birds, Harry discovered a nest. On examination it was found to contain no eggs, but the boys discussed its peculiar structure and great size.

'When I get home again and tell father and mother that we found turkeys that don't sit on their eggs to hatch them,' said Bob, 'they will think it a fairy tale.'

'Better keep it, then, till the last, Bob,' suggested Harry.

As there were no more signs of turkeys, and the boys had several kangaroo skins to add to their load, they set off for the camp.

Roast turkey made an excellent supper. Good as were duck and plover and snipe, the turkey was voted superior, and when Betty came in the dusk to tell them that Belangalang would permit them to remain unmolested for three days and then they *must* go, the lads gave her two of the birds as a present for the king; 'just to show there is no animosity,' said Bob.

The declining sun sent shafts of light through the whispering oak-boughs and the rustling leaves of the giant gums by the river, and the lights and shadows moved on a deep, smooth reach of the stream. On a dry limb overhanging sat a green-backed kingfisher. Every now and then he darted down on the waters, returning to his perch, sometimes with a small fish, sometimes without, to watch again. The reeds by the banks moved with a gently rustling sound, and a duck-billed platypus rested himself just clear of the water on a broad log almost in mid-stream, while another swam silently, just with bill exposed, towards him. Several small birds were having their evening bath, flying from side to side, fluttering into the water, flapping their wings and splashing, then pluming themselves on the overhanging boughs. Higher up were rapids, where the waters gurgled among the stones of the river-bed and sang their song all day and night.

Two grey cranes flapped slowly down stream, and some peewits gave their peculiar call. Sometimes a fish leaped from the deep pool, flashed glistening scales in the sunlight, then sank, sending rippling circles shoreward. Brooya stood on the log from which she had speared fish yesterday. But the spears were idle now. Some great cod peered up at her from the depths, rose carelessly near the surface, and glided away. Brooya watched the other bank. The chief of yesterday came and stood by the oak tree and called.

Brooya heard, left the log and her spears and the fish, which seemed to know that she would not harm them then, crossed the river at the rapids, and, with the chieftain of the Bogan tribe, wandered away into the forests, throwing in her lot with the stranger, while Belangalang waited for his daughter who came not, and for the fish she no more would broil upon the embers. The sun set, the boys returned to their slumber, and Betty delivered her message to the King.

Belangalang hungered, then hunger was forgotten, and he called his warriors about him to know of the fate of his daughter.

(Continued at page 130.)



“Bob began to creep through the long grass.”



"Silently as a cat came a black fellow from behind a tree."

'TERRA WEENA.'

(Continued from page 127.)



HERE seems to be a great stir in Betty's camp this morning,' said Tom. 'I have noticed the blacks moving about, and now there is a crowd of them marching off.'

'Let us go nearer and see what is the matter,' said Harry.

'Not I,' said Tom; 'I am not at all inquisitive.'

The others, however, took their guns and set off. When they got nearer they could see plainly that all the blacks were armed for war with their spears and shields.

'There is going to be a fight,' said Bob; 'we had better clear off.'

'Wait a while, Bob,' said Arthur; 'they are not coming our way. Let us watch.'

Bob was still for 'clearing' as he called it, but Arthur and Harry not moving off, he remained. The boys were in a position from which they could see Belangalang's men emerging from the timber towards the plain, and also see the haze of smoke that hung over the river bend where the Bogan tribe was just rousing from its slumbers of the night.

Belangalang had divined the fate of his daughter, and he determined to recover her, and wreak vengeance on those who had robbed him.

He sent messages to the Bogan king to demand that his daughter be given up, or that he be told where she was. But the Bogan king sent him word to seek her somewhere else, he and his tribe knew her not.

Then Belangalang did not hesitate, but marched at once upon his enemies. Stealthily the warriors crept along. Bob ran back for Tom and also to bring more ammunition. The boys watched with breathless excitement what was going forward.

'I think we had better climb the oak trees on the river, and keep very quiet,' said Harry, presently.

All made for the trees, and climbed as high as they could. Their view was now much extended, and anxiously they gazed towards the river bend, about half a mile distant.

The large trees and a few patches of scrub afforded shelter to Belangalang's men, but soon the Bogan tribe appeared on the other side and speared those who attempted to cross, keeping their spears only for those who tried the river, and letting their assailants send *their* flights of spears as thickly as they pleased. Those hurled with extra force reached among the gunyahs. One came, hurtling with great force, pierced the sheet of bark round a gunyah, and pricked the leg of a slumbering black, 'King Billy.' He darted out, other spears were in the air, glancing from the sides of trees, or thumping into the ground.

'King Billy' had been so comfortable with the Bogan tribe, with which he had fallen in on his

journey, that he had not yet thought of visiting his own tribe, Belangalang's. He did not proceed to visit them now, nor hesitate as to his intentions. He at once decided to postpone the visit. He started out in the cotton shirt and the aged trousers, bare-headed; the top hat had smouldered in the ashes on the first night of arrival, the dress-coat was forgotten; this was no time to consider appearances. The most direct course—a straight line—from the river was the shortest and the safest. In less than half a minute from the time the first spear crashed through the bark of his gunyah, Billy was returning to the haunts of white men.

Some of Belangalang's warriors crept away above the bend and crossed the river, and began the attack from the rear of the camp. But their wild united rush was checked, spear after spear came whistling to its deadly work. They were but a handful; had they got into the camp unobserved they could have worked great slaughter, few though they were, but now they were driven back.

The day was advancing, several of Belangalang's men were wounded, dying, or dead; they had thrown away many spears, the enemy had been more cautious, and were returning even the darts of their assailants. To be successful Belangalang must cross the river, yet if a man exposed himself in the open stream, spears struck him down.

Belangalang calling his warriors made a great final rush to cross at the rapids. The Bogan tribe had gathered thickly there, and their side was better sheltered. Belangalang paused, turned, and dived into the deep calm reach, only to be stricken down the instant he reached the opposite bank, his body sinking near the oak tree where the Bogan chief had stood and called his daughter yesterday.

Belangalang's warriors fled, their camp fled too, away into the pine scrub on the ranges behind, nor waited to see if they were pursued. The Bogan tribe did not follow. The afternoon was closing, their dead were few; the night settled down, but at its close no glimmer of fires showed on the river bend; no yelp or bark of dog nor sound was heard; they went away back to their own hunting grounds silently through the whole night. Billy was striding too, alone, along on the way for Blayney and civilisation.

'Let us pack up and get out of this,' said Tom, as they saw the fight was done.

Anxiously indeed the boys had watched the events of the day.

Stiff, and sore, and hungry, from their long sitting in the trees, they now descended. Tom's suggestion needed no argument to carry it. Hastily their swags were packed, and with few words, avoiding the river bend, the hunters set out for 'the Junction.' It was late when they reached it, thoroughly exhausted. The sky had clouded over, there was no moon, rain was beginning to fall, the curlew was sending up long dismal calls from near the river, a dingo's howl came from among the limestones above, and a mopeke added his monotonous nightly chant.

Tired, damp, and depressed, Bob even unable to say or do anything to cheer, they opened their sleeping-place and securing the entrance (which they had never done before), they fell asleep.

Nightmare held its sway, and the morning was indeed welcome. Cold, and clear, and sunshiny, it broke, the leaves all sparkling and dripping with the raindrops of the night's shower.

Everything was safe, and what a welcome there was in the neigh of old 'Kicker' from the paddock below!

'I wonder what became of "King Billy" in the fight yesterday?' said Bob, at breakfast.

'Cleared out, I expect,' said Harry; 'he didn't appear to be much of a warrior.'

'Perhaps he was killed,' said Tom; 'he belonged to Belangalang's tribe, but he had stayed with the others.'

'I would not be surprised to see Betty turn up before long,' said Arthur; 'if she does, we will get all the news from her.'

'Yes I would like to know more about it,' said Bob; 'we could not see it all.'

'Well, she is sure to come back to Terraweena, if she does not come here,' said Harry; 'so we will know then.'

'I expect the row was over the hunting grounds,' said Tom; 'it is just as well that we did not stay; it is much safer here, I think.'

'Yes, we are all right here,' said Arthur.

The morning was occupied in drying the rugs, packing the skins, and clearing the camp.

After dinner, Arthur and Harry and Tom set out over the river to the limestone ridge, to fix a trap for dingoes, leaving Bob in charge.

Bob had caught cold, and preferred to stay. He pattered about awhile, and then, seating himself on the log by the fire, he began to clean his gun.

Stealthily with pausing steps, silently as a cat, came a black fellow from behind a tree. Bob neither heard nor saw; he worked the ramrod, with a coil of rag attached, up and down inside the gun barrel, whistling 'a tune of his own.'

Suddenly Bob felt a blow on the top of the head, and he fell unconscious.

Two other blacks appeared; carrying Bob and taking also with them his gun and some ammunition they hurried away rapidly.

The dingo trap took some time to fix, and after it was done the boys did not hurry to return. They followed some kangaroo, and Tom also shot some pigeons. It was tea-time when they got back.

As they approached the camp no fire was visible.

'Bob has not made the fire yet,' said Tom; 'he will be late with supper.'

'He is lazy to-day,' said Arthur; 'he has a cold: we must rouse him up a little.'

But the fire was quite out, and Bob was nowhere to be seen. The camp had a dead look, and the three boys gazed inquiringly at each other.

'Perhaps he went off for a shot at something, and has gone rather far,' said Arthur, in suggestion to the unspoken questions on the faces of his friends.

'That is very likely,' said Tom, relieved; 'his gun is not here, he will turn up all right presently.'

Tom set to work to make the fire, but Harry stood silent. Then he stooped down and looked carefully about the log for traces of footsteps, Arthur watching him curiously, meanwhile.

'What is the matter, Harry?' he anxiously asked.

Harry looked up with a pale, frightened face.

'Blacks have been here!' he said. 'See, here is a print of naked feet, and there are others!'

'Then Bob is killed!' cried Tom, in great agony and dread.

'Oh, no!' said Harry; 'I do not think they would kill him—they have taken him away.'

'Then we must follow and fetch him back!' cried Arthur.

'But where?' asked Tom.

(Continued at page 142.)

HELIGOLAND.

HELIGOLAND is a very small island in the North Sea, which was taken by the British from the Danes in A.D. 1807, and was ceded to England in A.D. 1814. After holding it for seventy-six years, the English in their turn ceded the island to Germany, in return for concessions made to Britain in East Africa. Heligoland, therefore, now belongs to Germany. It is about one mile in length, and one-third of a mile in breadth. It is divided into two portions, the Oberland and the Underland.

The Oberland is a rock, 200 feet in height, on which stands a town of 400 houses, access to which is obtained by 192 steps or by a steam lift; while the Underland is a patch of shore with 70 houses, south-east of the cliff. The population of the whole island is rather more than 2000 persons.

There are a few sheep on the island and a few cows, while on the flat top of the rock there is a little pasture-land, and a few cabbages and potatoes are grown. Wheel-barrows are the only vehicles. A lighthouse stands on the cliff near the village. There is also a curious and picturesque church, on the roof of which is still the Danne-brog painted by the Danish authorities when the island belonged to Denmark.

The Heligolandians are peaceable and law-abiding people, supported chiefly by the lobster and other fishing. There is no poverty or crime, and little sickness on the island, and the people are long-lived.

D. B. MCKEAN.

HE DID HIS DUTY.

IN one of Napoleon's battles, a young officer named Durosier was in attendance on the Emperor at the moment when it became necessary to dispatch an order to one of the generals of division, and he volunteered to carry it, though the service was one of imminent peril.

The Emperor gave him his instructions: 'Spare neither yourself nor your horse, sir,' said he; 'there is not a moment to lose, and return at once to report to me that my order has been obeyed.'

Away, amid the storm of shot and shell, galloped the brave young fellow, and in less than a quarter of an hour was again in the Emperor's presence.

'You have done well, sir,' said Napoleon when he



"You have done well, sir. I give you a captain's rank, and attach you henceforth to my person."

had received his report; 'you have a clear brain and a stout heart though still so young. I give you a captain's rank and attach you henceforth to my person.'

'It is too late, sir,' murmured the young soldier.

'Too late, Captain Durosier—and why?'

'Sir, they have hit me;' and as he spoke he threw

open his coat. The blood was streaming from a wound in the chest. 'All will soon be over, but I have done my duty,' said he.

He reeled for an instant in his saddle, and then fell back heavily into the arms of an officer who had sprung forward to assist him.

Durosier was dead.



The Charterhouse.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.



THE name 'Charterhouse' comes from the word *Chartreuse*, a rugged mountain range, near Grenoble in France, where in the year A.D. 1084 the Carthusian Order was founded. In France all the monasteries of the Order are called *Chartreuse*; in Italy we find them under the name of *Certosa*;

in Germany again their distinguishing title is *Karthause*; in Spain *Cartuja*; in Holland *Karthueserklooster*; and in England *Charterhouse*.

In the year A.D. 1348 a terrible pestilence swept over London. It is said that so many were mowed down by the plague that grave-diggers could hardly be found to bury the dead, and many thousand

bodies were thrown into mere pits, dug in the open fields. The then Bishop of London, in his zeal to amend the evil, consecrated three acres of waste ground, called 'No Man's Land,' between Westminster and Clerkenwell. He there erected a small chapel, where masses were said for the repose of the dead, and he named the place *Pardon Churchyard*. The plague still raging, Sir Walter de Manny, a brave knight of many valiant deeds, bought a piece of ground, contiguous to Pardon Churchyard. The Bishop of London's successor, Michael de Northburgh, died in A.D. 1361, bequeathing the sum of 2000*l.* (a large amount in those days) for founding and building a Carthusian monastery at Pardon Churchyard, which he also endowed.

The London Charterhouse was the fourth home of the Order founded in England, the first being at Witham, in Somersetshire. Grants both of money and land were made to the new London monastery.

Amongst the celebrated men who spent some years in the monastery was Sir Thomas More. He 'gave

himself up to devotion and prayer in the Charterhouse of London, religiously living there, without vow, about four years.

Nearly three hundred years of prosperity were enjoyed by the Charterhouse before the storms of trouble broke over it.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, the great London Charterhouse and its monks suffered very severely, many of them being put to cruel deaths.

It was during the reign of His Majesty, King James I., that Thomas Sutton, a very wealthy merchant, bought Charterhouse of the Howards for 13,000*l.*, and petitioned King James and the Parliament for leave and licence to endow the present hospital in A.D. 1609. Thomas Sutton died not long after he had obtained consent, and was followed to his grave by 6000 persons.

His will was disputed by his cousin, and others, but a verdict was given for his executors; and at last the hospital reared its head serene, as a harbour for poverty, an asylum for the vanquished in life's struggle.

In the chapel of the Charterhouse is the tomb of its founder; it is on the north of the chancel, and is surrounded by painted iron railings. The inscription records that at his 'costs and charges this hospital was founded and endowed with large possessions for the relief of poor men and children.'

The school-house, a large red brick building, stood on a hill, which separates the two greens, and is supposed to have been built over the northern side of the old cloisters.

It was built in A.D. 1803, from designs by Mr. Pilkington. The large door in the centre is surrounded, like that of the old school, with the names of bygone Carthusians.

The head-master used to preside at prayers, on a large seat elevated on three steps, and regally surmounted by a canopy. There were five smaller and lower thrones for the ushers, and assistant masters, with horse-shoe seats before each, capable of seating sixteen boys. The room was lit by six large windows, and a central octagonal lantern; the last was used when there was not enough daylight. At the east and west ends there were small retiring rooms for masters and their classes. Behind the head-master's desk was another room, and over the outer keystone of its arch the names of several of the head-masters were engraved.

In A.D. 1872 the Charterhouse School was moved for sanitary and other reasons to Godalming; we find that it was divided into seven forms, inclusive of the 'shell'—or transition state between the third and fourth forms. The very young boys were called 'Petties.' Writing upon the discipline and customs of the Charterhouse, between the years A.D. 1842-7, an old scholar says, 'The Upper School consisted of the sixth and fifth forms, which had the privilege of "fagging;" then came the fourth form, a sort of neutral class, neither allowed to fag or be fagged, and very often in consequence great bullies. The Lower School (all subject to fagging) were the shell, the third, second, and first forms, and the "petties."

'In our home we had four monitors who exercised some of the duties of masters. They could cane boys

for breach of rules, and could put their names down in the black book (three insertions during one week in that volume involved a flogging; and the floggings administered with long apple-twigs were very severe).'

'In former times,' says Mr. Howard Stanton, 'there was a curious custom in this school termed "pulling-in." One day in the year the fags, like the slaves in Rome, had freedom, and held a kind of saturnalia. On this privileged occasion they used to seize the upper boys, one by one, and drag them from the playground into the schoolroom, and, accordingly as the victim was popular, or the reverse, he was either cheered and mildly treated, or was hooted, groaned at, and sometimes soundly cuffed. The day selected was Good Friday, and, although the practice was nominally forbidden, the officials for many years took no measures to prevent it. One ill-omened day, however, when the sport was at its height, the doctor was seen approaching the scene of battle. A general stampede ensued, and in the hurry of flight, a meek and quiet lad (the Hon. Mr. Howard) who happened to be seated on some steps was crushed so dreadfully that, to the grief of the whole school, he shortly after died. "Pulling-in" was thenceforth sternly interdicted.'

And here we close, with a quaint verse which formed the chorus of a melody sung at the Poor Brothers Celebration of Founders' Day (Dec. 12th).

'Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton,
Who gave us lodging, learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.'

The register of the Charterhouse contains many names of boys who afterwards became illustrious men.
JAMES CASSIDY.

A HERO OF TWO WORLDS.



UCH was a name given to the Marquis de La Fayette, a rich Frenchman. At the age of twenty he crossed the Atlantic, and served against King George III. under General Washington. With two ships, well armed and well found, he reached Boston, much to the delight of the Americans, who felt supported by the whole French nation in the gallant young marquis. He returned to France full of republican ideas, and yet, as one of the old nobility, he did not wish to go too quickly or too far. When the king was forced to call together the National Assembly, the citizens of Paris chose La Fayette as one of their members, and he passed an act (his only one) declaring the Rights of Man, for which the American colonists had been fighting, as they supposed.

But the General did nothing great. If he had supported King Louis with all his heart, he might have saved that king's life, and France might even

now have been like England, under the kindly sceptre of a constitutional monarch; or, had La Fayette seconded the desire of the French people for a republic like that of the United States, he might have seen it accomplished, without the bloodshed of the Reign of Terror.

But La Fayette halted between two opinions, and was therefore faithful to neither. As a noble, and very rich, he clung to the old order of things; and as an American general he supported a republic; and so, like every man who is drawn zig-zag by two ideas, he broke down, and ended his brilliant morning and noon with a doleful evening of many years' imprisonment in an Austrian prison.

When King Louis escaped from the Tuileries, for a few days only, on the night of June 20, A.D. 1791, La Fayette, on his prancing white horse, had ridden to that palace to see that all was right, and he had found it so; or thought he had. He actually brushed past the Queen, who, attended by a servant, had lost her way, and could not find the coach. La Fayette saw that all was well—armed soldiers pacing before every entrance—and he went back satisfied to his quarters, blaming Gouvion, his second in command, who had fetched him from his bed by a cock-and-bull story about the royal family's escape. But Gouvion was right, and the hero of two worlds was wrong. For there was a certain lady's maid in the palace, who had seen suspicious things going on, such as desks open, empty jewel boxes lying about, and so on. This young person was sure that there was some mighty secret on foot from which she was shut out; and, as she was in Gouvion's pay, she told him all that she knew or suspected.

But the birds had escaped. Some people say that King Louis had not practised lock-making without a purpose. He had made false keys to open all the doors of his splendid prison, and he and his Queen and family slipped out at the hour of midnight, and got as far as Varennes. By the merest accident they were captured, and that was due to the ready wit of a man, the son of a post-master, who knew the king by his likeness to the features on the coins.

When it was known that the king had escaped the people were furious, and La Fayette's head was in the utmost danger; but he bravely rode his white charger along the crowded quays, and looked straight into the angry eyes of the citizens; and, knowing that he must do something or die, he became for a time a dictator, and ordered in writing the king's arrest. This was the most important step La Fayette ever took. It saved his own life, but it led his king to the scaffold.

Even this, however, did not make the hero of two worlds popular with the chiefs of the Revolution, and not many days after the king's forcible return, he got into a yet worse scrape with the people. In July, A.D. 1789, the Bastille had fallen, and in the Julys of succeeding years the mob used to gather in vast crowds on the Plain of Mars.

The July meeting of A.D. 1791 was marked by a deplorable incident. As the crowds were signing a charter or petition, two men were found hiding under a platform which supported the table. These men seem to have had no evil object beyond a silly curiosity, but it was reported that they were dis-

ciples of Guido Faux, and were preparing to put gunpowder under the platform. The mob thereupon murdered them. The news of the murder was rapidly carried to head-quarters, and was most likely told with many additional horrors. Mayor Bailly at once ordered out the national guard and its captain on his white steed. Before the armed men floated a red flag, and martial law was proclaimed. Stones were hurled at La Fayette, and a pistol was fired at him, but he went on his way unmoved. The people, fifty thousand in number, were ordered to disperse, but they would not obey. 'Down with the red flag!' cried they; 'Shame on Mayor Bailly! Death to La Fayette!'

The guns were first fired in the air, but this only encouraged the populace to greater violence. Then came a murderous discharge, and the people fell in hundreds. A far more dreadful slaughter would have taken place had not La Fayette ridden in front of the mouths of the loaded cannon, and stayed the artillery-men from firing. This destruction of so many was either a crime or a dreadful duty, but it put an end to the last remnant of La Fayette's popularity. He was, as Robespierre said, 'the most dangerous of the enemies of liberty, because he wore the mask of patriotism.' 'Had I but had 2000 men like myself, I would have gone at their head to stab La Fayette in the midst of his brigands.' So said Marat.

The enemies of France—Austrians, Prussians, and Brunswickers—were now advancing over the north-east borders, and La Fayette, as France's best general, was sent at the head of an army to oppose them. While thus engaged he came once to Paris to try and overawe the assembly, but he found that his power was gone, and he returned to his duty having done nothing. If he had been in Paris when the riotous citizens slew the king's Swiss guard and sacked his palace, his genius and courage might have saved the throne; but he was far away, and no man of ability stepped forward to encounter the Marseillaise and the patriot volunteer soldiers. Napoleon, who was a looker on, declared that the disciplined Swiss only needed a leader to be victorious. The king himself, who ought to have put himself at their head, tamely left his palace to its fate—nay, he sent word to his Swiss to cease firing, and so to die like so many slaughtered sheep!

Among the what-might-have-beens, how many can we see! And this is one, that if the hero of two worlds had been at home on the 10th of August, A.D. 1792, instead of commanding at Sedan, he might have repaired the wrong he had done his king in arresting him by the defence of his palace on that fearful day. But man goes whither he is to go; and while poor Louis, who would not fight for his right, went his way to the axe, our hero went his way to a long captivity. For, when his soldiers heard what had happened in Paris, they broke out into open mutiny, and he felt that flight was his only chance of life. He therefore hastened over the marches toward Holland, hoping to get once more to America; but his hope was vain, for he rode into the jaws of the Austrians, who sent him to the dungeons of Olmutz, and so a stop was put to the once glorious career of the Marquis La Fayette.

G. S. O.



AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

AN Esquimaux hunter, one dark wintry day, went out to visit his seal-nets. He found a seal fast in one of them, and while he knelt down on the ice to get it free he felt a great slap on his back. He thought it was his comrade's play, but a second thump, much heavier than the first, made him turn

round. What was his horror to see a grim-looking old bear, and not his comrade. The bear took no further notice of the man, but tore the seal out of the net and began his supper. The hunter left his net and made off, glad enough to give up the seal for his life.



A Dervish Outpost.

THE DERVISH OUTPOST.



— o —

AT the great battle fought outside the walls of Omdurman, on the banks of the Nile, the power of the cruel oppressor of the Soudan, the Khalifa, was broken and utterly crushed by England's soldiers and sailors, under Lord Kitchener. The Dervishes under the rule of the Mahdi, and afterwards under that of the Khalifa, have been known for many years as the bravest of fanatical soldiers. They always did the bidding of their leaders, and they were the men who, in gallant Gordon's time, besieged Khartoum and slew that true soldier of the Cross, as he stood at the post of duty. Gordon, at the instance of the British Government, had gone out to pacify the troubled region of the Soudan, and to act as Governor of Khartoum. There, within its whitened walls, the noble life was laid down, sacrificed at the altar of right and justice. Never soldier lived a more useful or a brighter, purer life, an example and a pattern for every young man, in or out of the army; the memory of General Gordon will be kept green as long as Englishmen continue to honour true nobility of character.

But it was willed that Gordon should die; and soon all the good that he had effected was swept away. Under both Mahdi and Khalifa the whole of the Soudan and the borders of the Nile within it were allowed to go out of cultivation: one tribe was constantly making raids on another. As they had no security that they would ever reap the harvest of their own industry, the peasants became disheartened, and would neither till the land nor sow it. It was of no use to breed and pasture cattle, for a stronger than the owner would descend upon him and drive them off.

The ordinary Dervish soldier—threatened, starved, and oppressed by those who were over him—became indifferent to life itself under such conditions, and many even preferred the honour and glory of death in battle; hence the desperate valour with which they fought the English troops at Omdurman, and around the notorious black flag of the Khalifa, the gallant Yakoub Khan rallied his followers until, riddled with bullets, he fell dead in the midst of a heap of slain around him. Undeterred by a withering fire from artillery, infantry, and machine guns combined, the fanatical hosts pressed on towards their disciplined foes with the greatest valour. But discipline must prevail in the end, and with awful loss the Dervishes were forced back, and, finally, completely routed. Omdurman was taken; the unhappy prisoners were released, and the Khalifa himself was in full flight.

Our picture represents a Dervish soldier on outpost duty at the borders of the desert.

F. R.

THE MONKEY AND THE MAIDEN.

THERE was a little maiden,
A pretty little maiden,
And her name, as I've heard tell,
Was happy little Phyllis,
Laughing little Phyllis,
And everybody loved her well.

There also was a monkey,
A chattering, grinning monkey,
With yards and yards of hairy tail;
And his name was Lika Joko,
Naughty Lika Joko,
Whose love for nuts could never, never fail.

And Phyllis lived in London,
Foggy North-west London,
Had lived for seven years—just her age;
And Joko he lived near her,
Always very near her,
In the Zoological Gardens in a cage.

Now, Phyllis had a birthday,
Her seventh happy birthday,
And a proud and happy maid was she!
And her daddy made a promise
(He always kept his promise)
To take her on that day the Zoo to see.

So Phyllis donned her best hat,
Trimmed with flowers was her best hat,
Quite an hour before it was the time to start;
And she couldn't leave off dancing,
She always must be dancing,
When any great delight possessed her heart.

Oh, what joy to go with daddy!
Her kind and merry daddy,
Who loved to give her just what'er she chose,
To see the lions and monkeys,
Oh, the funny little monkeys!
She must take lots of nuts to give to those.

How she did enjoy her outing,
Her happy birthday outing;
The ride upon the elephant was sweet!
To see him put his trunk up,
Taking buns to fill his trunk up,
So much nicer than the tiger with his meat!

And then the funny monkeys,
The dear, delightful monkeys!
How they grinned and played each other tricks;
And pushed their little paws out,
Their little hairy paws out,
To take and crack the nuts like bricks!

But, oh, that naughty Joko,
That dreadful, greedy Joko,
Had eaten near a hundred nuts an hour!
'No more at present, thank you,
Not taking any, thank you:
I'll try a change of diet on a flower!'

Ere Phyllis knew what happened
The horrid thing had happened,
That Joko seized her best hat with his paw!
There was a sound of ripping,
The flowers he was ripping,
And only left torn ribbons on the straw!

Oh, poor little Phyllis!
The people laughed at Phyllis,
But help came ere it was too late;
The keeper took a small switch,
Went in armed with a small switch,
And you can guess that naughty Joko's fate.

And the keeper got the flowers,
Still unhurt, those pretty flowers,
And a kindly lady stuck them in with pins;
And Phyllis was quite happy,
For all the day quite happy,
In spite of naughty Joko and his sins!

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

22.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. A TIMID animal.
2. The space upon which a building stands.
3. Repose.
4. Consumes, devours.
- 2.—1. To prepare a favourite and common beverage.
2. A fragrant flower.
3. A town in Italy.
4. One of fifty-two.
- 3.—1. Poetry set to music.
2. A mixture, a medley.
3. The number of a family of very learned and accomplished sisters.
4. One who departs.
- 4.—1. Sent by your doctor.
2. Not under.
3. Perceived.
4. A lake in Ireland.
- 5.—1. A very young woman.
2. A thought.
3. A large quantity of what is before the reader's eyes.
4. Not having free power of movement.

C. C.

23.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Look out on a fine night and behold a beautiful bright object; transpose the letters and you will see some small repulsive creatures; transpose again and some brave defenders of your country will appear before you; transpose again and you will find some valuable useful or ornamental branches of knowledge.
2. Transpose the letters of a small low tree, and you will find the name of a useful domestic implement used for cleaning, also one used by artists.
3. Transpose the name of a student and you will find something more precious.
4. Transpose the name of a dangerous reptile and you will see a gift.
5. Transpose the name of a town on the east coast of England, and find a heavy metal.
6. Transpose the name of a river in Africa, and find the period of a monarch's government.

C. C.

24.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

THE name of the heroine of a favourite fairy tale.

- 1.—4, 6, 10, 2, 3. To pour out a liquid to the last drop.
- 2.—10, 1, 2, 4. A sharp, sour taste.
- 3.—3, 10, 2, 9. At the end of your fingers a measure of length.
- 4.—6, 10, 2, 4. An incursion for purposes of robbery.
- 5.—1, 5, 8, 9, 10, 6. An underground abode, generally used for purposes of storage.
- 6.—2, 3, 4, 2, 10. A large country in Asia.
- 7.—5, 10, 6, 3. To obtain money by employment.
- 8.—4, 2, 1, 7. Used in games of chance.
- 9.—1, 6, 10, 4, 8, 7. An infant's resting-place.
- 10.—1, 5, 6, 7, 10, 9. Grasses which bear an eatable seed.
- 11.—3, 2, 7, 1, 5. Your father's grand-daughter, but not your own child.
- 12.—2, 4, 8, 5. Likely to get into mischief from want of employment.
- 13.—5, 10, 6, 9. A title of an English nobleman.
- 14.—1, 10, 3, 10, 9. An artificial water-course.

C. C.

[Answers at page 158.]

ANSWER.

21.—George Washington.

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|------------|
| 1. Nairn. | 6. Iona. | 11. Thane. |
| 2. Rage. | 7. Right. | 12. Rhone. |
| 3. Gain. | 8. Growing. | 13. Onega. |
| 4. Shine. | 9. Green. | 14. Three. |
| 5. West. | 10. Gown. | |

BURIED UNDER THE RUINS.

OUR picture tells its own tale. There has been a disastrous fire; the cruel flames have burned away the lower part of some great timber beam which supported a mass of bricks and masonry; the firemen have done all that was in their power to arrest the progress of the fire, but in vain. Meantime, the police have been trying to keep back the crowd of people which is always present on an occasion of this sort; for a big fire is a fearful and wondrous sight, and it is small wonder that so many wish to witness it. To keep these on-lookers out of danger, and out of the way of the firemen in their noble work, is sometimes a task which taxes the police very severely. Our illustration shows a terrible event; the unfortunate constable, in the execution of his duty, has ventured too near the burning ruins; the great beam, having been burnt through, falls with a dull crash, burying the poor policeman in the ruins.

F. R.

IN MAIL.

OUR illustration shows, not an actual man, but the outer case of a man, for mounted upon a stand is a complete suit of armour, such as a warrior wore in the Middle Ages. Thus equipped from head to foot, he was guarded as far as possible against any weapon near or distant; he was, in fact, clothed with what is called a panoply. The little dog seems



Buried under the Ruins.

puzzled whether it is a man, or only the figure of one. In the seventeenth century, during the years of war throughout Britain and Ireland, armour had gone out of fashion, except cuirasses and helmets, somewhat like what some of our soldiers wear now. This was owing to the use of new kinds of weapons for propelling shot, such as cannon, muskets, and pistols, which armour could not resist; but, of course,

spears, swords, and even arrows, were also employed on the battle-field. Our Saxon ancestors wore rough armour sometimes, but the Normans had mail, which was superior, and it was in the times of the Henries and Edwards that these metal equipments attained to most strength—some also had beauty. We now look at old suits of armour wonderingly; we fancy they must have burdened the wearers of them; the weight,



In Mail.

however, being distributed over the body did not trouble an ordinary man. Also, we must remember that the wearers of mail did not ride on bicycles, or run to catch a train or 'bus! One curious fact comes out from the inspection of ancient armour—it is that our forefathers of four or five hundred years ago were generally smaller than the people who are living now. But what was the object of a coat of

mail? Specially to protect him who wore it from being wounded by sharp weapons, also to shield him from clubs, which often served as weapons. It was most needful to guard the head and the chest, because injuries to these were worse than hurts to other parts of the body. You may notice in the figure that the front of the helmet has a close-fitting vizor, pierced with small holes, through which the

warrior could look and breathe, but which would not permit the point of a dart or lance to enter. Sometimes the opening in the vizor was made in the form of a cross. The vizor was contrived to move up or down by a hinge. Also the helmet was often made in two parts, the upper one being round, a sort of skull-cap; some of the older helmets had a piece sticking out to fit the nose, so they must have been tighter. Very important was the hauberk or cuirass, to protect the body, over which some knights wore what was called a 'jack,' which was a tight-fitting vest, with sleeves, but lined down the front, and a skirt reaching to the knees. Nobles and kings would have the hauberk beautifully ornamented, or perhaps studded with silver or gold points. Then, for the arms and hands, the special armour was the vambrace, from wrist to shoulder, and above this the rerebrace, while the hands had gauntlets, usually made of such fine steel that they did not interfere with the grip. But it could not have been pleasant to shake the hand of a man in armour. Disagreeable, too, would it have been for him to step upon one's toes, for upon his feet he wore the sabatynes or steel clogs. Above these were the grieves which guarded the legs; and below the waist, resting on the hips, were what they called the tuiettes, flaps of metal which covered the upper part of the legs. There was also armour worn quite different in appearance, cham armour, which had the advantage of being lighter, and was made up of chains or rings fastened together.

J. R. S. C.

'TERRAWEENA.'

(Continued from page 131.)



HE stars were shining in the sky, and the twilight was fast merging into the night, while dark clouds were gathering away to south and west.

But where was Bob? There was nothing to show what direction his capturers had taken; what footmarks there were, which might afford some clue, were not to be seen now.

It would take a keen and practised eye to follow footprints by day; how useless for the boys to attempt it by night!

'We can do nothing now,' said Harry, hopelessly. Supper remained unprepared, three despondent faces gazed into the camp fire.

'Perhaps you may be wrong, Harry,' said Arthur, presently; 'blacks might be here without taking Bob. He may have gone shooting and met with an accident, or lost his way.'

But Harry was confident in his belief, and he told them of the spear that he had found there in that very fire-place, and which he had burned, saying nothing of the incident.

Arthur and Tom were silent. Harry explained that he had not wished to spoil their sport by making them fearful, and he had felt sure himself that

though the blacks might try to frighten them, no harm would really happen.

Arthur said, 'Still you should have told us, Harry. If we had decided to break up the camp, it would have been better than to have this happen.'

He got up and went away from the fireside.

Harry sat disconsolate, with his head in his hands, while Tom, unable to realise that Bob was really gone, started at each slight sound that might be the fall of his approaching footsteps.

Arthur stood away in the darkness and communed long with himself. Bob, the jolly, often troublesome companion he loved so very much, was gone. He especially had promised to look after Bob; half in joke and half in earnest had he said it. Where was Bob, then, or what was his condition, none could say. It was idle to try and picture anything. In the morning they must find those tracks, and they must follow them. All difficulties must be overcome, success must crown so great an effort. He knelt and prayed. Then he turned and looked towards the fire. Harry's utterly woebegone attitude struck him. He had blamed Harry. Was this a time to deal out censure? Had not Harry been generous, aye more than generous, in concealing what would have spoiled *their* pleasure? It must have spoiled his, must have been a constant anxiety, and yet, believing no harm would come, he had been silent, that they should have no disquieting fears of sudden attack. He remembered how they had tried to watch through one night, and had failed, falling asleep, yet Harry had not laughed at them.

Arthur walked back to the fire.

'Come, cheer up, Harry, old fellow! I am sorry I spoke so unkindly just now.'

Harry burst into tears. Then, suddenly relieved, he held out his hand, and said, 'Don't say anything about it, Arthur;' he could not bear to feel that Arthur should suffer pain from the knowledge that Arthur himself had done him a wrong.

'We will find Bob, I am sure,' said Arthur; 'I feel that we will!'

'Let us lie down then and get some sleep,' said Tom, 'for we must start early.'

The bank of clouds had gathered thicker from the south and west, accompanied by a strong wind, and rain began to fall heavily. It rapidly increased, with rushing sound, and the roar of the wind through the trees.

What an awful night for Bob to be out, unprotected from the storm, with hideous faces of savages about him, and enduring agony of mind greater even than that of his friends, combined with bodily pain; or, worse still, dead perhaps, lying somewhere out in the wild dark forest, while the rain poured on his stiffened corpse. The boys crouched in their rugs in their sheltered cave, and prayed that the rain would cease, that day would come, or that they could shut out all sounds and sights and thoughts. Towards morning the rain ceased, the wind died away, and the clouds lifted, but still covered the sky.

At the first sign of light Harry was out, and the others followed him. They got ready their guns and a large supply of ammunition, and some provisions. By the time they were ready and had blocked the cave mouth it was quite day.

'The rain has destroyed all traces,' said Harry; 'we can pick up no direction.'

'They would be most likely to keep in the rugged hill country, would they not?' asked Arthur.

'Yes, they would go where it would be most difficult to follow, and where they could hide. Why,' Harry continued, 'we might pass within a few feet of them in some places and not see them.'

'That country where the caves are is wild enough for anything,' said Tom. 'Do you think they would go there?'

'I don't know what to think,' replied Harry.

Despondency was settling down once more: they had risen full of determination, and were baffled at the very outset.

'Well, we will go towards the caves,' said Arthur; 'if we find no trace we will cross the range and try to fall in with some tribe, who may help us in some way.'

It was all very vague, but they must search; they would not find Bob by standing there by the camp.

'Father may be returning,' said Harry. 'We may not be back when he comes. Let us put up a notice on this tree.'

So he wrote on a page of his pocket-book:—

'Bob lost. We are looking for him, and have started out in a straight line east, over the cave, from this tree.—Harry Austin, Friday, July 11th.'

'Jerry will be able to track us,' said Harry; 'he can follow for miles once he starts out.'

So anxiously they set off, looking eagerly for anything that might indicate that they were on the right course. They had not gone far when a cooeey was heard from higher up on the hill-side along which they were travelling. They stopped.

'That was a black's cooeey,' said Harry. They looked about, and held their guns cocked. There was a rustling of boughs and a snapping of twigs ahead of them, and presently appeared through the scrub and brushwood Betty.

How glad they were to see her! Could they have met any one more welcome? Her repulsive face and her scarred limbs were not noticed. Betty would know where Bob was, would lead them to him; they felt they had but to follow now and Bob was safe! (They had banished the thought that Bob might not be alive.)

'Where is Bob, Betty?' was the first exclamation.

'Me dun no, Missa 'arry!' said Betty, staring blankly.

The boys recoiled. They were indeed stricken. Betty still looked at them in the same unconscious way.

'Yo' lose Bob?' presently she said.

'Yes!' said Arthur. 'Do you really not know where he is?'

'No, Missa.' Betty shook her head, and looked at the boys' desponding anxious faces. Then Harry told her all that had occurred, and Betty listened carefully and understood.

'Do you think they would kill him, Betty?' asked Tom.

'Me not tink so,' answered Betty; 'take em live away, live along a black feller.'

Then the boys understood from Betty how she was returning to Terraweena, was then on her way, and

had caught sight of them as she passed. She had not been to their camp. She made them understand that the tribe had got together again after the fight, and were camped in a new place. They had chosen a new king, and Louie and some others had left the tribe yesterday, she having stolen away while it was dark that morning.

'Yo' go bac', stay a' camp till me com' an' tell,' said Betty. 'Me fin' Bob.'

Could they trust this savage? She had been their friend by giving the warning to Harry of Belangalang's intentions; would she be a friend again?

'Me com' bac' all lite, Missa 'arry,' she said, noticing the hesitancy which they showed.

'Will we trust her, boys, and go back?' asked Harry.

'Yes!' they both answered.

'We will wait at the camp, Betty,' said Harry.

She nodded and was gone.

'I don't like the thought of going back and doing nothing but wait,' said Arthur, as they returned, 'but perhaps it is the best we can do.'

They agreed; Harry had every confidence in Betty.

Louie, the half-caste of Belangalang's tribe, and son of Betty, had long watched to avenge himself in some way severely upon the Terraweena household. He had been sent away from there and not allowed to return. On the afternoon the boys had visited the camp, he had felt his chance would soon come. He had excited his fellows against them, and had urged Belangalang to warn them off; but Louie was afraid to commit violence while Belangalang was king.

When the new king was chosen, Louie drew off three blacks from their allegiance, and set out to fulfil his purpose of attacking the boys' camp. He instructed the three carefully as to whom they were to take, but Bob became the victim, not Harry, as intended.

When Bob recovered from the blow that had laid him senseless by the log on which he had been sitting, it was quite dark, and he could only discern that blacks were guarding him. His hands and feet were tied. He asked two or three times to be unloosed, but no one answered, and he thought they did not understand. He was afraid to struggle to try and free himself, lest the blacks should think he was trying to escape, and hit him on the head again. How his head did ache, and how sore he felt all over his body! He was lying on the ground, and the rain was beginning to fall. Presently, after a consultation, one of the blacks cut the bandages, stood him on his feet, and holding his arm walked on; Bob, stumbling, dazed, and cold, and wet, and too sick at heart to cry or groan.

Soon they came to a large tree in the hollow of which they camped out of the storm; but, when the rain ceased, they pushed on again. So on, and on, Bob was now being dragged. The sun rose, but they did not rest.

To Bob they seemed to have travelled for miles and miles. At last they stopped and entered a cave, with a wide opening. Bob sank on the floor, too exhausted to move, and by-and-by he slept.

(Concluded at page 146.)

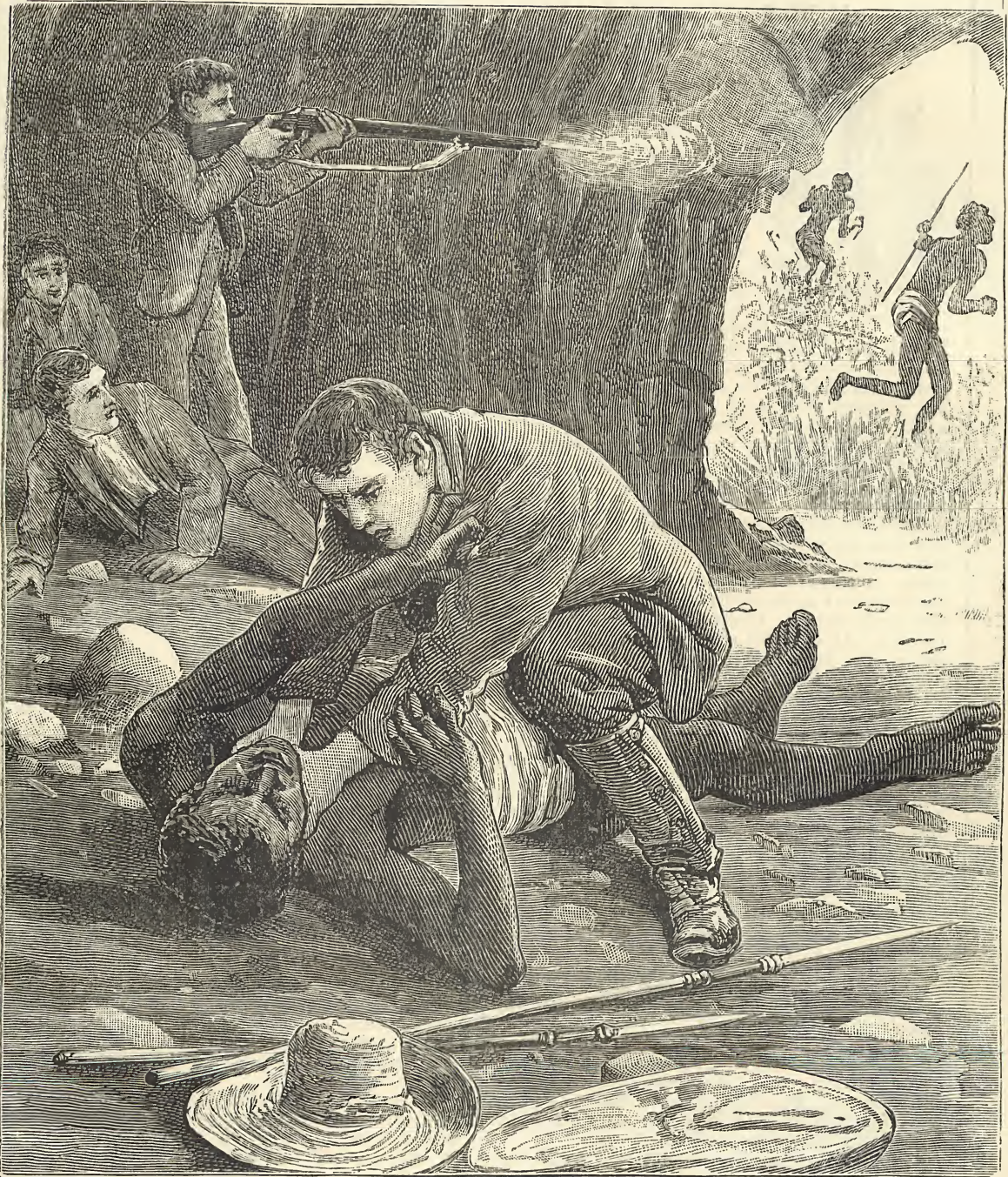


"Betty appeared through the scrub and brushwood."



Painted by G. J. Jones

HOMEWARD BOUND.



"Down went the black with one heavy blow from the butt of Arthur's gun."

'TERRA WEEENA.'

(Concluded from page 143.)



BETTY intended to return to her tribe and seek information about Louie. She thought of no one else as likely to carry Bob off. Her way lay over the hills that covered the caves. The tribe had fled through the pine scrubs, and was now camped on the stream, whose waters formed the subterranean waterfall in the caves, and then issued from the hills.

Betty hastened with all her speed, crossed the cave hills, and descending the sloping country beyond, saw not far ahead of her a black fellow facing from her, standing on a large boulder. She knew him as one of those who had gone away with Louie.

Betty was fortunate, there was no need now for her to travel on to the tribe. She hid at once, and watched, then she followed with stealthy steps, keeping concealed.

The black fellow, leaving the rock from which he had been viewing the valley below, turned up the hill-side, and entered an open cave. Betty saw him enter. She had found where Bob was. She was on the same level as the mouth of the cave, and about fifty yards distant. Under a ledge she saw a small opening. At once she crept in, and at once could discern the faint light from the farther opening. The cave was a fossil cave, the dust of ages covered its floor. Betty's footfalls, silent enough at all times, were doubly silent here. There were masses of stone at intervals. Betty crept from one to the other: the cave was roomy, and the faint light enabled Betty to see the occupants when she came within about twenty feet of them. They talked, and Betty listened. Louie and his three companions little thought that they had been discovered. From the dark shadows of the cave, of whose size they were not aware, a pair of dark eyes watched their every movement.

Betty could not see Bob, however, so she stole behind the stones which she found extended like a low wall in a semi-circle, till she came behind the men. Then with the light from the large opening in front of her, she made out a figure curled up on the floor; this was Bob. As silently as she had entered, Betty left the cave.

What a long day it seemed to the boys! They hung about the camp, watching hour by hour. They had dinner, and supper-time came round, and still no Betty. They decided to sit up till she came. Yet they could not tell how far she might travel; it was possible she might not return for days.

'I think, after all, it is no use staying up,' said Arthur; 'she may not come back at all to-night, and if we should wait for hours, losing our sleep, we would not be very fit to travel several miles to-morrow.'

The others assented. They were just leaving the

fire for their sleeping-place, when a slight cooey came from near, and Betty appeared.

'Could you not find him?' exclaimed Tom. They had all seemed to expect Betty would bring Bob with her.

'Yaas, me fin' 'im,' said Betty.

'Hooray!' shouted Tom, the others cheered too. They crowded Betty with questions so eagerly, she had to shake her head, and laugh—she could not understand.

She sat on the log. 'Velly 'ungly,' she said.

The boys soon had supper for her, and Harry filled her pipe.

Smoking by a good camp fire Betty told her tale, with many gestures in explanation.

The night was clear and starlight.

'I propose we go now,' said Harry, 'and reach the spot before daylight.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'better to set out at once; besides, we have less chance of being seen in the dark, and can surprise them.'

'We will have to fight, I suppose,' said Tom.

'Most likely,' replied Arthur. None spoke, but each felt that he was ready.

Betty had dozed off on the log.

'Don't rouse her up till we are ready to go,' said Harry. They saw to their guns and ammunition while Betty slept.

'Come along, Betty,' said Harry nearly two hours later, giving her a shake.

Betty did not feel inclined to move, she was too comfortable, but Harry roused her again. Filling her pipe, she set off. It was a long march, but Bob had travelled it under worse conditions, and the object of the journey took away from them all thoughts of tiring.

Before the first streak of dawn appeared, Harry and Arthur and Tom, with their faithful guide, crawled through the small opening to the cave where Bob was, and waited for their chance to attack.

'There are four to deal with,' said Arthur.

'I think they will either run or surrender when we cover them with our guns,' said Harry.

But Arthur did not agree. They could not quite decide how to act. They determined, however, to approach as closely as possible, and then rush in and take their risks, Betty being specially deputed to protect Bob, and get him away during the combat.

A grey light softly showed away to east, the hush that precedes the dawn was gently breaking, the morning star hung in the heaven, and a few fleecy clouds below it showed gold and red, and ruddier as the sun rose and peeped through the trees, and gave light through the large opening of the cave.

The boys could hear their hearts beating as they crept on through the dust, till there before them were their enemies. One black was standing full in the light; he had just risen, the others were still lying where they had slept, Louie resting on his elbow, watching Bob, who was sitting a little farther in the cave. Bob's gun was just at Louie's hand.

'I will down the fellow standing,' whispered

Arthur, 'then we can each take one. Leave Louie to me.'

They had decided not to kill if they could avoid it.

How easy it would be, Tom thought, to send a bullet through any one of them. Tom's blood was up. The fellow standing stretched himself and raised his arms. One shout! the boys and Betty sprang over the wall of stone.

Down went the standing black with one heavy blow on the back of the head from the butt of Arthur's gun. A cloud of dust, a gun-shot, yells and struggling followed.

Out through the opening ran for dear life the two blacks, freeing themselves from Harry and Tom, Tom in hot pursuit, sending a bullet singing through the bushes in which they disappeared. Rolling, twisting, turning, Arthur and Louie fought, Harry staggering, dazed from a blow. Louie was too strong; though Arthur fought bravely, he wrenched himself free, dealt Arthur one blow with his fist, and rushed for the opening, to encounter Tom returning, who made at him, gripping his gun by the barrel. Louie dodged, turned, and, catching sight of the small square of light now showing where the boys had entered, darted towards it. Scarcely ten feet had he gone when, with a wild yell, he disappeared.

In the floor, close to the outer wall, was a hole about four feet square, the opening to caves below. Into them the half-caste savage fell, most likely killed by the fall.

Tom hastened to the others. Harry and Arthur were recovering themselves, with Bob embracing them in an ecstasy of delight, thankful to be with them once more.

'Those two wretches got away,' said Tom. 'I fired after them; I don't suppose I hit them, though; I wish I had!'

'Are you hurt, Arthur?'

'No, Tom, thanks! I am all right now. Harry seems a bit knocked about, too, but we are not badly hurt.'

'I could not hold my fellow,' continued Tom, 'he was like an eel; he had nothing to grip him by.'

'That is where the other fellow beat me,' said Harry, 'but where is Betty?'

In the excitement Betty had been forgotten.

The light was much stronger now. They looked about. There lay Betty. Arthur stooped to lift her, and he drew back, horror-struck; the warm blood was flowing from her side; it was on his hand.

'She is bleeding!' he exclaimed.

'She is dead,' said Harry, as he lifted her head, with the great black eyes staring wildly.

'She may be only badly hurt,' said Arthur. 'Let us carry her out.'

The four of them lifted her, carried her out into the sunlight, and laid her down on the grass.

Betty's work was done. The savage had proved faithful, and had died by the hand of her own son. Louie had snatched his gun and fired at Bob the instant his party was attacked. The shot had gone to his mother's heart. This was the shot whose report the boys now remembered. They learned afterwards from Mr. Austin the relationship of Betty and Louie.

Louie too was dead, hid from human eyes, a hundred feet below, in a mighty tomb of alabaster. 'Poor old Betty!' said Harry.

The boys stood about her, and Arthur put his handkerchief over her face.

The boys dug a grave in the deep dust at the mouth of the cave, and laid Betty in it; they piled large stones above and left her to her long slumber. Then quickly they hurried away to their camp, explaining, to Bob's eager questioning, how they had been guided in recovering him.

As the lads neared the camp once more they saw a horseman, seated on his horse, reading the notice on the tree.

'Father!' shouted Harry, as with a loud hurrah he rushed forward.

It was Mr. Austin, examining with a concerned face Harry's notice, and there too was Jerry, who had got off his horse, already looking for tracks which they might follow.

A brief explanation was given, no time was lost in packing up, though the pack-horses had an extra load in skins and birds, and trophies of the expedition. Dinner was eaten for the last time by the knotted old gum-tree in which Bob had seen the skeleton, and the log where Betty had sat last night and slept after her smoke, ere she was roused to go on her last long journey.

The camp fire smouldered out for the last time, Harry would see the spear of the black there no more. The mopoke would call all through that night and many nights, and only the forest and its wild denizens would hear. With feelings of regret at leaving it, as they looked back on their camp, and with a sense as if they had been outside of themselves, outside of their every-day course in a dream-land, and yet in no dream, but in reality, and had now returned to ordinary things, the boys rode away with Mr. Austin and Jerry to Terraweena.

'I hoped to have reached your camp last night,' said Mr. Austin, 'but it was dark when we got to where we had to cross the river, and the heavy rain had made the river rise so much that we did not attempt to cross till daylight.'

'We would have been glad of your help, sir,' said Arthur.

'I dare say; but you have done very well without me. I am sorry for poor old Betty,' he added.

Then they travelled on silently. The party did not return by the same way as they had come, but turned off the direct course, and after travelling about thirty miles, stopped at a new free selection for the night.

Here the lads were glad to renew their acquaintance with Tim, and Mary his missus—fully installed as the head authority of that lonely yet happy homestead. Here would she and Tim toil for years, knowing few joys or sorrows, save their own, living hard, and seemingly living only for themselves, yet playing their humble part in the destiny of Australia.

The party met with the ever-hearty Australian welcome, and setting out early next morning, they reached Terraweena in time for Sunday's dinner.

Such a jolly dinner it was too! Mrs. Austin said she 'had not cooked anything.' If she had only



Haddon Hall.

known that they were coming back she would have had quite a feast for them; they must put up with it as it was, now. 'As it was' was very satisfactory.

All the afternoon and far into the night Mrs. Austin and Alice were regaled with stories of the boys' wonderful adventures, and as they retired to their rest, Mrs. Austin accompanied them to their rooms and joined them in great thankfulness to God for their safe return.

Next day Arthur and Tom and Bob left Terra-weena. They promised to come and spend another holiday some future time, 'if Mrs. Austin would have them,' they added.

All round were farewells. 'Good-bye, Alice!' 'Good-bye, Arthur!'

Harry accompanied them as far as Blayney. The train was moving off with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs from the boys to Harry, when there suddenly pushed through the crowd, and mounted a trunk, 'King Billy!'

'Hooray! Hooray!' he shouted, waving lustily a battered straw hat. 'Hooray!' he cried again from his box, when suddenly some one upset the box, and the aboriginal monarch was once more dethroned.

THE END.

HADDON HALL.

THIS is probably the most picturesque and beautiful of all the ancient stately homes of England. Situate in a lovely vale of Derbyshire, and close to Chatsworth, the splendid seat of the Duke of Devonshire, Haddon Hall has been the scene of many an historical romance, and it was down the stone steps shown in our illustration that Dorothy Vernon eloped with her lover, one night, during the progress of a grand ball. The timber around this magnificent old mansion is alone worth going a long journey to see, and few, probably, of the many visitors to the adjacent town of Buxton, celebrated for its medicinal waters, miss a trip to Chatsworth and Haddon Hall: the latter, to our thinking, being by far the most interesting of the two, by reason of its older associations. The drive from Chatsworth to Haddon is through splendid scenery and will well repay the observant traveller. In the height of the summer season, a large number of noisy tourists to a great extent destroy the charm of a visit. Quieter times should be chosen, where possible, to see and fully appreciate the old-world flavour of Haddon Hall.

F. R.



THE GOEN DEER.

THE Goen, or swamp deer, shown in our illustration, is one of the many curious and handsome wild animals which are found in India, thriving under its glowing sun. It is a species not unlike some other deer of that country, but it does not range the plains, nor climb the high ground; it prefers the lower regions, and is partial to swamps, or where a tall growth of herbage gives it shelter.

The horns are distinctive, being thick and much branched, so that they look formidable; but the animal is of a gentle disposition. In habit, however, it is shy, keeping out of view all day amongst brushwood and reeds. After sunset it is about, seeking food and water; at daydawn it retires to its hiding-place.

Another kind of deer which is fond of the darkness

of night is the Axis, or spotted hog deer, which is found in India and Ceylon. This is rather handsome, for the general colour is golden brown, down the back is a dark stripe, and all over the body are white spots arranged in rows. Though not so partial to swamps as is the Goen deer, the Axis loves shady spots, being seldom found far from a stream or lake. When alarmed, it runs off at tremendous speed, but soon tires, so that it is not difficult to follow one and come up close.

There is also a much larger deer of India, also fond of moist, low-lying forest land. It has the native name of Sambur, and is a deer which people avoid unless they are armed, for it is a strong and savage animal. In size it is equal to the red deer of the British islands, quite as strong, but of a sooty-brown colour. Its horns are set upon rather long foot-stalks, the tip of each is forked, and there is also a branch which projects over the crown of the head.

All deer, however, have not horns. The musk deer have none; they have big canine teeth, which stick out like tusks in the male animals. The common musk deer of India is only about two feet high; its favourite haunts are the hills and rocks of the north.

Plentiful as deer are in many countries of the world, antelopes are still more abundant, especially where the climate is warm. Deer and antelopes appear often to resemble each other. Both have horns, but those of antelopes remain through life, and they are simple, though bent in some species. Deer have horns which usually are more or less branched, and once in the year they cast these, new horns growing to replace those which they have thrown off.

J. R. S. C.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A YOUTH and a maiden, as they were walking by the side of a stream, were struck by the beauty of a flower which they had never noticed before. The maiden begged the youth to gather it for her; and he, heedless of danger, bent over the stream to reach it. The treacherous bank gave way beneath his weight, and he was plunged into the water. After many vain attempts to climb the bank again, he sank to rise no more, but not before he had given to the maiden the flower of her desire, with the touching words, 'Forget me not.'

Such is the German legend as to the sentimental name often given to the water-mouse-ear or scorpion-grass, whose bright blue star-flowers are so familiar to us all, in the fields and hedge-rows of early spring.

Miss Strickland tells us that this flower had also an historical interest. 'The Royal adventurer, Lancaster, afterwards Henry VII., gave an emblematical and poetical meaning to it, by uniting the forget-me-not at the period of his exile to his collar of S.S., with the initial letters of his watch-word, "*Souvenez-vous de Moy*" (Remember me). The collar of S.S. was a chain of gold set with ciphers and other devices, worn by knights, and

from which the badge of their order was suspended.

The forget-me-not has been overlooked by our older poets, but is frequently sung by modern ones. It is counted the emblem of friendship, perhaps from its clear sky-blue colour—the type of fidelity.

R. B.

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

A STORY is told in the *India-rubber World* of a meek-looking stranger, in clerical dress, who applied for permission to look over a large rubber factory. He knew nothing at all about the rubber business, he said, and after a little hesitation he was admitted.

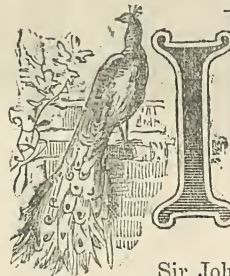
The superintendent showed him about in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from dense ignorance. Finally, when the grinding-room was reached, he lingered a little, and asked, in a hesitating way, 'Couldn't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?'

'Certainly,' replied the superintendent, although it was a compound the secret of which was worth thousands of pounds.

With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wetted the blade in his mouth, and—

'Stop right where you are!' said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the stranger. 'You are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulpit that a dry knife won't cut rubber.' So saying, he showed the impostor to the door, and the secret was still safe.

SIR JOHN MOORE.



IN the year A.D. 1761 a little boy was born in the city of Glasgow who was destined to become a man of mark, a hero in the highest sense of the word, and one whose name is never mentioned but with feelings of the highest respect, admiration, and love. His name was

Sir John Moore, a name that every schoolboy must know, for what boy has not read the beautiful verses written on his sad death and burial in a foreign land?

John Moore entered the army as ensign when only fifteen years of age, and after serving in various parts of the world—Corsica, the West Indies, Holland, and in Egypt, with the army under Abercromby (where he obtained the order of the Bath for his services)—he was sent in A.D. 1808, with a corps of 10,000 men, to strengthen the English army in the peninsula of Spain and Portugal.

Our readers will remember that at that date Napoleon had overrun the whole continent of Europe, and in particular was domineering over

Spain, and to help to turn him out of the Peninsula was the work now given to Sir John Moore. He arrived with his troops in Mondego Bay on August 19th, and assumed the chief command. In the following October he received instructions to co-operate with the Spaniards, who had been making a gallant resistance, but were not able to expel the French from their country. Sir John therefore moved his army from Lisbon with the intention of advancing by Valladolid to unite himself with the Spanish General Romana, and to cut off the communication between Madrid and France.

But by this time many of the Spaniards had become apathetic and hopeless, as the victorious French were spreading over the country by leaps and bounds, while, unfortunately for Sir John Moore, the folly and intrigues of his own countrymen, and the conflicting orders sent to him from home, soon placed him in a critical position. Yet he determined to make a bold advance from Salamanca, and to attack Soult, the French general. Then the news reached him that Napoleon had captured Madrid, and was marching to crush him at the head of 70,000 men. Moore's forces all told, only amounted to 25,000, and as it was impossible to fight on such unequal terms, he determined to retreat, and for a brave man burning with indignation against the enemy, to retreat must have been terrible indeed. But he had to think of his men, and not throw their lives away. In the month of December, then, when the ground was covered with snow, he began a disastrous march from Astorga to Coruña, or Corunna (as we Britons would say), a route of almost 250 miles through a desolate and mountainous country, made almost impassable by snow and rain, and harassed all the time by the enemy.

The soldiers suffered terrible hardships, lying down at night upon the wet snow, and rising up in the morning to resume their march, often without food, and leaving behind them not a few of their poor comrades who had died through the night.

At length they arrived at Corunna in an utterly exhausted condition. Here the fleet was waiting for them, but it was impossible to embark without fighting, for Marshal Soult, the French commander, was in readiness to attack, so soon as the exhausted English troops should attempt to go on board.

The battle was mainly one of infantry, for the cavalry, after destroying their horses lest they should fall into the hands of the French, had gone on board, while the bulk of the artillery, for which the ground was not adapted, had also been withdrawn.

On January 16th, then, the battle began. The French came on in four strong columns, and a desperate struggle ensued, which ended in the total rout of the French, who were driven back and defeated with a loss of 2000 men. But, alas! Sir John Moore, the brave English commander, the beloved of all his men, was no more. He had been struck by a cannon-ball on the left shoulder, and died in the moment of victory. By his sorrowing men he was hastily buried the same night. Thus

died Sir John Moore, after having conducted one of the most difficult retreats on record, and secured the safety of the army intrusted to him. A monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, while Glasgow, his native city, raised a bronze statue in his honour. Even his enemies admired his courage, and a monument was erected by French officers over his grave at Corunna.

Boys, this is a very short and imperfect sketch of a brave soldier and a good man—a man most worthy of your admiration. If you wish to know more about him, you cannot do better than read the first volume of Napier's *Peninsular War*, where you will find a record of his wonderful achievements in times of the utmost danger and difficulty.

D. B. McKEAN.

'DO LET ME HAVE ONE MORE GO AT THEM, SIR!'



OR many a year to come people will talk about the gallant exploits of the British troops at the battle of Omdurman, and especially those of the Lancers, who so bravely charged the furious host of Dervishes. Privates and sergeants were not behind their officers in the time of danger or difficulty, as is witnessed by the conduct of Private Byrne, in the thick of the fight. He received two severe wounds, one from a bullet, the other from a sword-stroke. The officer at the head of his troop told him to fall out and retire to the rear, but he exclaimed, 'Do let me have one more go at them, sir!' We believe that he was allowed to take part in the final overthrow of the enemy, and recovered in time after his wounds had been attended to. Then there was Sergeant-Major Brennan, who, while the battle raged, saw an officer in great peril. His horse had slipped, and he fell among a party of Dervishes. He would soon have been killed had not the sergeant rode in, and, after disabling several of his foes, succeeded in lifting the officer upon his own horse, and bringing him safely to the regiment.

One of the memorable events of that battle, however, which turned the scale in favour of the British, was the steady resistance made by the infantry to the attack of the great body of the Dervishes, who rushed forward confident that they could overthrow the smaller force before them.

After the death of Yakooob, son to the Khalifa, victory was sure to the British, and an impressive sight, never to be forgotten by those who beheld it, was the entry of the conquering Sirdar into the city. Many are the singular relics of the battle which have been brought to England, such as the dark green flags, borne on long poles by the Dervishes, their odd head-gear, their broad-bladed spears and curved sabres.

J. R. S. C.



"Do let me have one more go at them, sir!"



"The policeman took down the address, and said he would call round."

GERALD; OR, THE LOST BOY.

By H. F. RICKARDS.



OW well I remember the first time Gerald came into the play-room!

We were both about seven then. I had just been wishing I had a boy to play with—girls are so stupid sometimes. It was a battle I was playing at, and I wanted Lucy and Janey to be a flying column, but they wouldn't understand what I meant, and said a column *couldn't* fly, and I was getting quite cross with them, and they looked as if they were going to cry, when mother opened the door and led in a little boy of just my own age and size. I was so astonished at first that I could only stare at him. He had on a loose holland pinafore with a black-leather belt round his waist, no hat either on his head or in his hand. He had straight fair hair, very dark eyes and round pale cheeks. I remember how he looked so well. Mother just said to me: 'Here is a little playfellow for you, Jack; his name is Gerald.' Then she turned and said something to nurse in rather a low voice. I heard nurse say, 'I understand, ma'am,' and then mother went away again and left us. Nurse had been a long time with us, before I was born ever so long, and she seemed always to know about everything. I told Gerald about the flying column, and he understood at once, and said he knew about soldiers and armies; so we began to play, and very happy we were, till nurse called us to tea. I asked Gerald at tea if he was going to stay and sleep in the nursery. Nurse heard me and answered for him, and said 'of course he was; he had come to stay with us, and I was not to ask questions;' so I didn't say any more, but I determined to ask mother about Gerald when I went downstairs, but I never did, for I felt somehow that I had better not.

Mother did not take much notice of us younger ones when we went down to the drawing-room. There were generally a good many people staying in the house in those days, and we had to be very quiet, and only speak when we were spoken to. Mary and Amy, who were grown up—they were only half-sisters you know, and had a different surname—sometimes took notice of us, and showed us the illustrated papers, or any magazines that had pictures in them, but very often we were left to ourselves. The first evening that Gerald was with us we didn't go down at all. Mother sent word that we were to stay upstairs, but I didn't mind a bit, Gerald and I were so happy together. He and I liked just the same things, and we were just the same size; he wore my clothes, and we did the same lessons. Well, this didn't last very long. Something dreadful happened; but, if it had not happened, I should not have any story to write, so perhaps it was not all bad, though it seemed so at the time. The dreadful thing which happened was, that Gerald

was lost. It was all owing to the Queen, though it was not her fault at all. The Queen was going somewhere to open something, or shut something, I forget which, but it does not matter. We lived in Bryanston Square then, which is near the Marble Arch, you know, and we went and stood just inside the Park to see the Queen pass. I was standing against the railings, and Gerald was by me, nurse and the little ones behind; nurse had baby in her arms, and Sarah, that was the nursery-maid, was holding the two others by the hand. I was looking at the Blues as they went by, and trying to make up my mind whether I would be a Life Guardsman or a Lancer when I was grown up, when suddenly nurse said, 'Where is Master Gerald?'

He was gone! We looked all about, and told a policeman who was near, and asked everybody standing by if they had seen a little boy with fair hair, dressed in a brown kilted frock; but no one had seen him, only one old man with blue spectacles said he had noticed two little boys dressed alike leaning against the railings, and when the Queen had passed by he only saw one, but what had become of the second he could not say.

Well, nurse was in a dreadful state. She was what people call wild, I think, and so was I. I did not cry, but I felt horrid. I kept running up and down and in and out of the crowd, till nurse thought I should be lost too, and made me take hold of her dress. One policeman was very kind, and took down in a note-book all about Gerald's looks and where he lived, but, when he asked his name, nurse said she did not know what it was besides Gerald, which the policeman said was very strange. So nurse told him that Gerald was not really one of us, and that he had only just come to live with us. The policeman took down the address, and said that he would call round very soon, and nurse told him that mother would give him Gerald's name.

After that we hurried home as fast as we could, for nurse thought perhaps Gerald had been pushed aside in the crowd and lost sight of us, and had found his own way home by himself; but, when we got home, he was not there, no one had seen him. Nurse wanted one of the footmen to go out and look for him, but he said, 'It was no use, and he was not going to waste his time like that.' Mother was out, but, as soon as she came in, nurse went to tell her, and came back with very red eyes. I suppose mother had scolded her. How I cried that night when I went to bed, and many nights afterwards, for Gerald never came back.

Mother did not let me talk about him downstairs, and nurse would not answer any questions either. She only shook her head when I asked if he had been found, and told me to go and play with my sisters.

Well, after some time, we all went to Scotland, and father said I was to have a pony on my birthday, when I was eight years old. So I had Roy given me, and Simmonds, that is our coachman, taught me to ride, and I was very happy, only I could not help thinking about Gerald sometimes, and wondering what had become of him. Then we went back to London, and Mary was married. I should not say anything about that, only Gerald

comes into it. There were a lot of people at the wedding, and a great fuss, and I was made to wear a very smart suit, all velvet and lace, and I had to hold up Mary's train. Oh, what a long time I had to wait for her! I got so tired of standing still that at last I stepped into an open pew and sat down. There were some old war flags, all ragged and torn, hanging up against the wall, and I was trying to make out what colour they had been, when I heard a rustling and hushing, and then somebody seized hold of me and dragged me out of the pew, and said, 'Now, then, Jack, pick up her train when she comes by.'

There was a great crowd outside the church, and people were leaning up against the railings and pressing quite close, and there, with his head almost between the bars, I saw Gerald. I forgot all about bride and train and everything else, and was just going to rush out of the church after him, when some one, I think it was Amy, said, 'What are you thinking of, Jack? Where are you going?' and I was obliged to turn round and take up the tiresome train, and we began walking up the church. Oh, how I did hate it! We went so slowly, and then we had to stand and stand and stand, and such a lot of singing went on, and then prayers and a sort of a sermon. I was in such a fidget to go back and look for Gerald; but, of course, when we did at last get out of church, Gerald was gone, and no one knew what had become of him. I told nurse about it, for mother and every one was so taken up with the fuss about the wedding, that I knew it was no use saying anything about it to them. Nurse was not very kind either, and said she was sure it was a mistake, and that I had not really seen him, and that I must make my mind easy, she did not believe that I should ever see him again. This made me *very* unhappy.

After this, mother said I was too old for the nursery, so we had a daily governess. Miss Blather was her name, but I called her Miss Bother, for she was always bothering, and we did not get on a bit—at least I did not. Lucy and Janey got on all right, but they were girls, and girls don't seem to mind being bothered. Then one day mother said that I was to go to school after Christmas, and I was glad of that, for I had a sort of idea that it would be easier to find Gerald anywhere but in London.

I did not like school very much at first, but I was very glad to get away from Miss Blather, and to do lessons with boys instead of girls. I did not tell any of the fellows about Gerald for a long time, but at last I told Bevan Major. He is much bigger than I am, and higher in the school, but he was awfully kind to me several times, and seemed to like me, and one day we were sitting on the wall of the playground talking, for it was summer, and it was so very hot we could not play. He had been telling me how he and his father—his father is dead now—had been lost on a moor in Devonshire, and how they had nearly got bogged once or twice, and how frightened he had felt afterwards, though he did not mind it at the time and thought it was rather fun. Then I told him about Gerald's being lost, though he was not lost on a moor, and there was no crowd where Bevan and his father were.

'Why do not your people advertise?' said Bevan,

when I had done; 'put an advertisement into the paper, beginning, "If this should meet the eye," that style of thing, you know.'

'Do you think it would be any good?' I replied.

'Why not?' said Bevan, 'there is no harm in trying; he wants to find you just as much as you want to find him.'

'Only he knows where I am, and I do not know where he is,' said I. 'Somebody has stolen him away and won't let him come back to us, and I don't think an advertisement would do any good. I don't suppose he ever reads the paper.'

Bevan was silent.

'I believe you are right,' he said, after a bit; 'I don't think it would be any use; but never mind, depend upon it he will be found some day when you least expect it.'

This was not much comfort, but Bevan meant it kindly, and 'some day' was not quite so far off as I thought it then. The school bell rang and we had to go in, so we could not talk any more about Gerald then.

The next that happened, at least the next thing about Gerald was that, when the holidays came and we were going home, we had to change at one of the stations, and, as we were standing on the platform waiting for our train, there was another train on the other side of the rails waiting to start. As we stood looking, it began slowly to move out of the station, and there, leaning out of the window of a third-class carriage, was Gerald. He looked thin and pale, and very shabby, but I saw him quite plainly, and he saw me, for he gave a start and looked at me, and I stared at him. I was certain he knew me. I gave a great jump, and called out to Bevan, who was standing by me, 'There he is! I see him,' and off I set down the platform after the train.

Bevan ran after me and caught hold of my arm. 'You silly boy,' he said, 'what is the use of running after a train?'

Of course, directly he said that, I felt what a stupid thing it was to do, and I turned back with him, feeling very silly.

'I am sure I saw Gerald, and he saw me,' I said to Bevan.

'Well, if he did, that is all the better,' answered Bevan; 'let us find out where the train came from, and where it is going to.'

But there was no time for that, for just then our train came up and we were all bundled into it, and Bevan and I got scolded for running away, as it was. We asked one of the masters who was with us in the carriage where the other train came from, and where it was going to. He said of course it came from London, but it might be going to a hundred places on the line for all he could tell. However, he got out a Bradshaw and made out what time it had probably left London, and if so what train it might be, and where it was likely to stop; but there seemed so many stations, and so many perhappes about it all, that it did not seem as if it would help us much to find Gerald, even if we had been able to make out exactly which train it was. One thing, at any rate, was certain, Gerald was not in London, and it would not be any good to look for him there.

(Continued at page 166.)



ON GUARD.

YES; he is on guard! The trusty dog shown in our picture has been left to keep off intruders while his master is away, and woe betide the person who dares to approach, or try to meddle with anything. His face is expressive of the pleasure he feels in being so trusted, and even if he has to wait a long time he will manage to be patient. Wonderful are the stories told us of the endurance shown by dogs, which have either been put in charge, or taken a charge upon themselves, and have waited on for many hours, perhaps for days. Such dogs have patiently borne hunger, thirst, severe cold, the bites of venomous insects, sooner than desert their post, and they really give a grand example to ourselves.

A very remarkable dog was the cause of some amusement at a Manchester building where enter-

tainments were given daily. To guard against fire it was necessary to employ a watchman, who had to make a tour of the place during the performances, again after all the people had gone home, and finally in the early hours of the morning. The hours were long, for he had to be awake all night, and a fireman came round sometimes to see if he was on the watch, so for company he brought a dog which he called Jack. Soon the dog was quite at home in the big building, and regularly went the rounds with the man, sniffing here and there, peeping into odd corners where something dangerous might lie—in fact, he seemed to understand the business. However, at last the watchman was dismissed, and a member of the fire brigade was put in charge. Jack did not take to him, but he went his rounds alone at the old



St. George.

hours, going about rather sneakingly, as if he expected to be sent off. And this event did happen, for on the stage one evening Jack made his appearance before a large audience at a very unsuitable moment, the result being that the manager spoke sharply to him, which so affronted Jack that he quitted the place and returned no more.

Our postmen and mail-carriers have often found

dogs very useful in guarding mail-bags when they have had to be left for a short time. Also these animals have often been employed as messengers, to deliver letters or newspapers, and to convey articles to a post-office. There was a dog at Sevenoaks which was called for years the canine postman. He knew the hours when the mail arrived, and went regularly to fetch his master's letters.

A gentleman tells us that one evening he went out for a walk, and, as the weather was warm, he carried an overcoat, lest it should rain, but he did not put it on. He stopped to look at something by the roadside, putting down his coat for a moment. However, he went away, and forgot that he had brought it with him. His dog, after he had gone on for a short distance, whined, and wished to turn back. His master took no heed. At last he found the dog had disappeared. Next morning a friend called and told him that he had seen the dog guarding the coat, allowing no one to approach, having returned to the spot, and remained all night. J. R. S. C.

ST. GEORGE.



ACCORDING to tradition, St. George was a young and handsome prince of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor.

Many marvellous tales are told of the brave deeds which he did, but the chief is that he slew an immense dragon, and saved a king's daughter as the monster was about to devour her. It is this exploit that is shown in the

'dragon sovereigns,' as they are called, the issue of which from the Mint has lately been revived. On the coin he is shown mounted on his horse, which is trampling on the dragon while St. George pierces the monster with his spear.

St. George was one of the seven champions of Christendom. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian.

St. George is specially honoured in England, Russia, and Genoa. The English and the Genoese take him as their patron saint, while the Russians adopt St. George and the Dragon as the principal emblem in their arsenals and armouries, and have given his name to the first of their military orders.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

25.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

'Youngsters in popular tales.'

- 1.—5, 3, 4, 1, 2. A tree belonging to the fir tribe.
- 2.—15, 5, 6, 10, 11. To gather up what is left.
- 3.—8, 5, 6, 3, 4. Bright, transparent, lucid.
- 4.—2, 13, 15, 9. Elevated, powerful, noble.
- 5.—12, 13, 14, 6. The eleventh part of the fourth of three hundred and ninety-six.
- 6.—4, 13, 14, 15. An ornament in the form of a circle.
- 7.—9, 6, 11, 4, 7. A name borne by several kings of England.
- 8.—1, 5, 3, 7. A kind of earth.
- 9.—4, 13, 8, 9. Possessing speech.
- 10.—15, 5, 6, 12. A space between hills.
- 11.—10, 15, 3, 13, 11. A word expressing repetition.
- 12.—8, 10, 12, 6. The schoolboy's dread.

The name is taken from one of Mrs. Henry Wood's tales.

26.—BURIED NAMES.

FIND geographical names buried in the following sentences.

1. In the still autumn air, no sound was heard but the song of the reapers. A county, town, and river of the same name in the north of Scotland.
2. Do you think Eric or Kenneth the most to blame? A county in Ireland.
3. Her cruel brother hit her right in the eye. A suburb of London noted for its docks.
4. Do geese or swans eat the most? A seaport of Wales.
5. The sight of so many poor wretches terrified the children greatly. A city in the north of England.
6. Have you seen that very large apple on the tree in the garden? A province of Spain; a city of Mexico.
7. A young lion is called a cub, and a young dog a puppy. A large island in the West Indies.
8. She wore a dingy old dress and a smart bonnet. A town in England.
9. Are most fish caught with a net or a hook? An island on the east coast of England partly formed by a river.
10. Is not a cucumber generally eaten with pepper and vinegar? A town in a northern country of Europe.
11. I have cut my finger; see how it bleeds. A town in the north of England famed for its manufactures.
12. In the months of April and May rain and sunshine succeed each other like smiles and tears. A town and river in Scotland. C. C.

27.—ENIGMA.

A RIVER in Italy first you may name;
Add a letter, and hear me when seeking your game;
Add another, and this will a poet proclaim.

[Answers at page 171.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------|---------|--------------|
| 22.—1. HARE | 2. BREW | 3. SONG |
| AREA | ROSE | OLEO |
| REST | ESTE | NINE (Muses) |
| EATS | WEEK | GOER |
| 4. DOSE | 5. GIRL | |
| OVER | IDEA | |
| SEEN | REAM | |
| ERNE | LAME | |

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 23.—1. Star, Rats, Tars, Arts. | 4. Serpent, Present. |
| 2. Shrub, Brush. | 5. Deal, Lead. |
| 3. Reader, Dearer. | 6. Niger, Reign. |

24.—Cinderella.

- | | | | |
|-----------|------------|-------------|------------|
| 1. Drain. | 5. Cellar. | 9. Cradle. | 13. Earl. |
| 2. Acid. | 6. India. | 10. Cereal. | 14. Canal. |
| 3. Nail. | 7. Earn. | 11. Niece. | |
| 4. Raid. | 8. Dice. | 12. Idle. | |

SOME MONKEY STORIES.

FRANK BUCKLAND, the genial naturalist, has left in his *Curiosities of Natural History*, some stories about his pet monkey, Jacko.

Jacko first attracted Mr. Buckland's attention as he hung suspended in a hen-coop, from the shop-ceiling of a French dealer in foreign wares and

animals. When Mr. Buckland had bought him for a fancy price, the monkey was locked up for safe-keeping in a little closet opening out of his master's bedroom at the hotel, and left alone for some hours.

On his owner's return it was found that Jacko had already distinguished himself; every vestige of paper was torn from the walls of the closet, the pegs for hanging dresses were loosened, and the particular peg to which the new pet had been tied was wrenched right out of its place; whilst a garment which had been left hanging within reach was torn into a thousand fragments.

Having thus given 'a taste of his quality,' Master Jacko was next placed in one of the strong blue bags which lawyers use for carrying their papers, called 'brief-bags.' In this prison Jacko accompanied Mr. Buckland as far as Southampton on the journey home, and might have gone all the way unnoticed if, just as the tickets were being taken, he had not thought fit to pop his head out of the bag, and give a malicious grin at the ticket-clerk.

The official resented the insult, by exclaiming, 'That is a dog, sir; and must be paid for as such.'

In vain did Buckland argue that a monkey was not a dog—the clerk was firm, and the three-and-sixpence demanded had to be paid down.

Half in jest, half in vexation, the naturalist, who never travelled without some live stock, pulled a tortoise out of his pocket, and asked what the company might charge for conveying that animal. The clerk retired to confer with his superior, and came back to announce, 'There is no charge for them, sir; they are insects.'

When he arrived at Mr. Buckland's house, Jacko soon made himself at home. He was very fond of catching mice, and, as the family cat was ill, the cook fastened him up at night in the larder, having previously taken the precaution to remove everything eatable, except some pots of jam on a high shelf. This did not suit Jacko at all: to catch mice for his own amusement was all very well, but he was not going to play pussy's part for the cook. He spent the night asleep in a big soup-tureen, and his first act in the morning was to push his bed over the edge of the shelf, regardless of the smash which followed. Then he started on a foraging expedition, and soon found the jam-pots. Strong bladder covers were of no avail; the pots of strawberry, currant, and apricot were alike opened and eaten. When cook opened the larder door before breakfast to see how many mice had been caught, her indignation was great.

To clean the knives, holding the blades in his hands and rubbing the handles on the brickboard; to black shoes, and fill up their interiors with half-liquid Day and Martin, these were some more of Jacko's exploits. One morning when the servants returned, after a short absence, to the kitchen, they found that he had placed all the candlesticks he could find in a row upon the fender, and, having possessed himself of the grate-polish, was doing his best to blacken the spotless surface of a deal table.

He disliked ladies, and seldom lost a chance of tearing their dresses or devouring pieces of their laces

and trimmings. Once he got loose and ran away, putting the entire village into an uproar. He destroyed his master's note-book, and got him into plenty of scrapes; but in spite of many tricks, Jacko was much liked for his odd, bright ways, and when at last he fell ill and died of bronchitis, he was regretted by others besides his long-suffering owner.

C. J. B.

THE REMORA, OR SUCKING-FISH.

THE Remora, or Sucking-fish, is generally between two and three feet in length. By a sucker on the top of its head, it can fix itself very firmly to sharks, sword-fish, turtles, and the like. They even fix themselves to ships, where they are very troublesome. So firmly do they adhere that they are sometimes used in fishing. A line is fastened to the tail, and the fish is set free. It discovers a turtle or a fish and fastens itself, then the fisherman hauls up the line, and secures the booty. These curious creatures are well known in tropical seas, particularly about Cuba and New Guinea.

In the narrative of the voyage of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, between A.D. 1846 and 1850, some curious notices are given of these sucking-fish. The writer, John McGillivray, F.R.G.S., tells us that while the *Rattlesnake* lay at anchor near New Guinea, a number of sucking-fish took up their quarters underneath, and whenever the sailors dropped a bait overboard, it was always seized by one of them, greatly to the annoyance of the anglers on deck.

One day some of the passengers, while walking the poop, had noticed a sucking-fish about two and a half feet in length, which had been made fast by some of the men to a billet of wood by some spun-yarn, and then turned adrift.

An immense shark, which had been cruising about the ship all the morning, sailed slowly up, and turning slightly on one side attempted to seize the seemingly helpless fish; but the sucker with great dexterity made himself fast in a moment to the shark's back—off darted the monster at full speed, the sucker holding on as fast as a limpet to a rock, and the billet towing astern. The shark then rolled over and over, tumbling about, when, wearied with his efforts, he lay quiet for a little.

Seeing the floating billet, the shark got it into his mouth, and disengaging the sucker by a strong tug on the line, made a bolt at the fish; but his puny antagonist was again too quick, and again fixing himself close behind the dorsal fin, defied the efforts of the shark to dislodge him, though he rolled over and over, lashing the water with his tail until it foamed all round. After such a spirited contest as this it is provoking to read that the final result could not be clearly made out, but every man on board wished success to the sucking-fish.

The question arises, 'Why does the remora thus attach itself to the shark?' The sucker does not communicate with its mouth, or we might suppose that it sucked the juices of the shark, and thus fed itself at the larger fish's expense. This cannot be the reason, but the writer is unable to suggest anything else!

D. B. McKean.



"I wonder who that seedy-looking fellow is?"

HOW TRUE.

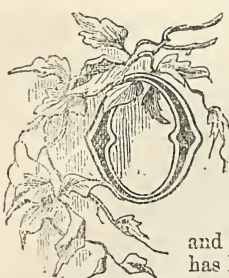
A COUNTRY gentleman, walking up a staircase which had a mirror at the top, bowed to himself, thinking that his reflected image was an acquaintance.

'I wonder,' said he to the friend with him, 'who that seedy-looking fellow is? I have seen his face somewhere.'

His friend laughed, but had not the heart to tell him of his mistake. A man may not know his own face, and may forget also the faces of other people.



Menelik, king of Abyssinia.



MENELIK, KING OF ABYSSINIA.

OUR illustration shows Menelik, king of Abyssinia, out for a ride, with an escort of his soldiers. He is certainly not a bad king, as monarchs are in the East, where they are often cruel and despotic. The British nation has had dealings in the past with the rulers and people of that country. Sometimes they have given us trouble, nor can we have any pleasant recollections of Theodore, who ruled before Menelik. He did not get to his present position directly on the death of Theodore, for the throne was taken in A.D. 1868 by Ras Kassa, who had had friendly treatment from the British while he was only a chief, and he called himself King John of Ethiopia. When Theodore died, Menelik, who had been one of his pages, was a young man of about twenty-six, and, helped only by a few brave followers, he succeeded in conquering the country of Shoa, over which he became king. Menelik had to become tributary to King John in A.D. 1881, but many battles took place between them, and at last King John was killed at Jalabat, fighting the Dervishes. After this Menelik was able to proclaim himself 'King of kings,' and subdued all Abyssinia, while he also extended his influence over several provinces lying near. Perhaps the greatest achievement of his life was his victory over the Italians and their allies, on March 1st, A.D. 1896, when, after a desperate conflict amongst the mountains and passes of Adua, four thousand Italians were killed and all their artillery captured. But the loss on the Abyssinian side was nearly as severe.

For several good reasons the British Government thought it necessary to send a special mission to Abyssinia, assuring King Menelik of our friendliness, making him certain presents, and proposing a treaty for trade. This mission was headed by Mr. Rennell Rodd, of Cairo; his party of officers and attendants reached Addis Abbaba, where the King was, on April 28th, A.D. 1897, and, after several interviews with Menelik, the business was arranged.

When on their way to the Palace, bearing Her Majesty's gifts to Menelik, the officers saw some singular sights, and they were gladly received by the people. They were much impressed by the 'King's drums,' which welcomed them into the royal enclosure. About twenty negroes were seated on the ground, having tall red caps and red shirts with black stripes. Each had a big kettle-drum and two sticks for beating—one heavy, the other light, so they made a funny kind of sound.

Amongst the presents to Menelik, what pleased him most were two fine skins of a polar bear and a tiger, four silver branch candlesticks, two large silver salvers, and some silver gilt bowls. He was also delighted with two gold inlaid double-barrelled rifles and a Persian silk carpet. His Queen sent several gifts to Queen Victoria; the choicest was a gold

necklet of filagree work, said to be of the same pattern as that worn by the Queen of Sheba.

In height, Menelik stands fully six feet. He is dark-skinned, with a curly beard and moustache; his face would be heavy but for a pair of bright, very intelligent eyes. When at ease in the palace he usually wears white robes, and round his head he wraps an embroidered scarf of silk. The Queen is rather stout, of dignified appearance, fond of gardening, but she often rides out, when orders are given that all people should vanish from the streets and roads, as she is not to be stared at.

J. R. S. C.

THE ANT AND THE GLOW-WORM.

WHEN night had spread its darkest shade,
And even the stars no light conveyed,
A little ant, of humble gait,
Was passing homewards somewhat late.
Rejoiced was she to keep in sight
A splendid glow-worm's useful light;
Which, like a lantern clear, bestowed
Its service o'er her dangerous road.
Passing along with footstep firm,
She thus addressed the glittering worm:
'A blessing, neighbour, on your light!
I kindly thank ye for it. Good-night!'
'What!' said the vain, though gifted thing,
'Do you employ the light I bring?
If so, I'll keep it out of view;
I do not shine for such as you.'
It proudly then its light withdrew.
Just then a traveller passing by,
Who had beheld with curious eye
The beauteous lustre now put out,
Left all in darkness and in doubt,
Unconscious, stepped his foot aside,
And crushed the glow-worm in its pride.

God, in His wise and bounteous love,
Has given us talents to improve;
And they who hide the precious store,
May do much harm, but suffer more.

THE GREBE.

THE Grebe is an aquatic bird widely distributed over many countries. It has the feet webbed, but not in the usual manner; they have a separate web for each toe, and are united only at the base. The bill is long and straight, the wings short, and there is no tail. The legs are attached so far back, that when on land it assumes an erect position like the penguin. The Grebe walks with difficulty, indeed, all its motions on land are very awkward. While in the water it is extremely agile, swimming and diving with great rapidity. It feeds partly on small fish, and partly on vegetable food.

There are four different species found in Britain, though two of them are only birds of passage. The great crested Grebe, sometimes called the Satin Grebe (from the shining silvery feathers of the lower

part of its body), is in great request for muffs and trimming for ladies dresses.

Grebe shooting is a favourite amusement on the lake of Geneva, the sportsmen following their game in boats. The plumage of the Grebe varies much at different seasons of the year. D. B. MCKEAN.

A POACHING AFFRAY.

GIPSY CAPEL was one of the numerous class, to be found throughout rural England, of village loafers. Not but what the gipsy could do a day's work, either at tarring a barn, hay-making, or harvesting, with the best worker on the place; but he only worked in fits and starts. There was no sense of the need of continued labour with him. It was a case of working hard on, say, the Monday, then 'lazing off' for the Tuesday and Wednesday; but the one thing of which this dark-skinned young fellow never grew tired was poaching, of either fish, flesh, or fowl.

Squire Packe's keepers knew very well who it was that so successfully defied their efforts, but as yet they had never been able to actually catch sight of Mr. Capel at his work. The gipsy was very cunning, and twice he had just managed to save his own skin by abandoning his comrades to the clutches of the law when disturbed whilst poaching pheasants. Gipsy Capel would be hard to lay hold of. Old Tom Lobb, the Squire's head keeper, knew that; nevertheless, he made up his mind that if poaching was to be stopped on those lands, Mr. Capel must first be safely under lock and key.

One November night, a slight fog settling down over the country, Lobb and two of his under-keepers were tramping through the main 'ride' in a large pheasant covert, on their way home after a round. Suddenly the report of a gun, not a hundred yards off, brought them all three up 'with a round turn.' Robins nodded at Lobb, and Lobb at Parker. Then, regardless of grammar, the head keeper observed, 'It's them there scoundrels!'

Robins merely grunted.

Parker said, 'Which way?'

'Listen,' rejoined Lobb.

For five minutes or so they listened, then they all distinctly heard a slight breaking of underwood away to the right of where they were standing. It came from the direction of the lane running alongside the big pheasant wood.

The three keepers sank down behind a bank covered with a heap of bracken. Here they lay almost motionless, whilst the sound of footsteps crashing through the underwood got louder and louder. Suddenly out of the fog and mist loomed a tall form, not more than two yards from the keepers' place of concealment. Three others quickly followed. They were all carrying game, and all were armed with guns.

Without hesitation, old Lobb sprang upon his feet, and rushed at the tall figure in front. His underlings immediately attempted to arrest the other three men. Not one of the poachers, however, turned in flight; they meant 'seeing it out' when they

found that they numbered one more in their own party than the keepers did in theirs, and closed with their would-be captors in a tough struggle for victory.

'So I have got you at last, Mister Gipsy Capel, have I?' gasped old Lobb, purple in the face from his exertions.

'I am none so sure of that, *Mister Lobb*,' returned the gipsy, mimicking the other's tone. 'In fact, I think I'm quit of you now!' and, with a violent effort, he shook himself free from the plucky old man, and flung him violently to the ground. The next moment, and Gipsy Capel, quite unmindful of his companions, had disappeared in the darkness of the overhanging trees.

Lobb was quickly on his feet again, but the gipsy had gone. The keeper put something in his pocket which he had been holding in his fingers, and then turned to help his underlings. As he did so, Robins was knocked down by a blow from the stock of one of the poachers' guns. Lobb flung himself on to the striker, and beat him to the ground, just as Parker secured his prisoner, and the fourth man made off.

'And the worst of it is that I could almost swear it was Gipsy Capel who led that lot here, and he has escaped,' said Robins, sitting up and rubbing a lump as big as a hen's egg on his head.

'Never mind. You take these chaps here down to the police station, and then send a constable up to me at the cottage. I think I have got Mr. Gipsy Capel at last, though he does think he is safely off. Of course, as I am the only one as could swear to him, he will say that he was in bed and asleep, and I should be told by the magistrates as I had made a mistake. But I have got something here in my pocket that *can't* have made a mistake!'

Parker and Robins marched their prisoners off to the village lock-up, and despatched a young constable up to the head-keeper's cottage, as they had been told. Old Lobb met the policeman at the door, and off they went straight to the cottage where Gipsy Capel lodged.

It was about three in the morning when they got outside, and after hammering for at least ten minutes, the old woman who owned the cottage put her head out of the window and asked what was the matter. Seeing the constable's helmet shining in the moonlight, she at once admitted them.

'Which room is Capel in?' demanded the policeman, and the old woman quickly showed them. Shoving the door open, the two men marched in.

'Ah, asleep! If I didn't think so!' said Lobb. 'Now, *Mister Capel*, perhaps you will tell us what time you went to bed?'

The gipsy sat up as Lobb struck a match and lit the candle. He rubbed his eyes as if newly awakened.

'Why, I went to bed at ten, to be sure,' he said in indignant tones. 'What do you mean by coming and disturbing a man like this, eh?'

Lobb picked up the gipsy's brown velveteen coat and held it to the light.

'So you have not noticed that you have lost a button off the breast of this coat, Mr. Capel? Well, it is



A Poaching Affray.

gone and a good big bit of the velveteen with it. My object in paying you this visit was to show you the stuff and button *which came off in my hand* not an hour ago in the big covert up yonder at Squire Packe's, and to see if it fitted in the torn coat. And now perhaps you will come along with this gentleman and me to the lock-up. You are an artful fox, Mister Gipsy Capel, but you are caught at last!' For the torn velveteen exactly fitted the rent in the coat!

FOX RUSSELL.

'IN THE CAULD BLAST.'

IN the cold wintry blast sweeping across the bleak hill-side stand three wretched, shivering horses. Their masters—rough freebooters of the hills and country-side—are within the herdsman's tiny hut, trying to thaw their frozen hands and feet by the aid of a blazing fire of peat and wood, which sends forth a grateful odour in the nostrils of the benumbed men.



"In the Cauld Blast."

Truth to tell, they are on their way to stop and rob the travelling carriage of a great laird who is expected in these wild parts, where he owns a huge deer forest and castle, which he rarely sees for more than a couple of months in the course of each year. But for the present, at least, the design of these 'gentlemen of the road' is brought to nought, for snow has come down heavily in the night, and thus it is that, in the early morning, the three riders find themselves baulked of their prey. The laird's carriage can get no further on its road to Auchterussie Castle through the deep drifts, and the

great man himself now sits fuming over a huge fire of sea coal, burning in the long sitting-room of the 'James I.' posting-house and inn, situate some thirty miles from his journey's end.

Perhaps the laird would not be quite so anxious to take the road again if he were aware of the intentions of the three wild-looking horsemen, who, all unknown to him, are hovering like so many vultures on his track. But shortly before noon the snow ceases to fall, whilst that which lies on the ground gives signs of melting away. The laird quickly summons the landlord, calls for his bill, and directs his

servants to harness the four stout horses to his coach. Although in the heavy state of the roads he knows it will be a hard push to reach the castle before night-fall, yet he determines to make the attempt.

Half an hour later the great cumbrous vehicle lumbers its way round to the inn door; the luggage is stowed away, and the laird himself ascends the steps, the door is slammed to, and with a crack of the driver's whip, the coach rolls and creaks off upon the high road.

Swiftly as birds of prey pursue their quarry, so follow the three mysterious horsemen, cloaked and muffled to the eyes, upon the track of the rich man's coach. No word is spoken by any one of the trio, but at a long swinging trot they follow the deep wheel-marks, so plainly visible in the now melting snow. Darkness begins to fall upon the land shortly after four of the clock, and still the castle of Auchterussie is a good eight miles off. Half an hour later, and with a silent sign the three horsemen quicken their pace, and rapidly close in upon the lumbering vehicle which they have been steadily keeping in sight for so long. Then, with a sudden dash forward, they call upon the driver to stop, and he tremblingly obeys. The carriage window is dropped, and the laird angrily thrusts his head out of the window to inquire the reason, and rebuke the driver for his delay. At the same moment a huge horse-pistol is levelled at the great man's head, and a harsh, rasping voice demands, 'Your money or your life!'

The laird is no fighter, although a man of 'dour' humour to his dependants, so he quickly pulls out his purse, his great jewelled ring is reluctantly drawn off his finger, his fob searched for the great turnip of a watch he has carried for forty years past, and they are all handed over in grim silence, under the potent influence of the cold, gleaming pistol-barrel. And then, as in a flash, the three marauders turn their horses' heads, and in a few moments a bend of the road and the growing darkness hide them from view.

F. R.

GERALD; OR, THE LOST BOY.

(Continued from page 155.)



WHEN I got home, I found a great surprise. Father had come home; I was so glad. Mother had said in one of her letters to me at school that he was coming, but she didn't say when. I hadn't even seen father that I could remember, for I was sent home from India when I was quite a baby, and lived with grandmother till mother came home. I don't remember much about grandmother, because I was so small, but I think she had a kind face and used to give me biscuits when I went in to see her. I wanted father to come home very much.

I thought he might help to find Gerald, for I could not help thinking that mother did not care much about it.

It was a long time before I said anything to father about Gerald. I was afraid perhaps he would not care much either. At last one day I was riding with him in the Park, and we came to the corner near the Marble Arch. I never could help when I came to that corner looking about me to see if Gerald was not somewhere there, for it was just there that we lost him. Well, this time I was looking about so much that I did not see where I was going, and I nearly ran up against a little girl who was riding towards us. Father called out to me to mind what I was about, and, when we had passed the little girl, he asked me what I was looking about me so for?

'I never can help looking for Gerald when we pass this place,' I said, 'because it was just here where we lost him.'

'Tell me about it,' said father.

So I did, and told him everything, and how I had seen Gerald twice, and how pale and shabby he looked that last time when I caught sight of him in the train, and what a rough-looking man was with him. And father looked very grave about it all, and said I was to tell him at once if I ever saw Gerald again. He seemed quite as anxious to find Gerald as I was, and was very kind about it. I very nearly asked who Gerald's father and mother were, and why he had come so suddenly to live with us, and what his other name was besides Gerald; but just as I was going to ask him all this, a gentleman came up and joined us, and he and father talked politics or something and I could not talk to father any more.

This was nearly the end of the holidays, and very soon I went back to school again. I looked out at all the stations going back, but, of course, I did not see Gerald again. I told Bevan, when I got back to school, that I had told father all about Gerald, and about my seeing him; and Bevan thought he was sure to be found now father was come home. Bevan was just as much puzzled about Gerald as I was, but, of course, he could not care so much about finding him as I did, because he did not know him, and had not lived with him.

One day, just as we were going into school, Bevan said to me, 'Meet me under the ash tree, at the bottom of the playground, after school, I have got something to tell you.'

I felt sure it must be something about Gerald, and I could not get it out of my head all school time. I got scolded for inattention, and had a bothering imposition to do, so that it was nearly dinner-time when I got out, and Bevan was tired of waiting for me, and had gone off somewhere else, so there was no chance of getting hold of him till after tea.

When we went out into the playground in the evening, after tea was over, I found him, to my great joy, waiting for me under the ash.

'What is it?' I exclaimed as I ran up to him. 'What have you heard? Do tell me.'

'What a little fool you were to get kept in this morning,' he answered; 'I have a good mind not to tell you now.'

'Oh, do, do!' I entreated, 'I want so much to know. Is it about Gerald?'

'Well,' said Bevan, 'it is something mother says in a letter she sent me this morning. She has a district, you know, in Whitechapel or one of the slums, and she says—well, I will read you the bit in her letter.—"Yesterday I went to my district, and there I came across a little boy, who I really think may turn out to be your friend Jack Conway's lost Gerald, whom he is always talking about. A very worthy woman, a Mrs. Higgins, in one of the houses I visit, told me just as I was coming away, after having paid her a visit, that there were some new people come to the room next to hers on the same floor."

"It is a man, ma'am,' she said, 'and a little boy. I think the man has been a kind of gentleman, and known better days. I fancy he is one of your gambling betting sort, here to-day and gone to-morrow; but the little boy, well, he do look thin and starved, and his father, he locks him up in the room some days, and goes out and leaves him, with hardly a morsel to eat. Other days he takes him along with him, and they are out hours and hours, and the little chap comes home that fagged out he can hardly get up the stairs.' She told me a great deal more that I can't stop to write now, but the end of it was that, just as I was coming away, a miserable, pale, half-starved-looking little boy came slowly up the stairs to the landing where I was standing talking to Mrs. Higgins.

"Here he is, ma'am,' said she. 'Come and speak to the lady, Jerry.'

"The little boy looked frightened and miserable, and seemed almost afraid to answer the few questions I asked him. He told me that his father was out, and he did not know when he would be in. That he was often left alone all day, and he did not mind it much. It was better than going to the places his father took him to sometimes. I asked him if he ever went to school, and he said, no, they never stopped long enough in one place. I asked him if he had no mother, and he said he did not remember ever having a mother. There was a woman named Eliza, who used to take care of him a long time ago, and once for a little while he had been in a big house with a lot of children. I thought perhaps he meant the workhouse, and it did not strike me till afterwards that the boy might be Gerald, and the big house with the children your little friend Jack Conway's home in Bryanston Square. I am going to my district again to-morrow, and will try and find out more about him. By the way, I asked him his name, and he said his father called him Jerry, but that was not his right name, he thought."

'Is that all?' I exclaimed, when Bevan had done. 'Oh! that must be Gerald, I am sure, I am certain it is. Oh, do you think your mother has been again, and will she write quickly? I am in such a hurry to hear.'

'She will write fast enough when she has anything to say,' said Bevan; and just then the bell rang and we had to go in. I was in a queer state of mind, I could think of nothing else. I could not do my lessons one bit, and when bed-time came

I could not go to sleep. I kept thinking, thinking that it must be Gerald, and then I thought perhaps it was not, after all, and that, if it were, he would just slip through our fingers and disappear again as he had done once or twice before. And that is just what did happen—but I will tell you how it was.

Next morning, of course, there was no letter from Bevan's mother, nor the next, and I kept thinking about it, and asking Bevan if he had heard, till, at last, he got quite cross, and said, if I bothered so, he would not tell me at all, and he almost wished he hadn't told me anything about it. After that I did not say any more, but, a day or two after, Bevan came running up to me when morning school was over, and said he had got a letter from his mother at last, and if I would come with him at once he would read it to me. We climbed to the top of the summer-house, where we often sat when we wanted to be alone, and Bevan tore open his mother's letter and began to read. The first part was all about other things, but at last he came to a sentence beginning:—

'Tell your friend Conway I am afraid I have a great disappointment for him. I could not go to my district for several days after I wrote to you last, for I caught a sore-throat and was in bed for two days, and the doctor would not let me go out for two more, and the first day I got out I was obliged to go to another part of London where I had some business to do, so it was not till yesterday that I could go to Whitechapel. I went first to the house where old Mrs. Higgins lives, and, when she opened the door to me, the very first thing she told me was, that her neighbours, the man with the little boy called Jerry, had gone. They had decamped the very night after I had been there, and she did not know in the least what had become of them. Whether the man found out that some one had been inquiring after him and his boy, and he had made off in consequence, or whether it was simply a chance, I cannot tell. Any way, he and his boy had disappeared utterly, and Mrs. Higgins knew nothing of them, nor any of the neighbours, for I asked one or two other people in the same street and could not learn anything. I met a policeman as I was coming away and asked him if he could tell me anything about the man, or whether he knew where he had gone to. The policeman said he knew the man was a bad lot, and he had been told to keep an eye on him, but he did not know at all where he had gone. He thought probably the man had his own reasons for going off in such a hurry. That was all I could get out of him.'

I felt awfully disappointed when Bevan had done reading his mother's letter. I had quite made up my mind that this boy would turn out to be Gerald, and I thought Mrs. Bevan would be sure to get hold of him, and now we seemed as far off as ever from finding him. Bevan was awfully kind when he saw how sorry I was, and read me some more of his mother's letter, in which she said she hoped I should not mind very much, because, after all, we could not be sure that the little boy she had seen was Gerald; and, depend upon it, we should find him some day.

(Continued at page 174.)

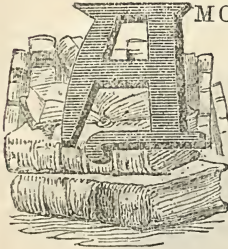


Bevan and Conway on the Roof of the Summer-house.



Absence of Mind.

ABSENCE OF MIND.



AMONG the many curious examples of absence of mind, we have the following laughable one of the celebrated English philosopher, Newton.

Being one morning deeply engaged in the study of some difficult problem, he would not leave it to go and breakfast with the family. His housekeeper,

however, fearing that long fasting might make him ill, sent one of the servants into his room, with an egg and a saucepan of water. The servant was told to boil the egg, and stay while her master ate it; but Newton, wishing to be alone, sent her away, saying he would cook it himself. The servant, after placing it by the side of his watch on the table, and telling him to let it boil three minutes, went out; but fearing that he might forget it, she returned soon after, and found him standing by the fire-side, with the egg in his hand, his watch boiling in the saucepan, and he quite unconscious of the mistake that he had made.

A LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

MANY hundred moons ago there dwelt on the shores of the great fresh-water lakes, a tribe of Red Indians. They were a brave and warlike race, dwelling in a district which was well stocked with bison, deer, and other animals, and which was also near the great lakes. They were, perhaps, the most powerful of the tribes into which their nation was divided. They were noted for the courage and skill of their 'braves,' as the young warriors were called; and they were no less famous for the beauty and modesty of their maidens. The fame, also, of their wise men, the elders of their tribe, had spread through the land.

The name of the chief's son was Ahdeck. He was a favourite with both old and young. None could help liking this brave, handsome, and kind-hearted man. The young braves followed him on the war-path or to the chase with confidence; the elders trusted him, the matrons and maidens admired his prowess and skill. As the people looked upon him they rejoiced in the thought that he was to succeed his father, when the Great Spirit called the old chief away to the happy hunting-grounds.

Among the maidens of the tribe was one Nokomis. She was beautiful to look upon, and none of her companions could equal her in all maidenly accomplishments. The youth of the tribe, the young braves, adored her, and a smile or a kind word from her rejoiced their hearts.

Ahdeck himself owned her charms, and upon his return from hunting he laid at her feet the trophies of the chase. Then the maiden friends of Nokomis smiled meaningly, and her dark cheek glowed with pleasure.

The time came round when a solemn festival was to be held by the dwellers near the great lakes, living within the ceaseless sounds of Niagara's thundering cataracts. The poor superstitious people worshipped the Spirit of the Falls, and, in order to secure this powerful Spirit's protection, they sacrificed every year one of their maidens. It was usual for them to draw lots, and the maiden upon whom the lot fell was seated in a canoe, gaily bedecked with fruit and flowers, and floated down the river to meet certain destruction at the falls.

Sometimes when the beautiful Nokomis thought upon this she grew very sad. Every year as long as she could remember a young maiden had been sacrificed in this manner—what if the lot should fall upon her?

So unhappy did she become that she spoke of her fears to Ahdeck, her lover. He tried to soothe and comfort her, but he could not. The shadow of coming sorrow haunted her.

It was a lovely night, and the young chief wandered by the banks of the river beneath the silvery birch-trees. His heart was sad as he thought of the possible dreadful ending to all his hopes. Then his eye flashed, and his step grew firm as he sternly resolved that if Nokomis died it should not be alone.

The fatal day drew near; at last it arrived, and Nokomis stood weeping, the maidens of the tribe around her, for alas! the fatal lot, as she had feared, had fallen upon her.

The whole tribe was assembled on the bank of the river. All hearts were filled with sorrow and anguish, but none thought of failing in the dreadful custom.

It was early morning on that autumn day. A blaze of colour was on the foliage as the warm sun shed its beams over the far-reaching woods.

'How can the birds sing,' thought Ahdeck, 'on such a day as this?' He shuddered as he gazed upon the treacherous water, which rippled and dimpled in the early morning sunlight, as if nothing unusual was about to happen, and then he saw, in imagination, Nokomis, lying stiff and lifeless beneath the waves!

Slowly the maiden drew near the bank, attended by her weeping friends. She was dressed in white, her dark hair garlanded with the red autumn leaves. The last terrible farewells were made, but Ahdeck was absent. With piteous eyes, Nokomis looked around for him; but he was gone, and with a breaking heart she entered the frail boat—which was decked with the gayest flowers that could be found—the hapless victim of an ignorant superstition. The priest of the tribe drew his knife and cut the rope which held the canoe to the shore, and slowly, but with gathering speed, it floated out into the current of the rapid stream.

The people gazed.

But see! another canoe has thrust out from a dark pool lower down the river. For a moment Ahdeck and Nokomis appear; they are seen together; her long tresses dance upon the white foam; his arms are thrown about her, and then they together disappear for ever from the people's gaze.

Ahdeck and Nokomis did not die in vain. Before the next festival came round the camp was moved

from the district of the Falls, and for many years the Falls were avoided. When the tribe returned, the sacrificial custom was never renewed.

As the Indian braves and maidens wandered on the river-banks, they talked of the unhappy fate of Ahdeck and Nokomis, and glancing at the blue sky above they pointed out to one another the bright twin stars which appeared overhead at harvest time; and told how the Great Spirit had taken compassion on Ahdeck and Nokomis, and snatching them out of the cruel water, had placed them in the sky, for ever to adorn the bright heavens. JAMES CASSIDY.

CAXTON ON THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

WILLIAM CAXTON was the first English printer. He had his printing press in the Almonry of Westminster Abbey. The first book he printed was the *History of Troy*, A.D. 1471. In one of his books the old printer complains of the decline of chivalry. It will puzzle our readers to make out the strange spelling of those days. Caxton says: 'O ye knyghtes of England! where is the custome and usage of noble chivalry that was used in those dayes? What do ye now but go to the baynes and play at dyse? Leve this, leve it, and read the noble volumes of St. Graal, of Lancelot, of Galaad, of Trystram, of Perse Forest, of Percyval, of Gawayn, and many mo; ther shall ye see manhoode, curtosye, and gentylness. I would demaunde a question, yf I should not displease: how many knyghtes ben ther now in England, that have th' use and th' exercise of a knyghte? that is to wite, that he knoweth his horse and his horse him. I suppose, and a due serche should be made, there sholde be many founden that lacke; the more pyte is. I would it pleased our souverayne Lord, that twyse or thryse a-yere, or at the lest ones, he wold do cry justis of pies [jousts of peace], to th' end that every knyghte shold have hors and harneys, and also the use and craft of a knyghte.' G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

28.—CONUNDRUMS.

Letters.

1. WHAT English word of three syllables contains all the letters?
2. Which is the most dishonest of the vowels?
3. If your dress is too small, which letter is most likely to help you?
4. Why is the letter E like London?
5. In Amsterdam 'tis common,
Yet Holland wants it still;
It's on every moor and mountain,
Yet not on any hill.
6. Why is O the only vowel you can hear?
7. Why is U a miserable letter?
8. Why is the nose on your face like the letter V in civility?
9. What letters are never out of fashion?
10. What letters in the alphabet ought men to carry on their shoulders? C. C.

29.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. A MAN bought 20 birds for 20 pence, pigeons, larks and sparrows; he paid 4d. each for the pigeons, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for the larks, and $\frac{1}{4}$ d. for the sparrows. How many of each did he buy?
2. A bill of 13l. 9s. 6d. is to be paid by an equal number of sovereigns, half-sovereigns, crowns, half-crowns, and shillings. How many of each will there be?
3. What number is that whose twentieth part is less than its fifteenth?
4. In a national school one-third of the number are boys; one-half are girls, and there are 40 infants. How many are there in all?

30.—ANAGRAMS.

1. BOLSTER. A fish.
2. Prosper, hays! An insect.
3. Low laws. A bird.
4. Tin arm. A bird.
5. Strap. A fish.
6. Show a will. Two trees.
7. Red meal. A precious stone.
8. Is day. A flower.

C. C.

[Answers at page 191.]

ANSWERS.

25.—Charley Channing.

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|-----------|----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Larch. | 4. High. | 7. Henry. | 10. Glen. |
| 2. Glean. | 5. Nine. | 8. Clay. | 11. Again. |
| 3. Clear. | 6. Ring. | 9. Rich. | 12. Cane. |

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|-----------------|-------------|-------------|
| 26.—1. Nairn. | 5. Chester. | 9. Thanet. |
| 2. Cork. | 6. Leon. | 10. Bergen. |
| 3. Rotherhithe. | 7. Cuba. | 11. Leeds. |
| 4. Swansea. | 8. Reading. | 12. Ayr. |

27.—Po, Pop, Pope.

ANGRY SWANS.

HERE is a youngster who has come into an adventure he did not expect when he started out to do a little punt-fishing on a fine spring morning. As he moves along amidst the reeds of the pleasant river, he is suddenly roused to the fact that he and his punt have somehow given offence to the swans. Perhaps for the moment he is in doubt whether he had better combat them, or push off the punt if he can and escape in that way.

The familiar white swan is not at any time very sweet-tempered, but, during the spring, when they are occupied with their young brood, the parent swans are dangerous to approach, for then they will attack all who may come near them. There is a common belief that a blow from the wing of a swan can break a man's arm; possibly this is a rare occurrence, but it has force enough to do some harm or cause severe pain. Also the swan, having a strong bill, can, if so inclined, administer a sharp peck with this weapon. Hence the operation of 'swan-hopping,' as it is sometimes called—properly the name is *swan-umping*, and this is done by persons called swan-herds.



Defending their Young.

A rather amusing scene takes place on the Thames when the swans of that river are marked in July or August. A party travels up the stream in six boats. Besides the persons who have to take account of, and mark, such swans on the Thames as are 'clear-billed,' others go to see the fun, for fun there is generally. These are people belonging to two of the City Companies, which have from long ago had

their swans—the Dyers' and the Vintners'—the reason being that their old halls stood on the bank of the Thames. The swans, though not so difficult to deal with as in the spring months, very much object to the operation, and the swan-herds have desperate struggles with some of them. At one time they made marks or nicks upon the birds in a rather cruel manner, but this has been altered.



"Brown, dig it up, and we will have
Another in its place."

Did you ever see a swan with two necks? I think not, except in a fanciful picture perhaps. Yet there is a tavern sign of the 'Swan with two necks.' It is a funny mistake; the origin of it really was in the two nicks cut on each side of the bill of swans owned by the Vintners' Company. Swans belonging to the Dyers' Company have one nick on the right side of the bill. Upon those birds which are the property of the Crown are cut two marks of a diamond shape. The total number of swans and cygnets upon the Thames is between 500 and 600. Our ancestors used to eat the cygnet or young swan and held it to be dainty food. Another name for this species is the mute swan, for, unlike most water birds, it is silent. There was an old belief that the swan always sung just before it died.

J. R. S. C.

TAKE NOTICE!

THIS plum-tree has a splendid place
Against this wall, you see,
It gets the sun—it faces south,
Yet is a worthless tree.

'It brings forth little else but leaves—
Of these a plenteous store;
It seldom gives us any fruit,
And what it gives is poor—

'Too shrivelled, and too small and sour
To be of any good.'
Thus to his nephew spoke the Squire,
When near the tree they stood.

Then to his gardener working there
He turned, and briskly said:
'Brown, dig it up, and we will have
Another in its stead.

'Yes, do what you advised last year,
You judged aright, I know;
You said it would not yield us fruit,
But only make a show.'

Brown smiled, and answered: 'Thank you, sir,
I'm glad as I can be,
I've often grudged the spot and soil
To such a worthless tree.'

'Ah,' said the Squire in earnest tone,
And with a thoughtful face;
'How very often in this world
We meet with such a case.

'Yes, boastful folk are like this tree,
They make abundant show,
But not of actions; dear me, no!
With words they overflow.

'And folk who yield no worthy deeds,
But only words—why, they
Will soon be coolly looked upon
As cumberers in the way.'

The Squire spoke truly; yes, indeed
The value of his tree
Was proved, not by the leaves it bore,
But by its fruit, you see.

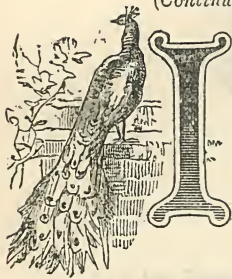
Its fate appeals to each of us,
This wholesome truth to teach—
No life can be made valuable
By just a show of speech.

Good words, as fruit, will not suffice;
Deeds also there must be,
By every one who truly is
A fruitful human tree.

D. HAMMONDE.

GERALD; OR, THE LOST BOY.

(Continued from page 167.)



I BEGAN writing this ever so long ago, when I was a very little chap, and then so many things happened and I did not go on with it, but Bevan says if he were me he would finish now and not mind the first part being babyish. It does seem a pity not to finish the story now I have begun, and I cannot go through all the bother of writing it all over again, so I will just go on and not mind about it.

I was quite in despair after Mrs. Bevan's letter, saying she could hear nothing more of the little boy at Whitechapel; we thought it might be Gerald, and I almost made up my mind that we should never find him, or hear anything more of him, but, when I went home for the Christmas holidays, something very unexpected happened. We did not spend Christmas in London, but went, all of us, to stay at a big house in Derbyshire, where an old uncle of father's lived. We had never been there before, but old Uncle John wrote, and begged father to come down and bring all of us and mother, so we went. Aunt Mary was dead and he was all alone, and he found it very dull. It was a very big house with a moat round it, only the moat was nearly dry. Jonas, the coachman, said it was not always dry, he remembered when there was plenty of water in it, but they said it made the house damp, and Uncle John's two little boys died of sore-throats, and people said they got them from playing near the moat, so it was drained, which seemed a great pity; but that was ever so long ago, before I was born.

Derbyshire is a very wild country, full of coal-pits. Jonas used to tell us all sorts of stories about the miners, and the wild things they did when he was a

boy. We went down a coal-pit one day, it was great fun, but I should not like to be a miner. I wish the Queen would have a law made to prevent little boys being sent to work in the pits. I saw some boys who were not bigger than myself, but I believe they were ever so much older, only, being in the dark and working so hard, they do not grow. They have such a funny way of squatting on the ground, it looks like sitting on their heels, only they do not really touch them, but sit on nothing. It is awfully difficult to do when you are not used to it.

But I have not said yet what the funny thing was that happened when we were at Fuldham. There had been several robberies in the neighbourhood—burglars getting into people's houses, I mean. Father did not talk much about it, because of frightening mother and the girls; but I heard Jonas and James, the footman, talking about it one day when we were out driving, and I was on the box with them, because there was not room in the carriage for me. I made them tell me all about it, for I was not afraid of burglars. Jonas said he was not afraid of their trying to get into Fuldham, because there were so many men in the house and firearms too, and then there was the moat round the house, so that you could only get to it on one side from the road. I did not think much about the burglars, at least not in the daytime, but I did sometimes at night; but the night on which they really did come I did not think about them at all. I had been out with father, and some other gentlemen, shooting; at least they had been shooting, and father let me carry his gun a little way when it was not cocked. I was so sleepy when I went to bed that I had not time to think about anything before I went to sleep.

One of the gentlemen who was out shooting with father was a magistrate, and I saw him afterwards sitting on the bench, as they call it, when—but I have not come to that yet. I must tell what happened that night after I had been out with the shooters. I had been asleep a long time, when I woke up suddenly. I think I must have been dreaming, for I thought I had put my elbow through a pane of glass and had made a great crash. Well, I sat up in bed, and listened and listened, but I did not hear anything; presently I thought I heard father talking outside the door. He and mother slept in the next room to mine. I jumped up and called out to him, and he opened the door and told me not to be frightened. He said mother thought she had heard a noise downstairs, and he had been down to see if anything was the matter, but he could not see or hear anything, so he was sure there were no burglars about, and he told me to get back into bed again and go to sleep. He thought I might feel frightened in the dark, so he left a candle in the room, and I heard him and mother talking through the wall. I soon fell asleep again, and did not wake until it was time to get up.

When I came downstairs to breakfast, I heard Jonas, the butler, talking to Uncle John in the hall. They were saying something about broken glass, so I told Uncle John I thought I heard a crash of broken

glass in the night, but I was not sure whether I had dreamt it or not.

'Look there,' said Uncle John, going into his study. I followed him, and there on the floor, just under the window, lay a quantity of broken glass. Uncle John's shutters had not been shut as they ought to have been—I don't know why—and they said the pane of glass had been cut out with a diamond and had been let fall into the room, and had got smashed. It must have made a great noise, and Uncle John said he was not surprised that it had woke me up, as my room was just overhead. While they were looking at the glass and talking—father had come into the room too—I saw something shining on the ground. What do you think it was? It was a little silver whistle of mine that Gerald had in his pocket the day he was stolen away! I gave a great shout and said, 'Why, there is my whistle, that Gerald took away with him! However did it come here?' Father would not believe at first that it really was my whistle, till I showed him the 'J' I had scratched on it, to show that it belonged to me. Nurse remembered Gerald's having it when he was taken away, because she said she knew I cried about losing it, when I found Gerald had taken it away with him. Mother had given it to me on my last birthday, and Gerald had it that day, because we were going to play at trains in the park, and he was to be the guard with the whistle. Father and Uncle John were just as much surprised to see the whistle as I was, and asked me over and over again if I was quite sure it was mine, and if I was quite certain about Gerald's having taken it away with him.

'Now father,' said I, 'Gerald must be near—he must be with the men who tried to get into the house last night. Do, do let us try and find him.'

'Gently, gently, my boy,' said father, 'you must have a little patience. You may be sure we shall leave no stone unturned to rescue Gerald from the dreadful hands he seems to have fallen into, supposing he is with these burglars; but you know it is quite possible some one else may have got possession of this whistle of yours, and have left it here. Gerald may have lost it, or have given it away, or it may have been stolen from him.'

Then we went to breakfast, and father said we had better not talk about the burglars and the broken window any more. I showed mother the whistle, and she remembered it quite well, and remembered giving it to me, and she said 'most strange,' several times.

Father took me for a drive in the dog-cart in the afternoon, but he would not let me talk any more about the burglars; but Gregory, the butler, told me that notice had been given to the police about it, and he said he thought the thieves were sure to be caught, the police were so sharp in Derbyshire. There was another house broken into a few nights after, not far off. Coachman told me about that as we were driving to Buxton one day. We were going up a very long hill, and he was letting me hold the reins. He was saying something to James about it, and I asked him to tell me, because I was not a bit afraid. Burglars are so awfully interesting, I think. A day or two after this, as we were at breakfast, and father was reading the newspaper, he said, all of a sudden,

'Hullo!' Uncle John said, 'What! what's that? What's the matter?'

'They have got them,' said father; and then he read about a gang of burglars being taken by some detectives in Derby who had been set to watch at a house where a lot of bad characters were. I cannot put it all down, because I could not understand it all, but I think it had something to do with a donkey cart, and a sack full of watches and spoons and things, that the police found hidden away in a shed. Any way the gang were caught; there were four men and a boy. When father said a boy, I thought it might be Gerald, but father said he hoped not, it would be dreadful to think that Gerald might be in prison. Father went off to Derby soon after breakfast, and he got leave to go to gaol and see the men. I wanted very much to go with him, but he would not let me. He took the whistle with him, and promised to bring it back safely. I could not help thinking he might bring Gerald back too, but he did not. There was a big dinner party that night, and I did not see father at all, because he came home very late, and had to dress in a hurry. I waited on the stairs to try and catch him, and saw all the people come. I could see the tops of their heads, and one old gentleman had such a funny, shining, bald top to his head. It was just like the picture of the roc's egg in the *Arabian Nights*. When father was dressed he was in such a hurry, he ran downstairs like anything, and could not stop a minute to speak to me. I tried to keep awake till he came to bed; but, though I pinched myself and bit my tongue, and sat up in bed ever so long, I could not keep awake. Next morning I did not see father for a long time, because there were visitors, and I had to have breakfast upstairs with the girls, and then father and a lot more gentlemen went out shooting, and did not come in till nearly tea-time. Mother had a headache and was in her room, so I had not a chance of asking her. At last, when father went up to dress for dinner, I caught him; he told me he had been to the gaol and seen the prisoners. There were four men and a big boy of fifteen or sixteen. The boy was very sullen, and would not speak at first, but, when father showed him the whistle, he brightened up, and said it was his, that he had dropped it on the road. This was not true, for he had dropped it on the floor in uncle's study, where we found it, but, of course, he did not want to say that, as he had no business there. Father asked him how he came by the whistle, and after a long time he got out of him that it had been given to him by a little chap who was lodging in the same house with him one time. Father asked him what the little boy's name was, and he said he was sometimes called Jerry, and sometimes Jack, and he had another slang nickname, which father could not remember.

Then father asked him a lot more questions. The boy would not answer at first, but after a time he told father that he believed the little chap called Jerry was at Liverpool. Then one of the other men joined in, and said that Jerry's father had died, and he did not know what had become of the boy, but he thought most likely he had been sent to the workhouse.

(Concluded at page 180.)



"I told Uncle John I thought I heard a crash of broken glass in the night."



Printed by G. B. Shaw

A COOLING DRINK.



A Misty Morning.

THE POOL: A MISTY MORNING.



SHIPS from every part of the world—ships at anchor—ships arriving in from foreign ports—ships preparing to leave for all parts of the globe. These are the sights which meet the eye of the observer who casts his glance in the direction of what is known amongst the river-side population as 'the Pool,' by London Bridge. To-day, as we gaze—a lovely morning in early summer—a light haze enshrouds the taper masts, the lumbering barges laden with hay and straw packed high upon the decks, the sharp little tugs, and the stately ocean-going steamers. But it is only a haze to-day, and very different to the dense fogs which so often arise upon the bosom of old Father Thames to the great danger of those whose duty it is to navigate its murky waters. This summer mist is already lifting, and, as we look, a peep of sun comes out and quickly begins to burn up the wreaths of vapour, giving promise of a fine, clear day. Muddy-coloured though the water is, dingy as appear the wharves and warehouses fringing the river's edge, even an artist's eye might be satisfied to-day.

And there is another aspect of the scene which we may look upon with advantage, the commercial and business side. Although the Thames may not be comparable for size with the Amazon; for picturesque beauty with the German Rhine, whose ruined castles and old-world fortresses dot its banks on either side for many a mile of vineyard-covered shores; with the majestic Hudson of America, or the savage Danube still nearer home,—yet in point of carrying value, of the commercial wealth of all nations borne upon its surface, week in, week out, throughout the year, what water-way in the whole world can compare with the yellow mud-discoloured river which runs through the very heart of the greatest metropolis in Europe?

Every English boy should take the first opportunity which offers of going to London Bridge, and there standing for a while to gaze over 'the Pool,' and all that the shipping within it signifies to him and to his country. Think what that shipping and the protection of it would mean to us islanders in the event of war—we who are so dependent on other lands for our food supply, that were our ports strictly blockaded—i.e., were such a thing possible—two or three weeks at farthest would see us starved out! Every English boy should know that we are not keeping up our splendid navy for defiance but for defence, and that if once our own fleet suffered any serious disaster at the hands of an attacking enemy, the only choice before us would be between surrender or starvation.

F. R.

THE LAPP AND HIS REIN-DEER.

AWAY in the north of the Scandinavian peninsula is a large tract of country known as the 'Land of the Lapps.' It is a beautiful but wild region, with high mountains and broad, deep valleys, and many a noisy, foaming river. There are great gloomy fir forests there, through which you might wander for days without finding an outlet, and tablelands, too, over which the traveller must hasten in winter, lest he should be caught and buried in one of the whirling drifts of snow that are as dangerous there as the clouds of burning sand are in the African desert.

The sun does not shine on this country in winter, and in summer it does not disappear below the horizon at all, so that the one season is a perpetual night and the other a perpetual day; while in the clear, frosty nights of mid-winter, the gorgeous, flashing lights of the Aurora Borealis may be seen, quivering in the northern sky, filling the air with a rattling sound like the clashing of swords.

This strange land, wild though it is, is the home of a happy and contented people, and I do not think that the busy little Lapp would care to exchange his life of toil and adventure there for the greater comforts of more southern lands.

There are several different classes of Lapps, but the most interesting, and the one from which all the others have sprung, are the Mountain or Nomad Lapps. These, as their name implies, continually wander about from one place to another, and this they are forced to do, as their chief wealth consists in their herds of rein-deer. What the Lapp would do without this useful animal nobody could tell, for it furnishes him with clothing, food, and bedding, and is his beast of burden into the bargain. It also costs him very little for its support, as it feeds entirely on a wild sort of lichen called 'Rein-deer Moss,' which grows in abundance all over Lapland. When once this moss has been eaten bare it takes several years to come to perfection again, and for this reason the Lapp has to keep constantly moving with his herd from place to place, so that he may not exhaust the crop in any particular spot.

At many seasons and in many circumstances it would be impossible for the Lapp to travel without the help of his deer, and one of the first duties of the young Lapp is to learn how to drive and manage them, which is no easy task. The sledges which these animals draw are shaped very much like a small, open boat, and are furnished with a kind of keel, which enables them to glide swiftly over the surface of the frozen snow. The driver has, first of all, to catch his rein-deer, which is out feeding with the rest of the herd. This he does with a lasso, and then he harnesses him to the 'kerres,' as the sledge is called, looking well to the thongs of which the harness is composed, as his life, as well as the success of his journey, may depend on their condition. He then fixes the reins to the horns, *not* to the mouth, of his steed, twisting the other end tightly round the wrist of his own right hand, so that, in the event of being upset, he may act as a drag, and prevent the rein-deer from setting off across country with the sledge, and leaving him behind. The moment he seats him-

THE largest suspension bridge in the world is the one between Brooklyn and New York. The length of the main span is 1595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 5989 feet.

self in the 'kerres,' the rein-deer starts off at a tremendous pace, for, although he is usually gentle and confiding when tame, he is always shy and restive when in harness, and, indeed, generally manages to upset his driver once or twice during the first few miles, before the freshness is worked off him. It takes a great deal of practice to learn to drive a rein-deer, and to keep oneself balanced in the 'kerres,' as it sways from side to side. The greatest difficulty is in coming down steep slopes. In such cases the Lapps tie several sledges one behind the other, leaving one rein-deer harnessed to the first 'kerres,' and attaching the rest by their horns to the last one, to act as drags, for the deer greatly dislike being pulled by their horns, and they struggle backwards with all their might. Each driver then mounts his 'kerres' stride-legs, and uses his feet as guides and drags, while the cavalcade descends the slope at a great pace. Many a poor Lapp has his legs broken by this practice, and they never let a stranger attempt it.

There are several natural enemies of the rein-deer, against which the Lapp has to protect his herd. The worst of these is the wolf, and the owner of a herd has to keep watchmen up all night in winter to guard against the attacks of this animal. Many a time, when the poor Lapp, worn out with battling against the wind and snow all day, has thrown himself on his heap of skins to seek repose, he is rudely awakened by his watchmen to join in the chase of a wolf, guided only by the light of the stars and the Aurora Borealis. When the snow is soft the wolf cannot run easily, and the Lapp, on his swift snow-shoes, can easily overtake and kill him.

The Laplander does not grudge any toil or difficulty in the protection of his herds, for they are not only his only wealth, but are indeed almost his very means of subsistence. The flesh and milk of his deer are his staple articles of food, their skins furnish him with winter clothing, while he uses them as money in purchasing the luxuries which he may wish to buy at the great annual fairs at the sea-coast. With the help of his rein-deer, the Lapp can lead a happy though hard and adventurous life; but, deprived of his herds, existence to him, amongst the snows and frosts of his wild, northern home, would be well-nigh impossible.

R. M. MASON.

GOTTFRIED MIND, THE CAT ARTIST.

ONE of the very remarkable artists of last century was the Swiss youth, Gottfried Mind, whose favourite subjects were cats, bears, and other wild beasts.

He had been a weakly boy, not able to study much, nor to play with other children, and a German artist, who was a friend of his father, taught him to draw, and took him out for excursions. He showed the boy collections of drawings, and great was Gottfried's joy when he could produce a fairly successful figure of a lion. By the help of his teacher he became able to draw sheep, goats, and cats from Nature. But his father, who was a joiner, did not think much of the boy's paper performances, and he told him it was

more worth his trouble to work in wood. Then he tried his hand at carving wooden animals, which he sold to the villagers, and managed even to cut out good likenesses of some of the peasant boys.

Afterwards, he went to school for a time, but the schoolmaster's remark about young Mind was that he could do nothing well except drawing. He wrote very badly and had no idea of arithmetic, but he was apt to be roguish. When he got to the age of fourteen, Gottfried made a friend of a painter who had come to live at Berne. He was clever in drawing family groups, which he frequently coloured, and he taught the lad to imitate his style, so they spent most of their time together till the painter died. Out of gratitude for his kindness in the past, Mind then continued to live with the widow, devoting his small earnings to her benefit. He had become clever in painting parties of children at their games, drawing sledges, running races, and engaged in other pursuits. For these he could always obtain purchasers. Mind was such a funny-looking, bent, small creature, that people stared at him in the streets, and he did not care to go out. Most of his time being spent indoors, he became very fond of domestic animals, cats especially, of whom he had several. Often he would be seen sitting at his work, having a cat perched on his shoulder and another on his lap. He used to talk to his companions, and by their purring or mewing they seemed to reply to their singular friend; and it was his chief delight to draw cats in various attitudes. Another fancy of his was for frogs; how he got them we are not told, but he frequently had some of them in glass jars close to his easel when he was drawing or colouring. It is generally considered that Mind has been hardly rivalled by any artist in his life-like portraits of cats and kittens, solitary or in parties. He had also a love of bears, when he had a chance of seeing them at Berne. Mind died soon after he reached the age of forty-five.

J. R. S. C.

THE HORNED WOMEN OF THE EAST.

VERY many of the Bible sayings are made hard to understand, simply because we, of the Western lands, do not know the figurative language of the East and also many things about Eastern customs and Eastern dress. As a good instance of this, let me quote Psalm lxxv. verses 4 and 5: 'I said unto the fools, Deal not foolishly: and to the wicked, Lift not up the horn: lift not up your horn on high: speak not with a stiff neck;' and, again, 'It is a stiff-necked generation.' The explanation of these expressions is a simple one. The inhabitants of the districts around Lebanon are called Druses, and these Druse women, even down to the present day, wear horns fastened upon their foreheads. These horns are of exquisite workmanship and are frequently made of tortoise-shell, inlaid with silver; they are about a foot in length and are tied on to the forehead by a band. When a woman walks out she wears a veil, which is drawn over the head and falls across the horn, as represented in our picture. If the person wearing the horn holds up



The Horned Women of the East.

her head, the horn is very much raised, as showing pride; when, on the contrary, the head is cast down, the horn is lowered, and this is a token of humility. We are told that the 'exalted horn,' 'the stiff neck,' are displeasing in the sight of God; the humble and lowly are His delight.

F. R.

GERALD; OR, THE LOST BOY.

(Concluded from page 175.)



THE man whom Jerry was with had got hurt in some row or other, and had been taken to the hospital, where he had died. Father said he should go, as soon as he could get away, to Liverpool, and make inquiries at the hospital and the workhouses, and he thought we really should find Gerald at last. He asked the boy belonging to the burglars, whose name was Tom, a great many questions about this Jerry, who, he said, had given him the whistle; and, from what he said, father thought it most likely that the little boy was our lost Gerald; only, of course, some

other boy might have got hold of the whistle, and given it to Tom. Father told me all this, and a good deal more that I cannot write now, and then he said that very likely he would take me to Liverpool with him, as I should know Gerald if I saw him, and father would not, as he had never seen him since he was a baby. Mother did not want me to go, but I wanted to go *dreadfully*. Father told me too that Gerald's mother was his own sister. She had married a very bad man, and, after she died, father had written to mother to beg her to try and get hold of Gerald, that he might be brought up with us. Mother could not bear Gerald's father, and did not like having anything to do with him, but she had got him at last to let her fetch Gerald, and bring him home, and made him promise that Gerald should live with us. That was when Gerald came to us that time in London. I suppose Gerald's father did not like his being with us, and, as he knew mother would make a fuss about giving Gerald up, he stole him away that day we were waiting to see the Queen pass in Hyde Park. I do not think we should ever have found Gerald again, if it had not been for the burglars trying to get into Uncle John's study and one of them leaving the whistle on the floor.

Well, in a few days father did go to Liverpool—I can tell you, I did feel impatient all the time he was away. Mother said, at last, that I was not to talk about Gerald or ask any more questions till father came back, she was so tired of the subject. At last, one evening when I had begun to feel in despair and to think we should never hear anything of him, a telegram came from father to say that he had found a clue and hoped to follow it up. I did not know what a clue meant unless it meant Gerald, but Uncle John said it meant that father had heard something about him, and that perhaps we should be able to find out from that where Gerald was now. Uncle John sent me out for a long ride the next day with the coachman, and the horse cast a shoe, so we had to ride out of our way to the blacksmith's to get the shoe put on. The blacksmith was shoeing a cart horse when we got to the village, and we had to wait ever so long before he could put Brown Bess's shoe on, and that made us very late in getting home. It was nearly dark; we could hardly see the road in some places, so we had to go rather slowly because of what coachman calls ugly bits in the road, where there are holes and loose stones. Well, when we did get home at last, there was father standing at the hall door looking out for us. I shouted out as soon as I saw him, 'Have you found Gerald?' and when he said 'Yes, I have,' I was so delighted I nearly fell out of the saddle, I was in such a hurry to get down and hear all about it.

'Gently, gently, my boy,' said father, 'you will break your leg or something if you scramble down like that.'

'Oh, do, do tell me all about it. Is Gerald come home with you? Where is he? Where has he been all this time?'

Father took me into the study first, and then he told me what a trouble he had had in finding Gerald. He had been to all the workhouses in Liverpool, and to all the hospitals, and could hear nothing of him. At last, when he was almost in despair and



"The master of the orphanage brought Gerald to the hotel."

thought that he must give it up, some one told him that there was an orphanage just outside Liverpool, where little waifs and strays were taken in, and trained, and looked after, instead of their going to the workhouse.

Well, father took a fly and drove off there to see the master. The master was very discouraging at first; he did not think there was any little boy at all

answering to father's description of Gerald. However, father thought that he would see for himself, so he asked if he might see all the boys. The master took him into the schoolroom, where the boys were all at their lessons, and father looked at them all. There were about fifty boys, most of them were too big for Gerald, but at last in the smallest class he noticed a very small, pale, thin little boy with fair

hair and dark eyes. Father asked his name, and the master said he was called 'Boots' by the other boys, because when he came he wore a pair of boots ever so much too big for him, but his name was Wills, he really did not know his Christian name, or at least did not remember it. The boys were always called by their surnames in the school. Wills had been at the orphanage about six months, but he had been in the infirmary most of the time, and had only lately come into school with the other boys. He had been half starved when he first came, and had been ill since, and the master had forgotten about him when father first inquired after Gerald. A gentleman from Liverpool had brought him to the school about six months before, the master said, but he knew nothing more about him. The master then called Wills out of the class, and father asked him some questions, but he was very shy and would hardly answer. At last father took the whistle out of his pocket and showed it to him, and asked him if he had seen it before. Then he brightened up and said, 'That is mine, Tom took it away from me, and would not give it me back.' Then father asked him who gave it to him, and he said he did not remember, he thought another little boy; but it was a long time ago and he could not quite remember.

I cannot write down all father did after that, but he went to see the gentleman who had brought Gerald to the orphanage, and he made a great many inquiries. He said he really felt quite sure that the little boy called Wills at the orphanage was our lost Gerald, but that he would have to take me to Liverpool to identify (that is the word he used in his letter) Gerald, and make the magistrates believe that he really was the son of father's sister, and that he had been stolen away from us.

So the next day father took me with him to Liverpool. It was a very tiresome long journey, and I was weary before we got to Liverpool; father took me to the hotel. I had never stayed at an hotel before, it was rather fun. I had late dinner with father. I could not sleep for thinking about Gerald, and wondering what he would be like, and whether he would know me. The next morning we went to a place called, I think, the County Hall, where the magistrates were sitting on the bench. I could not see any bench, only chairs, but I know father talked about the magistrates on the bench, so there must have been one somewhere. The room was full of gentlemen and other people, and I could not see anything of Gerald at first, but, when we got further into the room, I saw several little boys standing together at the other end of it. To my great delight, there, in the middle of them, I saw Gerald, looking just as he did when I saw him that day in the train, only taller and thinner. I left go of father's arm, and ran across the room. 'Gerald, Gerald,' I cried out, 'don't you know me? I am Jack.' He gave a great start and rushed to meet me, crying 'Jack, Jack!' Then I dragged him across the room to father. 'Here he is, father, here he is!' I called out. I really do not know what I said, or what father said, or anybody, only I heard a great deal of talking all round me, and that kind of noise that people make when they are very glad about something; and then one of the gentlemen, who was

a magistrate, said very loud indeed, so that everybody could hear: 'Well, gentlemen, I do not think we need feel any doubt about the identity of this little boy any longer. I will give an order for his being removed from the orphanage and placed in the custody of this gentleman. There can be no reasonable doubt that he is the little boy who has been missing so long. The mutual recognition of the two children is evidence enough.'

I got father to help me write down this sentence. I could not remember all the long words the magistrate used.

Gerald was not allowed to come home with us, though I wanted him to, badly. But the next day the master of the orphanage brought him to the hotel and gave him up to father, and we all went out together. Father bought him some new clothes like mine. I wanted to ask Gerald where he had been since he was taken away from us, but he did not seem to like to talk about it, and father said I had better not ask him then. He would very likely tell me some day.

The holidays were over the next day, and I had to go back to school. Gerald was sent to a clergyman at first, but he came and spent the holidays at home; and now he goes to school with me, and I hope we shall always be together, as we mean both to be soldiers, and to go into the same regiment when we are old enough, and always to do the same things. Father says he does not think Gerald would ever have been found if it had not been for me, and for the whistle which the burglars left behind them on Uncle John's study floor.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

ONE of the most solid-looking buildings fronting the Thames is that known as the Custom House. It was opened for business in A.D. 1817. The architect, Mr. Laing, had great trouble in laying secure foundations. Besides the warehouses and cellars, there are about a hundred and seventy rooms in the Custom House, and in these the officers transact their business. All the rooms are perfectly plain except the Board Room, which is slightly decorated and contains paintings of George III. and George IV. The most interesting room of all is that known as the 'Long Room;' this is probably the largest apartment of the kind in Europe. The length is 190 ft.; the width, 66 ft.; and the height between 40 and 50 ft. The walls and ceilings are tinted to resemble stone, and the floor is of wood. The room is well lighted, and warmed by handsome stoves. The cellars in the basement make a groined crypt built in the most substantial manner and fireproof. The walls are of a very great thickness.

Before describing the Queen's warehouse, we must remind you why the Custom House exists. 'Customs duties' are taxes on the import and export of certain goods. From early times, in almost every country, money has been raised for public purposes, such as the payment of soldiers, sailors, and police, by taxes thus levied. After a time duties came to be levied only or chiefly in the seaports. During a long period

customs were payable upon all goods passing between England and Scotland, also between either of these countries and Ireland.

People who owned goods on which taxes were payable, tried to evade the tax by sending the goods out of the kingdom secretly, and those who wished to import certain things without paying duty had them taken to some lonely part of the coast and disembarked (perhaps under cover of the darkness of night), storing their bales or casks in secret places, and watching for a chance to take them away.

All around our coasts to-day are stationed Coast-guards. These keep a sharp look-out. They know all ships that come in or go out, and there is very small chance, even in the loneliest places, for smugglers to ply their unlawful business.

The Custom House, in Lower Thames Street, is the head-quarters from whence all the smaller Custom Houses at the various ports take their orders. Until recently there was at the Custom House in London a room in which were kept some of the most curious aids to smuggling—hollow cheeses, boxes with false bottoms, and ingenious but dishonest contrivances of a like nature. Paris has an even more interesting smugglers' museum. Sheet-iron boxes, painted to resemble Italian marble, and filled with ballast to make them heavy, while at the bottom lay in each (there were five) 1000*l.* worth of Venetian lace; logs of firewood to all appearance, which really were hollow metal tubes filled with taxed liquors; four dozen ordinary soup plates, the top and bottom dozens all right, but the twenty-four plates in the middle forming one deep vessel with two dozen projecting rims—the vessel full of brandy; an india-rubber baby containing eighteen pints of liquor; coffins filled with choice cigars; and last, but not least, an interesting groom made of zinc, dexterously fashioned and painted, and capable of holding champagne; the elegant carriage, in which he so peacefully slumbered beside his master, has a zinc well, which at the time of its seizure also contained champagne.

We now return to the Queen's warehouse in the Custom House, London. In one of the corners of this warehouse is inscribed the legend 'To the kiln,' or, as it is often called, the 'Queen's Tobacco Pipe.'

Tobacco is one of the most heavily taxed commodities brought into our ports. Were it not for the duty, it would be possible to purchase it for a few pence per pound, instead of for as many shillings, as now. Tobacco is sometimes injured on the voyage through leaky vessels, or other causes. If the duty—the tax—were small, the owner might decide to pay it, and take his chance of making a market of the damaged portion; but the duty is higher than the price at which any damaged tobacco can be sold, and therefore he gives it up as lost. Damaged or undamaged, the Customs officers will not let it leave the warehouse unless the duty is paid; the owner will not pay on the damaged portion, and therefore it is committed to the flames. Taken to the 'kiln,' the hogsheds are opened, the tobacco is released in one solid mass, the damaged exterior is chopped off with hatchets; the sound tobacco is put up again into the hogsheds, and the damaged

part is thrown into the kiln. This royal tobacco-pipe is not fastidious as to the articles with which it is fed; it has been known to smoke damaged hams and damaged French kid gloves.

There are about three hundred clerks employed in the Custom House, and as many more whose business is chiefly out of doors and who are in daily communication with the establishment.

There are the inspectors of the rivers, who superintend the tide-surveyors and watermen, and appoint them to their daily duties; the superintending officers who visit the ships reported inwards, or which are outward bound, to see that the officers who are put on board discharge their duty in a proper manner. When the wind blows from a particular quarter, and the arrival of the ships is very large, there are sometimes as many as two thousand persons employed in the business of the Custom House between Gravesend and London Bridge.

It is not always easy to state what an owner of a certain commodity is expected to pay, for it is impossible to draw up a list so complete that every taxed article, raw or manufactured, shall be mentioned upon it and the duty affixed. Some time ago a gentleman brought over a mummy. Now the Customs lists had not anticipated such an arrival, and were not a little puzzled how to classify it. Was the 'mummy' raw or 'manufactured'?

At last it was decided to class it as 'manufactured.' Asked its value, the importer, wishing to be sure of its safety, stated it at 400*l.*, and this statement cost him 200*l.*, as he had to pay 50*l.* per cent. upon it. 20*l.* per cent. is now the rate.

Some goods are admitted upon the owner paying a percentage on the value, and it sometimes happens that the value is purposely understated. Then the Custom House officers, sharp-witted men, whom experience has made shrewd, see this, and, *taking the owner at his word*, buy in the articles in the Queen's name, and the owner is forced to sell at the low value he has himself placed upon his goods. The wholesome lesson is not lost upon him—he is not guilty the second time of a false statement.

Many miscellaneous objects fall into the hands of the Customs officer, and an auctioneer is now and again called in to sell them. The sale does not take place at the Custom House, but in some commercial sale-room—then smuggled goods, such as brandy, or lace, or tobacco; undervalued goods; and odd articles found in the river and marked with a big 'D' or 'R. D.'—derelict or river derelict—pass out of the possession of the Crown and the guardianship of the Customs, and become the property of private individuals. The price obtained for such goods goes to swell the national revenue. Along the banks of the Thames and elsewhere are huge buildings known as 'Bonded Warehouses.' In these warehouses are stored immense quantities of valuable merchandise. It is arranged by the authorities of the Customs that large importers, who do not wish to pay the duty upon the goods imported before they need them or have found a market, may store them in these Government warehouses, paying the duty upon them as they withdraw them, and a trifling percentage for storage.

JAMES CASSIDY.



A Harmless Weapon.

ONLY A SAUSAGE.

AN angry dispute arose at an inn between a number of Germans and Russians. Just as a fight was about to begin, a German pulled from his pocket something which he presented at his opponents. At the same time he exclaimed: 'The first to come near me is a dead man!'

The Russians fled in a body. Remembering that it was against the law to carry fire-arms, they informed the police. A constable was sent to arrest the German. When he entered the inn he called the offender before him and began to search his pockets. The surprise and laughter which took place may be imagined, when the policeman drew out, not a pistol, but a sausage.



"Can we leave lessons for to-day?"

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

By FOX RUSSELL, Author of 'The First Cruise of Three Middies,'
'John Herrick, R.N.' &c.



HERE are few more stately homes throughout the length and breadth of beautiful England than Courtland Abbey. Dating back to about the year A.D. 1200, it had known almost as many architects of its dull grey masonry as of its varied fortunes. For two or three centuries it had been literally an abbey, wherein tonsured monk and meek lay brother had lived and worked, and then had died, only to be succeeded by other of the holy brethren. The old refectory stands to-day much as it stood then: the moat in which the monkish anglers were wont to seek the carp they ate on Fridays still remains around two sides of the Abbey. The very walls, ivy-covered and solid as a fortress, remain frowningly intact as monuments of a bygone age. But some time before the fifteenth century had run its course, the monks had been ruthlessly put out of the Abbey and deprived of all the fair lands adjoining it. War had raged around the home of peace, and soon a stern flint-built castle reared its head beside the sacred edifice, dwarfing it almost to insignificance. From that time forth the chant and dirge of the holy brethren had been silenced, and for nigh two hundred years the rites of religion had been neglected within the Abbey walls.

At the time this story opens the ancient building had once more been put to religious uses, and the chaplain at the Castle held regular service within its walls. Beautiful indeed was the chapel when the morning sun, streaming through its mullioned windows, glinted lightly on the tombs of mailed knight and saintly dame, their forms in stony effigy clasping hands in prayerful peace. Turn we now from the Abbey to the Castle of Courtlands.

A permanent bridge of grey stone had taken the place of the old drawbridge. Enemies there be to all of us, and enough, but in this nineteenth century they may not be met and repulsed with portcullis and moat, nor yet repelled by armoured warrior clad in suit of mail. They pierce the joints of our harness in ways more specious and in manner more subtle than in the brave old days of yore. Where the old Lords of Courtland were wont to dine and hold high wassail beneath the oaken rafters, sit to-day a studious group of three: my Lord of Courtland, the pre-ent Viscount; his younger brother, Geoffrey; and their tutor, a man well learned in the Greek and Latin tongues, a Frenchman by birth and education. Lord Courtland of Courtland Abbey—for the old name is retained, and no one thinks of calling it the 'Castle'—is a frank, free-hearted lad some fifteen or sixteen years of age, whilst his brother was born nearly two years after him, and shares to the full his sunny disposition. Dearest of friends, these two,

there was not a pleasure which they did not share, and even the scrapes they got into—and these were not by any means few—were nearly all joint ones; for the dignity of title and a large rent-roll had by no means had the effect of crushing any of a healthy English boy's natural fun out of the young Lord Courtland. On the contrary, there were not wanting those amongst their neighbours and friends who did not hesitate to describe the two boys as the veriest pickles in the county. In spite of all that their tutor, Monsieur Delacour, could say, and in spite of their guardian Admiral Crabbe's constant expostulation, they were in the habit of joining in rabbiting expeditions organized by the farm labourers, and even of combining forces with the village poachers to plunder the game coverts on their own lands. The tutor remonstrated, the Admiral stormed, but they had no real power to prevent the actual commission of the offences, and so, after a time, they had to content themselves with sighs and head-shakings, and the assurance that the boys would 'come to a bad end,'—a warning which, as the utterers did not believe it themselves, they could hardly expect the lads to accept.

The Admiral deserves more than passing mention. A bluff old fellow, relict of the ancient school of rough sea-dogs, whose prowess in the stirring times of Nelson had done so much to assert our supremacy on the seas, Admiral Sir Colin Crabbe was hardly an ideal guardian for the two young boys; but though his manner always savoured of the quarter-deck, his heart was of gold, and tender withal as a gentle woman's. He was about seventy years of age, bluff, hale, and hearty. All field sports were alike to him, and the country gentleman alternated curiously with the ancient 'salt.' He constantly let slip nautical terms in his ordinary conversation, and was especially amusing in this respect whilst sitting on the bench of magistrates at quarter sessions.

The boys loved him and teased and worried him accordingly. Their father, the old lord, had begged his friend Crabbe to be a guardian and a second father to them whilst he lay dying, and the gruff old fellow had promised, as he held the cold hand in his, that he would. Nobly had he fulfilled his trust. At the earnest request of the young lord he had taken up his residence at the Castle, and there he and his charges had lived in perfect friendship ever since the death of old Lord Courtland. The boys were to be educated at home privately by the special request of their dying father, who entertained an unreasonable dislike of public schools, and especially did he desire that, in all manly sports and pastimes, they should be encouraged to excel.

The household contained one other important personage to whom allusion must be made—Mrs. Gubbins, the housekeeper, who had been so long in the service of the family that she had come to regard herself as being well-nigh incorporated with it. Mrs. Gubbins was the widow of the late Lord Courtland's soldier servant, who had accompanied his master throughout the whole term of his military service. Since her husband's death she had been promoted to the important position she now held, that of housekeeper at the Abbey. She was a tall, thin old dame, with a somewhat sharp tongue,

which she sometimes tried on the old Admiral himself.

Now let us return to where the two boys with their tutor were struggling with the French grammar.

'Look here, M. Delacour,' says the Viscount, 'tell me why this fellow' (indicating his open book) 'always asks such awfully silly questions and gives such more than silly answers? Tell me that, now.'

'Hush, hush, please! We will resume now. "Have you the pen of my aunt?"—No: but I have seen the basket of the gardener.' Translate and—'

But here the little Frenchman was again pulled up by the Viscount.

'Now, you know, what rubbish that all is! What is the earthly good, when a fellow asks for the pen of your aunt, to offer him the garden basket? Why, you might as well, when the inspector asks for your railway ticket, offer him half a brick as a substitute!'

The little man wriggled. It was a way he had when puzzled or annoyed. Once more he tried to slide out of giving an explanation which was beyond him.

'M. le Vicomte, I must beg that you will proceed with the translation and waste no more the time—'

'That is not wasting time, M. Delacour, you know! I want you to tell me why they put that silly dialogue in when it would have been just as easy to make sense of it?'

From which remarks it will be seen that the young Lord Courtland was of a very persistent disposition.

How the trouble would have been explained we do not know, as, just then, the Admiral tapped at the door and entered the room. Both boys jumped up to receive him, whilst the unhappy M. Delacour sighed heavily at the interruption to their studies.

'Good morning, M. Delacour, good morning, sir,' quoth the Admiral. 'Now, then, you young powder-monkeys, who told you to take your noses out of your books, eh?'

'Admiral,' said Geoffrey, suddenly, 'you have got on your sea-boots. What have you got them on for?'

The Admiral hummed and hawed and said they were to be good boys and go on with their lessons and so on, but the Viscount, who was sitting with his elbow on the table and his head resting on his hand, said: 'It is no good, Admiral. You are going rabbiting—that is what you are going to do. Now, how mean of you to try and get off without our knowing! But say we can leave lessons for to-day, and come, won't you? Won't you?' he repeated as he caught the old man's hand in his.

'Oh, no, my boys, no—o. At least I don't think you ought—eh?' and he looked helplessly across at the Frenchman, as though he wished to be assisted out of the difficulty. M. Delacour merely shrugged his shoulders.

The Admiral heaved a sigh. 'Well, I suppose I must give in—just for this once, you know. How you boys ever expect to get decently educated I am sure I don't know;' and then the indulgent old man added, 'Well, you must let them off lessons this morning, and they shall come with me. After all,

"Doctor Greenfields" is one whose advice we must never neglect. Come with us, M. Delacour, won't you?'

'I have not mooch liking for the cold air, Monsieur l'Amiral. And to kill your rabbits, ah, bah!'

So the Admiral and his wards quickly started on their expedition without him.

(Continued at page 194.)

PAYING HIM OUT.

A CELEBRATED English poet, whose name we will omit, was, a short time ago, staying in Italy for the benefit of his health. One morning he was surprised to receive from a friend in England an unpaid letter, containing nothing but the words, 'I am well. With kind regards.' The poet was annoyed at having to pay double postage for such a small piece of news, and determined to serve his friend out.

He procured a heavy stone, packed it in a box, and sent it to his friend with these words on it, 'Carriage paid on delivery.' The latter, thinking that the contents of the parcel were valuable, gladly paid the heavy charge for carriage. When the box was opened he found to his horror nothing but an ordinary stone, bearing a ticket on which was written, 'On receiving the news that you were in good health, the accompanying load rolled off my heart.'

THE EARLY CAT.

VERY likely, young reader, at some time you have heard two persons talking together about a matter in which they were interested, and one has said to the other, 'Do not be made a catspaw,' which you may have thought an odd piece of advice. What is meant by a catspaw when the word is used in this way? The idea is that the person to whom it is applied is going to do something unpleasant and painful to oblige another which there was really no need for him to undertake, perhaps exposing himself to ridicule. It was suggested by the story of a monkey taking up a cat, and using her paws to pick off chestnuts which were roasting between the bars of a grate.

But the cat can use her paw for various purposes, as we see in the illustration, where a cat stirring at early morn has managed to lift up the lid of a milk-can which has been left partly open. When the servant comes to take in the can she will find the paper all right, but the milk rather diminished. Perhaps there might be none left, for a cat, rushing off scared, has been known to upset the can, and spill what she had not sipped.

Somebody has said that the great sin of mankind is ingratitude, and I fancy the great fault of catkind is thieving. This is noticed often amongst cats which are well-fed, and in other things well-behaved.

Sometimes a cat acts the part of thief because it has a fancy for an article which people would not think of giving it; thus I have known one very partial to cucumber, and on the look-out for the



A Stolen Breakfast.

chance of getting a bit of this vegetable. A friend says that he knew a cat fond of figs; she, by her sense of smell, would discover one if it was wrapped up and in a person's pocket, and would ask for it with her lifted paw. Many cats, indeed, will gently tap any one with the paw, sheathing the talons, when they want something. Cats, too, I have come upon which knew that a door is opened by turning

the handle, and if they could not move it, yet they tried to use the paw for this purpose. One cat had the singular amusement of making frogs jump; she crept upon them in a meadow, and, when she was near enough, she tapped them on the back, but did not hurt them. People have said, however, that other cats have been caught in the act of eating frogs.

J. R. S. C.



Recovery of the Lost Rug.

THE MISSING RUG.

HULLO, Ted! you have been in luck's way, eh?' and, so saying, Tom Davis gave a searching glance at the rug which hung on the arm of the lad whom he had hurried to overtake. 'I saw you pick it up opposite the signpost. It must have slipped out of a cart.'

'Yes, I guess it did,' said Ted; 'but I did not catch sight of the cart.'

'A good thing you did not!' declared Tom.

'No, I don't think so;' and Ted shook his head. 'If I had seen it drop, I could have shouted and given it back to whoever lost it; but now I may not be able to find out for some time who it belongs to. If it is advertised we are not likely to know, for we never have a newspaper.'

'I guess it won't be advertised for,' laughed Tom, and he took hold of a corner of it and looked at it more closely. 'I cannot see it properly, because there is not enough daylight left; but I reckon it is not worth more than a crown. It is a home-made affair, you

see—a knitted concern; it has been a good one of its kind, but its best days are over. There is plenty of warmth left in it, though,' he added, 'and if you take my advice, Ted, you will use it as a blanket, for you were telling me yesterday that you are half frozen at night, because where you sleep is like an ice-house, and you have not much covering.' Then, in a lower voice, 'But, if you don't think it would be safe to keep it, why not take it to old Sol's? I dare say he would give you two shillings for it, and you could treat yourself to a few extras, eh?'

Ted did not reply for a moment or two, then he said, slowly, 'No, Tom, I will keep honest; I will not use or sell what is not mine. Things are brightening up, I think. I have done ever so much better to-day. I went to Messrs. Perkins, the big drapers, who are going to have a grand sale; and they let me have a thousand bills to take out into four villages, and they gave me a shilling for the job.'

'And you have been on the trudge all day and are now getting back, eh?' and Tom halted as he spoke, for they had reached the entrance to the little town

of Sunbury, and were just opposite the lane in which was Tom's home.

'Yes,' answered Ted, 'I have delivered the lot and I am now getting back.' Then, very earnestly, 'I do hope I shall get regular work soon.'

'You will have to look rather more fit for it first, I reckon,' was Tom's reply; then he turned and went whistling up the lane, and Ted went on his way to his lodging-place, which was in a court near the top of the street.

For a few moments Tom's parting words troubled him, then the rug claimed his attention, and he suddenly thought that perhaps somewhere upon it was marked the owner's name.

'There is nobody about who will be likely to take any notice,' he said to himself, as he glanced up and down the almost deserted street, 'so I will have a good look over it when I get to the next lamp-light, and he did so, and in one of the corners he found, in red letters, the words,—

'Harkman,

'Gorleston Lodge.'

'I say, how odd! Gorleston Lodge! Why, I have been there to-day!' he exclaimed, half aloud. Yes, it is a big white house on a hill; I saw the name on the posts at the entrance. It is about two miles off—not more. Gorleston is the first village on the west of the town. Well, now, what had I better do?' and for a few moments he stood still and considered.

'I would go to-night,' he said presently, 'but my feet are so tired that I know I could not walk so far; besides, it will be pitch dark soon. No, I can't go to-night, but I will be there by eight in the morning; then I shall get back in time to look out for a job in the market.'

And at eight o'clock the next morning Ted arrived at Gorleston Lodge.

Just as he got to the back door it was opened by Grimson, an elderly man-servant, who sharply inquired his business. Ted quickly informed him, then handed him the rug, and Grimson took it eagerly, and appeared very glad to see it again, and he invited Ted into the servants' hall, and there questioned him as to where the rug had been found.

'Just what I thought,' was his comment, on having heard the particulars. 'The person to whom the master gave a lift on the road sat on the back seat, and had the rug over his legs, and, of course, it slipped off, and I suppose he did not miss it at the time. Well, I am glad that it is found, for it is valuable in the master's eyes, though other folk would not reckon it worth much. He meant to advertise for it, but you have come in time to stop him, and I reckon that he will think the more of you for having come so soon, my lad.' Then briskly: 'He is down and in his study, so I will take the rug in to him before he goes to his breakfast. Just tell me your name and where you have come from.'

Ted told him, and Grimson twice repeated the name slowly to himself.

'Edward Beechtree, Edward Beechtree.' Then he added, 'Beechtree is not a common surname, and it is odd that this lad's name should be the same as hers who made the rug.' And thus thinking, he reached the study, and quickly received permission to enter.

'A pleasant surprise, sir!' he exclaimed the moment he got inside.

Mr. Harkman turned from his desk quickly, and caught sight of the rug, and at once understood the meaning of the words.

'Why, yes, Grimson; the rug has been found, I see!' he said gladly. Then he asked for particulars, and by his request Ted was shown into the room, and a few minutes' conversation led to the discovery that the lad was the grandson of Mr. Harkman's old nurse, Mary Beechtree, who had knitted that rug and presented it to him as a wedding-gift, and that on this account it was so highly prized. Her death had taken place fifteen years ago; Mr. Harkman was abroad at the time, and on his return to England he was informed that her son was dead also, but he was not told that a widow and child were left.

Well, he was very glad to meet Ted, and on hearing that the lad's mother was ill in Sunbury Hospital, he decided to go to see her that very day; and he went; and he made the poor woman very happy by promising to take her boy into his service at once, also to find a suitable home and occupation for herself on her recovery.

Of course, the promise was kept. Mrs. Beechtree and Ted are now living in a pretty cottage on Mr. Harkman's estate, and are leading busy and pleasant lives in his service, and are very far removed from poverty. But this good friend and these benefits would have been missed if Ted had not taken back that rug, and so carried out his wise resolve to be honest.

D. HAMMONDE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

31.—ACROSTICS.

In the following acrostics the word to be guessed will not be found by the initial letter, but by some letter in the first word but not in the second.

(A.)—The name borne by an honoured lady and by a beautiful singer.

1. It is in mountain but not in hill.
2. " justice " law.
3. " glory " fame.
4. " cheerful " gay.
5. " certain " sure.
6. " little " small.
7. " mansion " house.
8. " hearing " sound.
9. " candle " light.
10. " feeling " touch.
11. " raven " bird.

(B.)—An English poet, and a comfortable home for an animal. (Charade of two syllables.)

1. It is in admire but not in love.
2. " dark " night.
3. " July " June.
4. " bard " poet.
5. " daughter " son.
6. " anger " wrath.

(C.)—A word meaning a royal ornament and a coin.

1. It is in ache but not in pain.
2. " scarlet " pink.
3. " room " chamber.
4. " billow " sea.
5. " grand " great.

C. C.

32.—CHANGED WORDS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. CHANGE Rest to Work. | 5. Change Shoe to Foot. |
| 2. " Many to Some. | 6. " Loud to Soft. |
| 3. " Rice to Milk. | 7. " Mine to Your. |
| 4. " Ease to Work. | 8. " Open to Shut. |

C. C.

[Answers at page 207.]

ANSWERS.

- 28.—1. Alphabet.
 2. E, because it is always in debt.
 3. F will make it fit.
 4. Because it is the capital of England.
 5. The letter M.
 6. All the rest are in audible (inaudible).
 7. It is always in troubles and difficulties.
 8. It is between two eyes.
 9. F, A, S, H, I, O, N.
 10. A, Y, Z—a wise head.
- 29.—1. 3 pigeons at 4d.—12d. 2. Seven of each coin.
 15 larks at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. = 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. 3. Sixty.
 2 sparrows at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. = $\frac{1}{2}$ d. 4. 240 in all.
 20 birds 20 pence.
- 30.—1. Lobster. 4. Martin. 7. Emerald.
 2. Grasshopper. 5. Sprat. 8. Daisy.
 3. Swallow. 6. Ash, willow.

WEARING A LEEK ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

PEOPLE in these times do not so frequently show floral or leafy symbols and tokens as our ancestors did. Yet still there are Englishmen who wear a rose on St. George's Day, Irishmen who display the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and no doubt amongst the Welsh some who, on St. David's Day, exhibit their national emblem, the leek. Some folk, I fancy, are not quite certain what a leek is, they only know that it is a plant belonging to the onion tribe. It is, perhaps, of a rather stronger flavour than the common onion, but used for flavouring soups and stews; also the blanched stem is a favourite dish in some countries. It has for a long period been much grown in Wales. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the leek. Some say that wearing the leek is a relic of the old Druidic worship of the plant, which was supposed to belong to a deity called *Ceudven*, possibly the same as the Greek Ceres.

Shakespeare has mentioned this custom of wearing leeks on the first of March in his *Henry V.* Also it would seem, from some remarks which are made by Fluellen and by the King himself, that Welshmen used to stick a leek in their hats at other times for the sake of showing to what country they belonged, and that in rather a boastful spirit. Fluellen wore his leek at the battle of Agincourt, and he refers to the fact that Welshmen displayed it at some battle where the Black Prince was the leader, perhaps Cressy or Poitiers.

Welshmen are said sometimes to be very angry if people joked about their favourite leek. Such men would threaten to make a person who laughed at the plant eat a leek as a sort of punishment, or else get a beating.

But the question might be asked, What has St. David to do with Wales or the leek? Well, this worthy man of bygone times, whose festival is so memorable to the Welsh, was not the King and Psalmist of Israel; he was a prince, properly named Dewid, who became a priest, and lived in the sixth century. He is said to have been very learned and good, spending much of his life in visiting the churches which needed encouragement. It is supposed, also, that, by his presence, the Britons were helped to conquer an army of Saxon enemies, who were going to destroy their homes, but who afterwards retreated from Wales.

J. R. S. C.

MAJUBA HILL.



ENGLAND'S army, though small, is the best paid and most efficient—for its size—in the world. We have many victories to tell which it has won, and, we ought to be deeply grateful to add, very few defeats. Therefore it is, that in writing the name 'Majuba Hill,' every true Englishman, every one of us who loves his country—and remember, lads, that no one can call himself a true Englishman unless he loves his country, and is ready and willing to make sacrifices for the sake of his flag—must feel a sense of shame at the way in which, by a series of blunders, our troops not only retreated, but turned round and ran—it is no good disguising the truth, and it is always more manly to admit it—before half their number of Dutch farmers, entrenched on the top of this great *kloof*. 'We took seven hours to climb up, and about seven minutes to come down,' said a young Scotch sergeant to me, grimly, as we stood discussing the disaster to our arms a week or two after the action.

But there were not wanting some proofs of gallantry to redeem the disgrace of Majuba Hill, and, amongst brave deeds done on that inglorious day, Lance-Corporal Farma's gallant assistance to the wounded, and also the conduct of the whole medical staff present, deserve to be remembered.

A few weeks later, when we had made all preparations for wiping out the stain of that defeat, and when we were almost on the eve of attacking the Boers—and this time there was to be no mistake made—orders came from the home Government forbidding any further fighting. That order was a sore trial of the discipline of the British army. The faces of the men as they received the news in sullen silence were not a goodly sight to look upon. However, discipline prevailed, and no sign of open outbreak was ever made.

F. R.



After the Battle.



At the Abbey before the Hunt.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 187.)



THE jolly old Admiral, a boy hanging on to each arm, merrily trudged along on his way to the scene of action, where they found the under-keeper, with two helpers, carrying mysterious-looking bags, awaiting their arrival. The bags wriggled curiously, and presently one of the helpers dived his hand quickly into it, and drew out a long white, pink-eyed ferret. The two expectant terriers, Hob and Nob, started a chorus of excited, short, sharp barks, until silenced by the keeper. Then, a fresh rabbit-hole being found, the ferret was put in, and the group outside awaited with eager impatience the result.

Squeak! squeak! a rattling, rushing sound, and out tears a rabbit. The Admiral fires at and misses him, Geoffrey follows suit, and then the terriers, with an eager 'Hi, hi!' from their masters, rush in and try to seize him. But the rabbit is one too many for them; doubling back, he bolts into another hole which lies adjacent to that which he has so recently quitted, and escapes.

The ferret emerges, and is quickly but cautiously—for a ferret's bite is not a pleasant thing, and they do not stand on ceremony as to whose finger it is they take hold of—picked up; another hole discovered, and again the ferret is put in and they wait. Only for a minute, however. Again the scuffling sound is heard, and out comes another of the rabbits. This time the Admiral is quicker, and 'first blood' is credited to him. Geoffrey gets the next, and settles Bunny's chance of purloining the cabbages upon which he has, up till the present, waxed so fat. And so the fun goes on for a couple of hours or more, when, pretty well tired by their exertions, our three friends return to the castle. Here they are joined at tea by Monsieur Delacour, who is astonished to hear that they have succeeded in killing some five-and-twenty rabbits. Having had their out-door enjoyment, the two boys now settle down in sober earnest to master some history, whilst the good old Admiral retires to his room to indulge in a nap before his dinner-hour.

The lads work hard, for they are quite old enough and quite sensible enough to know that, without work, they can never be educated. On the morrow the foxhounds are to meet at the Abbey, and so there will be no studies for that day. In spite of themselves, their thoughts will stray in the direction of the stables, where the ponies that are to carry them are now quietly munching their corn. However, the errant thoughts are quickly brought back to 'the pen of my aunt,' and M. Delacour is rejoiced and surprised to hear the fluency with which most of the translation is made. When they get to the geography he is a little astonished at the Viscount's inquiry as to whether there would not be lots of rats in the

Pyramids, and whether a really good water-jumper could not leap the Suez Canal! And when the lessons were finally done with and the books put away—'stowed' was the Admiral's invariable expression for this last process—M. Delacour began telling them how *la chasse* was conducted in France, and how he was wont, at one time, to take part in it. He told them of the huntsmen in green velvet and gold-laced coats, of the great brass horns wound round their bodies, of the curious etiquette which forbade any of the field to ride in advance of the master of the hunt. And finally, the little man waxed so eloquent upon the subject, and got to such a pitch of excitement over it, that the Viscount extracted a promise from him that on the following day he would accept a mount, furnished from the Abbey stables, to see what English fox-hunting was like.

The morning broke fair and clear, and though the 'southerly wind and cloudy sky' were not there to 'proclaim a hunting morning,' yet the weather was by no means unfavourable to 'the sport of kings.' A light westerly breeze aided the fitful rays of the sun to warm the air, whilst a thin morning vapour quickly gave way before their combined efforts.

At half-past ten the huntsman and whippers-in trotted the hounds up the old avenue of oak-trees, and brought them on to the lawn beneath the drawing-room windows of the Castle. First, one man in pink, then another, casts up, resigns his horse to a groom, and stamps in to breakfast. Then a group of others, black-coated, red-coated, grey-coated, drop in to be welcomed by the old Admiral, clad in white breeches, mahogany-coloured top-boots, and very baggy scarlet coat. The boys also are constantly running in and out of the house to meet their guests as they arrive, and bring them in to discuss the good cheer under which the tables are groaning.

Monsieur Delacour soon entered the room, dressed in a coat very much too large for him, of green velvet, nankeen trousers tucked into the tops of Napoleon boots reaching well over the knee. Amid a very Babel of tongues, all merriment and good humour, the best part of an hour was passed, and then 'To horse!' was the word. A general scramble for hats and caps, whips and covert-coats, took place. Horses were quickly led up to the front, stirrup-leathers adjusted, and the whole crowd bumped off down the avenue, in the wake of huntsmen, hounds, and whippers-in.

Mounted on a brown pony, with a hog mane, and a rather wicked-looking eye, young Lord Courtland accompanied his brother, who was riding a good-looking bay cob, and M. Delacour down the drive. A steady old hunter of the Admiral's had been given to the Frenchman; but even on that the little man seemed by no means at home. In his right hand he carried a hunting crop which had belonged to the old Lord Courtland, one of those enormous things with a six or seven-foot thong, which were used by our revered ancestors. This proved a source of discomfort to the tutor, who kept mixing up his reins and the thong together.

'Now, Monsieur Delacour, we shall look to you to keep up the honour of *la belle France* to-day, you know,' says Geoffrey. 'If we get a good run, you ought to be in the van.'

'But I do not see it out yet. When it comes, I shall be very happy to get into the van.'

The brothers laughed merrily at the Frenchman's mistake, and jogged on to have a chat with Lord Eskdale, the master.

Very soon after they had left their tutor, a tall, red-faced, but still aristocratic-looking man, rode up alongside and saluted him.

'Good morning, Monsieur Delacour, good morning. Didn't know you indulged in this sort of sport. Used to do so in France, you say? Ah, I am afraid you will find the fun of rather a rougher order here. Are your two pupils, my nephews, out to-day? I have not seen them anywhere. Oh! on in front, are they? That is right. I like to see that they hunt regularly.'

'Oh, yes, Mistaire Honourable James; I fear they love the hunt more than the lessons. But they are nice boys—very nice boys.'

Then suddenly changing the subject to the one nearest his heart at that moment, he added, 'This day I have the idea that I fall off.'

'Oh, not a bit of it—not a bit of it,' answered his companion. 'Yes, they are very nice boys, as you say,' he added, bringing the conversation round again to the subject he wished to talk about. 'And Paul, the Viscount, is a lucky fellow, indeed. When he comes of age he will find a splendid rent-roll awaiting him. Well to be him, and—very hard to be born a younger son, eh?'

M. Delacour had hardly followed the drift of the foregoing remarks. To tell the truth, his attention had been almost wholly occupied by the old hunter's growing impatience of the curb, which the Frenchman had drawn rather too tightly through his fingers. Presently the speaker resumed: 'What are their plans for the summer holidays this year, monsieur; do you know?'

But before an answer could be received, a gentleman, clad in black coat, with dark breeches and 'butcher' boots, rode up to the pair, saying, 'Good morning, gentlemen. It isn't often I get away, now, for a day with the hounds; but I really thought I would give my parish a holiday for once in a way. I hope we shall get a run, for my days out are few and far between. Your nephew, Paul, has given me my mount. Very good of him: he knows how keen I used to be—and am now, I suppose, for that matter;' and the Rev. William Houldsworth, rector of the parish of Billsworth, in which stood Courtland Abbey, laughed pleasantly.

A slight sneer was on Mr. James Ogilvie's thin lips as he replied, 'Ah, it is very nice to be "good," as you call it, rector, when your pockets are lined as well as my nephew's will be. It is easy to get a cheap popularity under those circumstances, by giving mounts to your friends. I might, perhaps, be as generous if I had a prospect of succeeding to the Abbey rent-roll. As it is, my yacht takes up nearly every penny of my spare cash, and I can barely afford myself two hunters.'

The rector looked up, rather startled at the angry tone of his friend's speech. He was about to make some suitable reply, when a hustling of the horsemen in front gave them warning that a fox was afoot. They pushed on, the good rector as keen as a boy—and when you do see a parson out hunting, it is a

pretty sure thing that he will not be far from the front when hounds really *go*—thrusting his way through a crowd of horsemen to get at a low stile which barred the way into the covert, where they had evidently just found and were rattling the fox about.

'Come on, horse!' cries the rector; and, fired by his rider's enthusiasm, the good nag canters up to the stile and leaps over gallantly. Half-a-dozen follow him, including Lord Courtland and his brother; the rest start to canter up the lane, but pull up and return, as a crashing of timber and the sight of two scarlet tails over their owner's head tells them that the Admiral has charged the stile and smashed it to atoms, thus making an easy way through the rest of the field. Just at this moment, with a glorious burst of music, the hounds come crashing over and through a dead-wood brush fence, into the grass-field beyond. All the horsemen crowd up to the most 'jumpable' part of the fence, and follow each other over as quickly as possible. One or two horses made mistakes, but no one actually came down. Then, with more space at command, the whole field settled down to ride and cope as best they might with the varied obstacles which presented themselves, one after the other, to their progress across country.

Onwards raced the hounds, down a long water-meadow, where every stride of the horses sent the water in flying splashes, to where an ominous line of stunted pollard-trees told of the unwelcome presence of a brook. Broad and fast-running was the stream, but the two or three foremost riders were relieved to see, as they came into full view of it, that at least the banks on both taking-off and landing sides were sound and free from sedge.

'Hold up, horse!' shouts Ben, the huntsman, as his gallant steed clears the forbidding stream, but stumbles slightly on landing. Splash! goes the next man, right into the middle of it. 'Come on, horse!' again calls out the plucky rector, who gets safely over, quickly followed by Mr. James Ogilvie, the Admiral, the Honourable Geoffrey, whose pony is a wonderful water-jumper, and half-a-dozen more. Lord Courtland's pony gallops down to the very edge, and then refuses. But the Viscount will take no denial. He pluckily puts him at it again, and this time gets over, though one hind leg of the pony drops back into the water on the far side. Then, with a mighty rush, comes the horse ridden by M. Delacour. It is quite plain that his rider has lost all control over him, and, in fact, that the horse has 'taken charge.' Over they go in safety, and on again after the now flying pack.

After running thus for another ten or twelve minutes the pace begins to tell on some of the gallant animals. Some who have been conspicuous in the front rank now begin to drop back to the rest of the field, and heavy-weight men look with sadly envious eye on those who are two or three stone lighter than themselves. A stiff post and rails come next in the line. Some jump, some flounder over it; one horse breaks the top rail, thus making the passage of those behind easier. A deep ditch next claims a couple of victims a little further on, and then, seeing no sign of check or finish, several of the old and the heavy-weight



Home once more!

brigade pull their exhausted horses up into a walk. Onward go the hounds, as if tied to their fox. 'Forrard, forrard!' screams the huntsman, though the pack steadily continues to increase the distance between them and the toiling 'field' behind. Presently the Admiral gives in; then Mr. James Ogilvie. The former, keen as ever, though, like his horse, woefully out of breath, clambers up a convenient hill, and, diving into the capacious recesses of his pockets, draws forth some old maritime glasses, and, by their aid, watches intently the further progress of the chase. The Honourable James, not so keen, turns to ride slowly homeward, growling to himself the while that his horses are never good enough for this country.

(Continued at page 202.)

FIDELITY OF CATS.

FOR three years we kept two fine cats, but, finding then that they would not agree, we sent one to a friend at a distance of five or six miles. Before he had been a week in his new abode he ran away, and, except that he was seen by a neighbour after a few days, had not been heard of for six months. At the end of that time we saw him in the garden with our cat, and brought him into the house. He immediately seemed to recognise all his old friends, and took possession of his favourite place—the top of the sofa, where he always sat during meal-times. I think the fact of his returning after so long a period proves that cats retain affection both for people and places.

A VILLAGE SHOP IN TURKEY.

THE Turk, even in shopkeeping, is ever calm and dignified. He is quite above the pushing of his wares upon a possible customer; if the passer-by choose to enter his premises and make purchases, well and good; but if Allah should order otherwise, well and good also. Kismet! it is fate.

The traders of higher class—the merchants who journey in from far-off spots to Constantinople—are all of the same mind; they are simple, courteous, and dignified; bearded men of fine physique, who would consider that to haggle over prices was quite beneath them. The itinerant hawkers are chiefly sellers of melons and 'Armutgees' (sellers of apples). These walk along the streets with their baskets on their backs, shouting out the description of the wares they carry.

F. R.

slide; you said that your father had told you that the ice wasn't safe.' Then, with an ugly grimace, 'Does he think it safer to-day?'

'Oh, yes; except at the edge over which the branches hang; he says it never is quite safe just there.'

'Ah! I see you are not up to much fun this morning; you are too much afraid of hurting your precious bones. Poor little chap!' And, with a mocking laugh, Lionel turned and ran off in the direction of Mill Pond.

Bert hurried home, and soon after reaching it he started out again to take his mother's message.

His way back led past Mill Pond, and long before he got near it he knew that several of his school-fellows were there, for their merry shouts rang out on the clear, frosty air; but just as he turned the corner and came in sight of them, he heard a loud



A Village Shop in Turkey.

NOT A COWARD.

YOU are a coward, Bert Graham; yes, the fact of the case is you are *afraid* to go on the ice! And Lionel Bruce looked with scorn at his school-fellow, who had refused to go sliding with him on Mill Pond.

'I am not afraid,' said Bert, quickly. 'I am not going with you because I promised to go straight home from school to take a message somewhere before tea.'

'Bosh! I don't believe in your excuses,' replied Lionel, angrily. 'Why, you had nothing yesterday to hurry home after, yet you made an excuse not to

cracking sound, then cries of fright instead of shouts of fun. The next moment he rushed to the pond, and he met Lionel Bruce and the rest of the boys rushing off it, and shouting, 'Help! help! Charlie has fallen through!'

Then they turned and pointed to the dangerous side of the pond, where poor Charlie Bruce, Lionel's young brother, was clinging to the ice and begging for some one to help him out of the water.

Bert hurried on towards Charlie, and when about three yards off him he went down on his knees and crawled close to the hole, and was just in time to save the poor boy from slipping under the ice. Bert

clutched him firmly, and managed to keep his head above water until their schoolfellows returned a few seconds later with two men, who brought a ladder with them.

When these men had safe hold of Charlie, and were drawing him out, Bert rose from his knees, but the moment he stood up the ice broke under his feet, and he went down into the water.

But the men quickly pulled him out, and half an hour later both boys were safe in their own homes. Within a week Charlie was as well as before the accident; but Bert, who was not so strong, had a bad attack of rheumatism, and several weeks passed before he was able to walk without crutches.

Lionel Bruce felt very ashamed of himself at having called Bert a coward, and he could say nothing in defence of himself, for he could not deny the fact that instead of staying behind to try and pull his brother out of danger, he had run off with the rest to find some one else to do it, while Bert had bravely gone alone to Charlie's aid, and had saved his life by keeping his head above water until the men reached him.

The more Lionel thought over the matter the more ashamed he felt of himself, and one day, when his sister Gladys was going to see Bert, he asked her to tell him that he was awfully sorry that he had called him a coward, and that he would very much like to go to see him.

Gladys gave Bert her brother's message, and the next day Lionel paid his first visit to the invalid. Bert's brave deed won for him the praise of every one in the neighbourhood, and his comrades collected enough to give him a beautiful silver medal.

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

THE history of Canada may be said to begin in the year A.D. 1534, when a French navigator, a native of St. Malo, set out from that port with two small vessels of twenty tons each, and landed on a part of Quebec. He took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. of France. He returned the following year, passed up the gulf and river, which he named the St. Lawrence, and arrived at an Indian town to which he gave the name of Mount Royal, since corrupted into Montreal. But little or nothing was done to promote the colonisation of the country for the next seventy years, when another Frenchman, of gentle birth, military experience, and much religious enthusiasm, visited the country, with the object of extending Christianity among the natives, and at the same time of developing trade and commerce.

This man founded the city of Quebec. The control of the immense region all round, extending eastward to Nova Scotia, westward to Lake Superior, and down the Mississippi as far as the Gulf of Mexico, was from that time until A.D. 1763 claimed by France. Jesuit missionaries traversed it in all directions, and suffered great hardships in their efforts to convert the Indians, their work being watched with much interest in France, and it is only justice to admit that the French people were

the first explorers of the country, and the pioneers of civilisation in the Far West.

The claims of France, however, were not undisputed, as is shown by the fact that Charles II. of England granted a charter to Prince Rupert and his company (known ever since as the Hudson Bay Company) of the exclusive right of trading in the territory watered by streams flowing into Hudson's Bay.

The struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in North America was long and bitter, and only terminated in A.D. 1763, when, under the treaty of Paris, Canada and all its dependencies were ceded to Great Britain. But during these years of struggle, many heroic deeds were performed both by Frenchmen and Englishmen, among which the most celebrated was the taking of Quebec by the English, under General Wolfe.

Quebec, the capital of a large province of the same name, stands on a steep promontory on the north-west bank of the river St. Lawrence. The highest part of the headland is Cape Diamond, 333 feet above the level of the river. Quebec, from its strong natural position, is the most important military position in Canada. The Citadel occupies an area of forty acres, and commands a magnificent view. There is an upper and lower town. In the upper town are the principal residences, also the suburb known as St. John, and to the south-west of St. John are the Plains of Abraham, the historic battle-field between the French, under their brave commander, Montcalm, and the British under General Wolfe, the only man in all England, apparently, who could have dared to attack a place so strongly fortified by nature.

James Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, was born at Westerham Vicarage, Kent, A.D. 1727, and was the eldest son of General Edward Wolfe, an officer of great merit and distinction. From his earliest boyhood, young Wolfe was bent upon following his father's profession of arms, and, when he was only fifteen years of age, he received an ensign's commission in a foot regiment. The following year, boy though he was, he took part in the famous battle of Dettingen, and it is proof of the courage and capacity he had already begun to display that we find him, though only in his seventeenth year, acting as adjutant of his regiment. Another twelve months and he had obtained his captaincy.

After serving in various other places with distinction, Pitt's attention was drawn to him, as a young officer of whom great things might be expected; and as Pitt (Prime Minister of England) was at that time organizing his grand scheme of expelling the French from Canada, he confided the expedition which had for its object the capture of Quebec to Wolfe's command, allowing him as far as possible to choose his own subordinate officers.

Advanced to the rank of Major-General, and commanding 9000 men, Wolfe sailed from England in the highest spirits, and on June 26th, 1759, he landed his forces on the Isle of Orleans, opposite Quebec.

The attack to which he had looked forward as a rather *nice* operation, or, as boys would say, rather a ticklish affair, proved to be one of stupendous—indeed, nearly hopeless—difficulty. The system of

defence adopted by his adversary, Montcalm, was such as to offer no point of advantage. In all his attempts—though seconded most ably by the fleet—Wolfe found himself completely foiled. The season wore fast away during which operations could be continued, and it really seemed as though the expedition, from which so much had been hoped, might, after all, prove a complete failure. Wolfe, therefore, resolved to make one grand effort. Having dropped down the river under cover of night, he and his men, to the number of between four and five thousand, silently began to climb the frowning precipice which lay between them and the French.

Wolfe had discovered a point which was not sufficiently guarded by Montcalm, who doubtless believed that it was impossible that any man could venture on such a deed. But he did not know the spirit and the courage of British soldiers, especially when led by such a general as Wolfe. Although it was a deed of such frightful risk as in war has scarcely any parallel, it was successful, though we may well believe that, during the darkness of that night, many a brave soldier lost his footing and his life at the same moment. But no one spoke, no one uttered a sound, as step by step the brave British soldiers climbed that fearful precipice.

At last, just as day dawned, Wolfe, at the head of his little army, found himself on the Plains of Abraham, above the city where Montcalm, sorely against his will, was forced to risk all by battle in the open field. It was a terrible fight, but a short one; the French were driven from the field in complete rout. Montcalm tried in vain to rally them—for he was a brave soldier—but was himself borne back by the pressure of the retreat, and mortally wounded.

And how about Wolfe, the brave British leader? Alas! in the very moment of victory the great commander died. He had led the right wing of his forces, until, thrice wounded, he fell to the ground and was carried to the rear. He lived only long enough to know that the battle was won. Rallying his last strength to give one final order to his men, he said, 'Now, God be praised, I die in peace,' and then he expired.

The news that Quebec had been taken was received in England with a tumult of exultation, dashed with grief for the loss of the hero, to whom the nation owed so much. A monument to the dead soldier was erected in Westminster Abbey, while his body was buried beside that of his father in the family vault under the parish church at Greenwich. Wolfe died at the early age of thirty-two, seemingly cut off in the opening of a brilliant career. He had warm affections, and a frank, generous nature, though his temper was somewhat eager, impulsive, and hasty; yet few men have been more generally beloved, and very few men so famous have left behind them a memory in every respect so pure and spotless.

Before ending this short account of the taking of Quebec, a few words must be said about Montcalm, the French general. That he was a brave man and a gallant soldier had been proved on many a field of battle, though he died on the Plains of Abraham, a defeated man.

Wolfe died in the moment of victory, Montcalm the day after his defeat; but though defeated and dying, he paid, with almost his last breath, the tribute of a true soldier to the valour of his foes. 'Since,' said he, 'it is my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to have been vanquished by so brave an enemy!'

Boys, these were noble words, for it is not always easy for any man to see the merits of his enemy, and an enemy who has defeated him. While we honour Wolfe for his bravery, let us also honour Montcalm for his generosity of spirit, and feel that, on that day, two heroes fell on the Plains of Abraham—Wolfe the conqueror, and Montcalm the defeated.

D. B. MCKEAN

ONE AT A TIME.

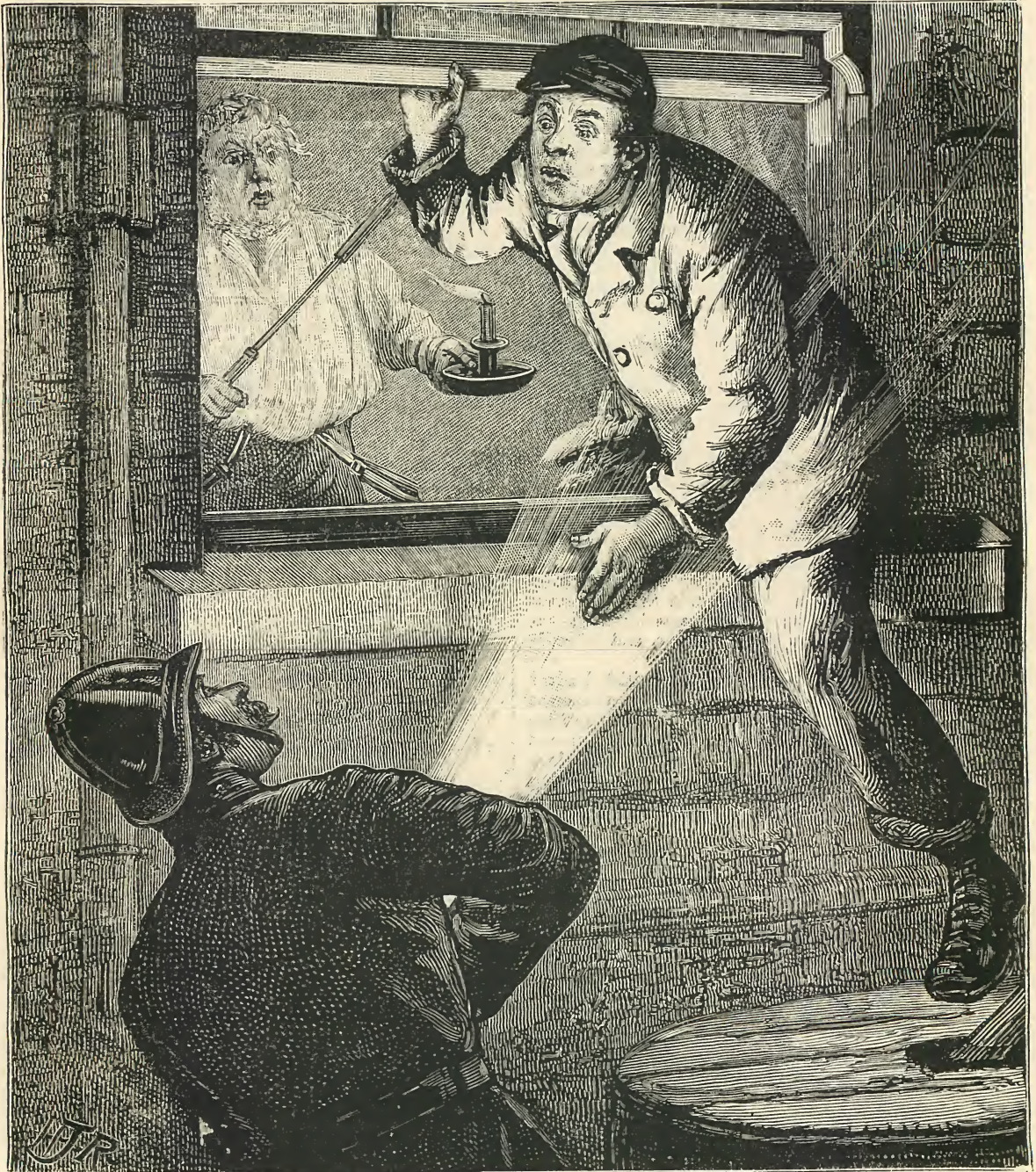
ONE step at a time, and that well placed,
We reach the grandest height;
One stroke at a time, earth's hidden stores
Will slowly come to light;
One seed at a time, and the forest grows;
One drop at a time, and the river flows
Into the boundless sea.

One word at a time, and the greatest book
Is written and is read;
One stone at a time, a palace rears
Aloft its stately head;
One blow at a time, and the tree is cleft through,
And a city will stand where the forest grew
A few short years before.

One foe at a time, and he subdued,
And the conflict will be won;
One grain at a time, and the sands of life
Will slowly all be run.
One minute, another, the hours fly;
One day at a time, our lives speed by,
Into eternity

THE BURGLAR AND THE SQUIRREL.

A TAILOR kept a tame squirrel, which was allowed to roam at will about the house, and was a general favourite with the family. One winter it made itself a nest of tow and other soft materials, and, strange to say, selected for the purpose its master's coat pocket. One dark night a burglar, who knew the habits of the household, made his way through the window and went straight for the tailor's coat to get the key of the money chest out of the pocket. All the family lay fast asleep; there was no dog, and the thief might have accomplished his purpose had not an unexpected mishap spoilt his little game. Putting his hand into the coat pocket, he disturbed the squirrel, which bit him so severely in the finger that he uttered a piercing cry. The tailor awoke, and jumped out of bed, just as the thief was in the act of getting out of the window. Unluckily for him a policeman was passing at the time, and he was taken into custody.



The Burglar surprised.



There, trot along with your nurse."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 196.)

A MILE further on there are signs of the 'beginning of the end.' The fox is viewed by a man ploughing, and a lusty 'tally ho!' tells the huntsman that his quarry has turned short down a hedgerow to the left. Hardly have hounds flashed over the line, when Ben, cap in hand, has them all round his horse's heels, and, in a trice, they are on the scent again and away. They tra-

verse two more fields, one grass and the second ploughed land. A low brush fence lets them in to another water-meadow, and then the winding course of the brook again faces them. It runs more sluggishly here, but its breadth and depth are fully equal to what they were the first time it had to be crossed. Most of the horses are more or less blown by the pace and heavy going.

The first to approach the brook-side was the young Lord of Courtland. A rare goer and gifted with extraordinary stamina, the thoroughbred pony he was riding had gradually made up his lee-way, and passed, one by one, the whole field. Resolutely the plucky young fellow catches his mount by the head, and sends him at the big piece of water. But the rate at which they have been going is all against his chance; and although the little animal makes a game effort, he fails to reach the opposite bank, dropping his hind legs both in, and rolling backwards into the stream. The next two or three arrivals refuse resolutely; then one man gets over, with a flourish and a scramble; the next horse and rider roll helplessly in, and are quickly succeeded by M. Delacour, whose impetuous steed gallops up to the very edge of the brook, stops short, and deftly shoots the little Frenchman over his head into the muddy water. Three or four more only are successful in their efforts to clear the obstacle; the rest gallop higher up the bank to where there is a ford.

Lord Courtland scrambles out unhurt, and stands on the far side, fishing for his pony's bridle with the handle of his hunting-crop, while the water runs off him at every point. Just as he has made a successful dive for the reins of the partly submerged pony, M. Delacour's melancholy visage appears above the surface of the stream. He is blowing and spluttering the water out of his mouth, and looks more than disgusted.

'Ah! I like not the hunt. I will go back very queer, but I will walk! No more I mount this animal—so terrible!'

Lord Courtland, on first catching sight of the little tutor's dolorous countenance, reached out his hunting-crop, the pony having by that time scrambled out on to the bank, and by its aid M. Delacour, with many flounders, struggled once more on to dry land.

'Why, monsieur, this is half the fun!' cries his pupil, laughingly. 'I have enjoyed my ducking almost as much as I did the gallop. Come along!

We are not out of it yet. You can see up there that the hounds have checked. If we are quick we shall catch them.'

'Nevare!' is the emphatic reply. 'I lead my horse back. I go not on!' And, suiting the action to the word, the tutor wrung out the tails of his coat, took his horse's reins, and started off to find the ford on the road homewards.

The young Viscount, seeing that persuasion was useless, laughingly clambered up again on to the wet and mud-stained saddle, and cantered on towards where he could just see hounds feathering up a hedgerow on the side of a slight hill. Ere he can overtake them, however, they have again hit off the scent, and are travelling once more in the wake of their now beaten fox. But the end is near. Descending the opposite slope, Ben views the quarry stealing down a furrow, his back arched like a bow, his brush bedraggled and caked with mud. Hounds are close to him now, and thirsting for blood. All seems over with this gallant fox, when suddenly, as though inspired with fresh life, he sights the open earth he has been all this time making for, and shoots away again. A few strides farther, and, straining every nerve, he just reaches the haven of security as old Ravager makes a grab at him. With an ugly snap round, in which he shows to perfection those polished long white teeth of his, the gallant fox vanishes into the earth, leaving his baffled pursuers to exercise their vocal powers outside.

The field slowly straggle up, all the horses being quite beaten from the pace, heavy going, and the distance they have covered. First arrives a stranger, quickly followed by the first whipper-in. Two lengths only separate him from the huntsman. Then comes the rector, well up in spite of a fall; Geoffrey Ogilvie and three others in a cluster; then Sir Golightly Goutiboy, one of the heavy-weights of the hunt, but a rare good man to get across country, despite his seventeen stone; and, last of the few survivors of this brilliant gallop, the young Viscount, his clothes still telling of the misfortune that stopped him from quite seeing the finish. There is no talk of digging the fox. He has gone gallantly, and given a grand run. We go out to ride and hunt, not necessarily to kill. The good fox shall live to run another day, and perchance again shall save his brush. Who would be sorry? None of the true sportsmen who have lived to the end of this day's run, we trow.

'Well, gentlemen,' says the master, cheerily, as he descends from his panting steed, which stands with drooping head and quivering tail, only too glad of the rest, 'we have had a pretty smart gallop to-day, and I don't think any of us are the worse for it. I am sure my young friend Courtland is not, if we may judge by the merry look on his face. You have been trying the temperature of the water in that last brook, young man, I see. Ah, well, cold bathing is a fine thing, though I don't care for it in the open air at this time of year myself.'

'Oh, I am all right, Lord Eskdale, thanks! But I wanted to take that brush home with me. However, I suppose the fox will have a better use for it than I should.'

'Well, judging by your appearance, you will need

not only a brush, but a comb as well before you can get those curly locks of yours straight again,' replied the master, with a good-natured twinkle in his eye.

Presently, when the horses have had breathing time allowed them, all the field begin to think of how far away from home they are—some five, some ten, one or two nearly twenty miles from the welcome stable door. Several of the unfortunates who have got thrown out, 'pounded' at some big obstacle, or, haply, had a fall or two in the progress of the run, now cast up, and they all slowly wend their ways in the homeward direction, every man who has been out in the glorious gallop feeling all the better for the exercise and manly excitement; for does not the pleasure of the chase arouse every instinct of good within us? Is there a man who can feel mean or wicked when the life-blood dances through his veins as his good horse faces and overcomes each of the many obstacles which must, perforce, be encountered as we gallop across good hunting country?

Grumbling at his horse, at what he is pleased to call 'his luck,' the Honourable James Ogilvie walks his steed homewards, and about two o'clock in the day resigns him, with a snappish word or two, to his groom. Then he walks into the hall of his house, Hawksley Grange, and flings himself into an easy chair by the great log fire to think.

His reflections are of anything but a pleasant order. Not that he is either a disappointed or an unfortunate man, though he thinks so himself. Born with a fair patrimony, with health and strength to enjoy it, he might, but for his own follies—perhaps his enemies, and he had many, would have used a harsher term than this—have been a happy man, and led a pleasant, as well as a useful, life. But it was not to be. There are some natures which will not be satisfied, and which seem unable to realise how much they have to be thankful for to an all-wise Providence. Such was the Honourable James. It might be said of him that he had not a friend—a real friend—in the world. And why? Because, by his own meanness and selfish conduct, he had estranged all those with whom he had come in contact. Since the death of the old Lord Courtland, the Honourable James Ogilvie's discontent had become increased, for he had always thought that his elder brother would leave him a large sum of money. Lord Courtland had not done so, and the reason was not hard to find. There was a great difference in their ages, and so they had never been companions in their youth. In fact, Hugh Ogilvie, afterwards Lord Courtland, had been holding a commission in the army at the time that James was born. Hugh, always upright and manly in all his tastes and habits, had never taken to James from the first, and the latter had secretly disliked his elder brother for those very attributes. Their father had provided well for his younger son during his own lifetime, and on his death-bed he specially desired that Hugh should give him no more than he had already.

In the midst of Mr. Ogilvie's unpleasant memories and thoughts of the future he is disturbed by the entrance into the hall of a sweet-faced little girl, with nut-brown hair and sunny smile. She is holding the hand of her nurse, and gazing with wonder-

ment visibly expressed in her pretty violet eyes at the scarlet coat and mud-stained boots before her.

'O-oh!' she exclaimed, pointing to the latter; 'what a muddy boots you got! You tumbled down?'

'Tumbled down!—no. There, run away, little Mary. Want to kiss me, eh? Very well, now trot along with nurse. Where is your mistress, nurse? In the study? Oh, well, just ring that bell for Thomas to come.'

In another minute Thomas is receiving orders for sherry and biscuits to be brought, and again the Honourable James sinks into the 'brown study' of brooding over his imaginary wrongs.

The little girl toddles off with her nurse, and goes upstairs to play. Hers is, indeed, a lonely life, for in this her guardian's house there is no companionship for her. Mary Rayne is the daughter of a gallant soldier, who fell whilst fighting the Russian hordes in the trenches at Inkerman. Although he knew it not at the time, he died a widower, for his young wife had passed away in England but three weeks before, leaving behind her this lone little one. Major Rayne had been a rich man, and all his fortune would go to Mary when she came of age. James Ogilvie had contrived to get himself appointed guardian of the child, greatly aided thereto by the solicitor who had acted as legal adviser for some years both to the deceased officer and to himself, a man as thoroughly unscrupulous as his 'Honourable' client. Between the two, and always playing into each other's hands, they had obtained entire control of the money which ought to come into the child's possession upon her arriving at the age of twenty-one, and whether the property would ever get to its rightful owner or not now was more than doubtful. James Ogilvie, though in no sense unkind to the child, took no interest in anything but her money: whilst his wife, who has never known what it is to have children of her own, is a cold, hard-visaged woman, with little human sympathy in her composition, and whose time is almost wholly absorbed in writing books which nobody ever reads. This lady, be it here remarked, is about the only human being of whom James Ogilvie stands in any dread. She also, in her own way, has a sort of kindness for the little Mary, but it is not the kindness of which such child-life stands so urgently in need. So Mary Rayne lives almost entirely in the nursery and in the society of the servants, and lavishes her wealth of love on her dolls and her nurse.

Of late she had been permitted to go over to the Abbey, and though, of course, the two boys there were no companions for her, they, in pure kindness of heart, and knowing how lonely the little one's life was, had trotted her about, shown her all their pets—and they had many, from tame rabbits upwards—and given her plenty of small rides on their ponies; whilst the gruff old Admiral, who would have shocked any fond and doting mothers by saying that he 'hated children,' used to take her on his knee, and tell her fairy tales, to which she listened with the greatest eagerness, by the hour together. In time the little maid came to look upon her Abbey visits as the bright spots in her otherwise lonely life.

(Continued at page 210.)



A Durham Shorthorn Cow and Calf.

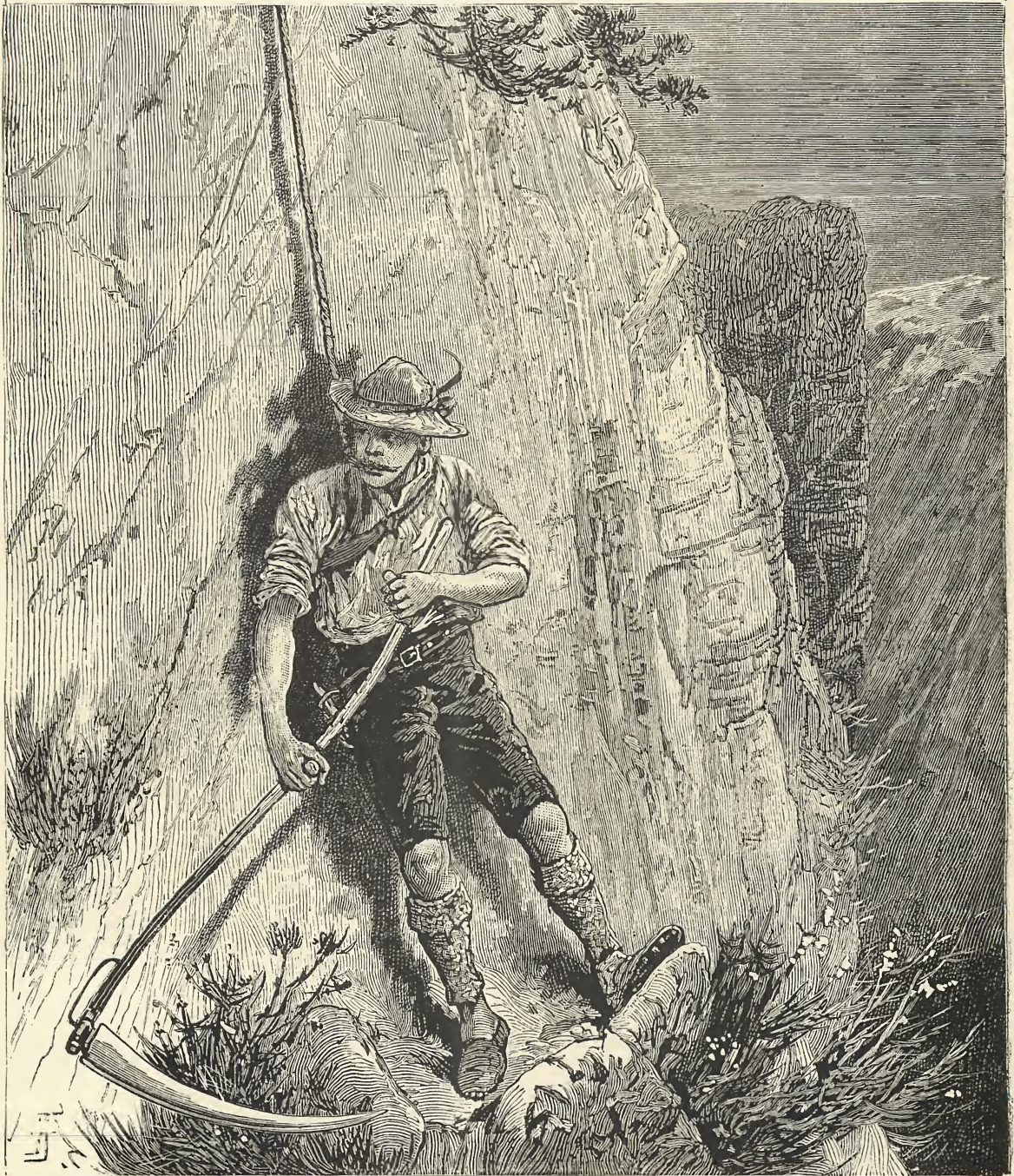
A DURHAM SHORTHORN COW AND HER CALF.

OUR illustration shows us a Shorthorn cow and her calf. The Durham Shorthorns stand rather low, but have deep chests and broad backs. The skin is light-coloured, and the hair either reddish-brown or white, or a mixture of the two, or the well-known strawberry colour. The horns are short, curving inwards. The shorthorns are hardy and good-tempered animals, which grow quickly.

Though they are inferior in their yield of milk to the Suffolk and Ayrshire breeds, yet shorthorns are now more widely spread over England, both as dairy and fattening cattle, than any other kind. J. C.

RISKY REAPING.

THE life of the Tyrolean peasant is seldom anything but a hard struggle from childhood to old age. Amidst his bare and rugged mountains, he labours constantly to glean the scanty products of the hard, unyielding soil. Our picture represents one part of the peasant's struggle for existence. He knows that he cannot afford to lose even a rugged tuft of grass, so he is let down the face of a steep cliff or mountain-side by one of his fellows, and, scythe in hand, he reaps whatever he finds there in the shape of herbage, upon which he can feed his goats. The task is a difficult and dangerous one: one flaw in the strands of the rope which holds him



A Crag Mower.

and the poor fellow would be dashed down, hundreds of feet, into the awful space beneath. After running such a dreadful risk, often the results of his day's hard labour are worth next to nothing—a meal,

perhaps two or three meals, if he has been lucky, for the goats which furnish him with many of the things needful for his hard-working, simple life.

F. R.

A FLORENTINE STORY.

ONE morning, at the table of the Grand Duke Lorenzo, there was a discussion as to the number of those who followed different trades and callings in the city, one declaring that there were more cloth-makers, another more priests than any others, till at last the host asked Gonella his opinion.

'I am sure,' said Gonella, 'that there are more doctors than any other kind of people, and there is no use in doubting it.'

'Little do you know about it,' replied the Duke, 'if you do not know that in all this city there are only two or three physicians.'

'With how little knowledge,' answered Gonella, 'can a State be governed! It seems, O Excellency, that you have so much to do that you do not know who lives in your city, nor what the citizens do!' And the result of the debate was a bet, and Gonella took every bet offered, his stakes being small and the others great.

The next morning Gonella, having well wrapped up his face and throat in woollen stuff, stood looking pitifully enough at the door of his house, and every one who passed asked him what was the matter, to which he replied, 'All my teeth ache terribly.' And everybody offered him a sure remedy, which he noted down, and with it the name of him who gave it. And then, going about the town, he made out during the day a list of 300 prescribers, with as many prescriptions.

Last of all he went to the palace at the hour of supper, and the Grand Duke, seeing him so wrapped up, asked the cause, and hearing that it was tooth-ache, he also prescribed a sovereign remedy, and Gonella put it with the name of the Duke at the head of the list. And, going home, he had the whole fairly written out, and the next day, returning to the palace, he was reminded of his bets. Whereupon he produced the paper, and great was the laughter that it caused, since it appeared by it that all the first citizens and nobles of Florence were physicians, and that the Grand Duke himself was their first medico. So it was generally admitted that Gonella had won, and they paid him the money, with which he made merry for many days.



TINY HOUSE-MAKERS.

THE world abounds with insects, many of which are our enemies, because they do mischief to things belonging to us, such as articles of food, clothing, and furniture. Sometimes they are very small, and they work in the dark, so that we do not find them out till it is nearly or quite too late to use a remedy. Then it is often said, 'We will keep a sharp look-out for the future;' but time goes on, we are apt to forget, and it happens again. It happens thus with what are called Clothes

Moths, though that name only describes part of the things upon which their caterpillars feed and grow fat. People may put articles carefully away in drawers and cupboards, but the moths are cunning; they enter through cracks, or by key-holes, or perhaps fly in unobserved.

Sometimes, indeed, the moth, before it has laid its eggs, may happen to be seized by a hunting spider. One old author describes it as an insect that *frets* the robes of kings, for it does not spare royal apparel or rich garments when it has a chance of attacking them. The word 'fret' just expresses the way in which such caterpillars injure the articles upon which they feed.

The best known of these little moths, and probably the most destructive, is the Fur Moth or *Tinea pelionella*, which eats feathers and fur, sparing not the choicest seal-skins or ermines. It likes some material from which it can make itself a house, and the instant it is hatched from the egg, it puts together a tiny round case as a shelter. Many people have watched these caterpillars at work, when they have grown somewhat, but often, instead of making a new house, one of them will enlarge his old one by lengthening it, or by letting in pieces at the sides, after cutting slits. If it is contriving a fresh one, he bites off hairs, putting them beside each other, and fastening them with silk cords, keeping on at this till the house is large enough to cover its body. Then it is finished off by a lining of soft silk. Having reached its full size as a caterpillar, the little creature closes up the ends, and changes to a chrysalis. Out of this comes the moth in a short time. It is yellowish grey, with a few pale spots.

A frequent enemy to cloth, flannel, and all sorts of woollen stuffs is the rather larger *Tinea tapetzella*. Parties of these caterpillars have sadly damaged beautiful old tapestry. This insect is one which travels about upon the article it attacks, not making a house, but forming a gallery, so that it is hidden while eating, though the track is visible afterwards. The moth has the wings half black and half grey.

Another of these busy, troublesome moths is the Hair Moth, *Tinea biselliella*. This caterpillar must have strong jaws, since its usual food is the lining of chairs, cushions, horsehair-pillows even, and the moth flies about boldly, but from its dull colour often escapes notice. It is the caterpillar's habit to burrow into the stuff it devours, and thus it lives securely, till it spins a cocoon of silk in which to become a chrysalis.

Those who have granaries in which corn is stored know very well the *Tinea granella*, a pretty moth of varied colours, but which as caterpillar does great mischief to grain. It is a house-builder: the abode is made of its food, the grains of wheat being joined together by silken threads. Sometimes, these little houses or cases have been swept up by thousands. Other sorts are harmless to us, because they live on wild plants: one has a caterpillar which eats the nettle, and this moves about in a funny tent of bits of leaves glued together, and prickly outside with nettle spines. Belonging to the same tribe of insects is another, which lives on the downy pods of some willow-tree, contriving for itself a house from these. Then there is a caterpillar, also small, which eats the lichens

upon walls, and, lest the birds should carry it off, it puts together little bits of stone or brick, and moves about with this rather heavy house upon its back.

In the East, where it is the custom, and has been for ages, to lay up stores of handsome and costly robes, the moths and their busy caterpillars are insects which people have to watch and guard against if they can. We have in the Bible several references to this destructive tribe, and the patriarch Job refers to the dwellings they make, when he says of the wicked man, 'He buildeth his house as a moth.' It does not last, any more than the tiny case of the insect. Again, man is said to be crushed like the moth, the winged insect being soft and easily killed by pressure.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

33.—WORD-MAKING.

BEGIN with one letter, and add one at a time in any part of the word, so as to form a new one; the words in *italics* are transpositions of the previous word without any letter added.

- (A.)—1. A consonant.
 2. To perform.
 3. An instrument of punishment, a measure.
 4. To let fall.
 5. Arrogant, haughty.
 6. Passed from one vessel to another.
 7. The comparative of the fifth word.
- (B.)—1. A vowel.
 2. A useful preposition.
 3. A negation.
 4. *A heavy weight.*
 5. A short letter, a musical sign.
 6. *A sound.*
 7. A sign, a memorial of friendship.
- (C.)—1. A consonant.
 2. A personal pronoun by some esteemed very important.
 3. The past tense of a word meaning to encounter.
 4. Two or more animals of burden.
 5. *Animal food—not wild.*
 6. A strong motive power produced from liquids.
 7. One in command of others.
 8. Currents of water or other fluids. C. C.

34.—WORD PUZZLES.

'*Youngsters from Popular Tales.*'

- 1.—9, 7, 10, 11. An annual plant, part of which is used for making a very useful fabric.
 2.—5, 6, 7, 9. Nineteen thirty-eighths.
 3.—1, 6, 8, 9. A place of confinement.
 4.—7, 2, 6, 9. Sometimes made of sugar, sometimes of flour, yeast, and water.
 5.—9, 8, 11. To secure firmly.
 6.—3, 2, 10, 11. A trick played in sport.
 7.—4, 6, 8, 7. Found on your fingers.
 8.—1, 2, 4, 6, 5. A prophet in the Old Testament who was punished in a remarkable manner for an act of disobedience.
 9.—5, 6, 8, 7. Frozen rain; to greet from a distance.
 10.—3, 6, 7, 2. Sometimes foretelling rain. C. C.

[Answers at page 231.]

ANSWERS.

31.—(A.) Nightingale.	(B.) Dryden.	(C.) Crown.	
32.—1. Rest.	2. Many.	3. Rice.	4. Ease.
West.	Mane.	Mice.	Rase.
Wert.	Sane.	Mile.	Rose.
Wort.	Same.	Milk.	Sore.
Work.	Some.		Wore.
			Work.
5. Shoe.	6. Loud.	7. Mine.	8. Open.
Shot.	Lout.	Mire.	Pens.
Soot.	Loft.	More.	Hens.
Foot.	Soft.	Yore.	Huns.
		Your.	Shun.
			Shut.

ENTRANCE TO MIDDLETON DALE.

DERBYSHIRE some people remember as a county from which we get coals, or they may have seen, perhaps, some of the beautiful specimens of spar and rock crystal which are found amongst its hills or caverns. They have heard, too, of its famous cotton and silk mills. Some folk also declare there are no stockings to be had better than those made in Derbyshire. Though it is not so great a resort of visitors as are some English counties, many people visit the Peak district with wonder and delight, while others seek health or recreation about Matlock, and places on the south. Charming, indeed, are the dales of Derbyshire; and our illustration shows the entrance to Middleton Dale, with its picturesque cottages, lofty rocks, and shady trees. When we are in this district we seem to be in the land of the Druids and ancient Britons, for memorials of them abound.

Within the township of Middleton is the remarkable collection of big stones called Arber Low; people have also said that it is the 'Stonehenge of the Midlands.' Of the stones at first put upon this piece of ground only a part are now to be seen, others being more or less buried in the earth by the changes of time. But you can trace a circle of huge stones, each six or eight feet long, and about four broad; how, in bygone days, men lifted them and then carried them without the helps we can have now is a wonder. Outside the circle of stones is a ditch five yards wide, and beyond this again is a mound of earth. Near Arber Low are several barrows, or ancient burying-places.

At the mansion belonging to Middleton-by-Youlgrave lived, some years ago, a Mr. Bateman, who made a large collection of Derbyshire relics.

Middleton Dale is remarkable for being a home of that fragrant and lovely flower—the Lily of the Valley; along the dale runs a stream, which is fed by water flowing from the corpses and woods which edge part of the valley. High in position is Elton, in the same township, 800 feet above the sea-level. Then there is Middleton-by-Wirksworth, famous for its lead mines and marble quarries.

Youlgrave is a small place, yet very ancient. The church of All Saints is Early Norman, and has a curious old font of red sandstone formed in two parts; the smaller vessel, or stoup, is made to rest in the mouth of a dragon. The tower, which is embattled, is conspicuous from afar. S. CLIFFORD.



Entrance to Middleton Dale.



CHASING A GORILLA.



Mr. Causton threatens to withdraw his Services.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 203.)



BREAKING in upon the Honourable James Ogilvie's unpleasant reflections, his wife appears. In her hands she holds some sheets of unfinished manuscript and a goose-quill pen. Addressing her husband, she says, 'Well, James, have you enjoyed riding after the dogs?' 'Hounds!' corrects he. 'Hounds or dogs, I suppose it comes to mean the same thing in the end, does it not, James? Why trifle for a word?' 'Oh, all right. Anything you like. No, I have not enjoyed it. My horse is a beast——' 'Are not all horses beasts, James? Is there any cause of complaint in that fact? At the time you are—I must say it because it is my painful duty so to do—wasting the best hours of the day, and tiring out a noble animal which might be better employed in pulling the carriage, I am employing myself in compiling a great work——' 'Which nobody but yourself will ever read!' interrupted he. 'James!' cried the lady, raising her eyebrows in dignified reproof. 'As you ought to be aware, I am the most humble-minded of mortals; but I must say I flatter myself that when the world comes to peruse——' 'Yes, but that is just the point. Up to the present the world has distinctly declined to peruse any of the priceless jewels of your literature.'

Without taking any heed of the interruption, Mrs. Ogilvie continued, 'When the world comes to peruse my great work upon *The Inquiry of Studying Shakespeare*, with copious notes and quotations, I think that literary people will be slightly astounded at my utter——' 'Want of good taste, I should say,' broke in her husband, who was very tired of the would-be literary lady's cranks and crotchets.

Mrs. Ogilvie, with a look of pitying scorn, gave a little sniff and swept out of the door. The Honourable James slowly drew a cigar from his case and lighted it. After smoking some few minutes in silence, he began to revolve various schemes—many of them not of the most straightforward character—for relieving himself of his pecuniary difficulties. In the midst of these reflections Thomas opened the door and announced, 'Mr. Causton, sir, from London.'

This was James Ogilvie's solicitor. The master of the house was puzzled to account for his visit, but he merely said, 'Show him in here at once;' and a minute later the London lawyer was shaking hands with his client.

'Sit down, Causton. What wind blows you here, eh?' 'Rather a bad one, I fear, Mr. Ogilvie—rather a bad one,' replied the man of law.

Mr. Causton had for some years past managed all Mr. Ogilvie's business affairs for him, and was well aware of that gentleman's 'tight' position in the money market. He was a small man, with a pale face. When discussing business at a client's house, he had a trick of sitting on the extreme edge of his chair and nervously polishing his hat on his coat-sleeve.

'Well, Causton, out with it. What is the trouble now?' The lawyer got still nearer the edge of his chair than he was before, and, in a voice almost sinking to a whisper, jerked out the one word, 'Nathan.'

'Well, what of him?' 'Won't wait another day. If you can't pay him off at the expiration of his six months' notice—well, it is all up!' and Mr. Causton polished his hat vigorously.

'Oh, he has threatened this ever so many times before, as you know. If we make him a small payment——'

'Won't do,' nervously shot out the lawyer; 'I have tried him. Fact is, he wants to come here to live himself,' and the speaker worked himself, by a series of little jumps, right up to the extreme edge of his chair in his suppressed excitement.

'What!' roared James Ogilvie, in a voice of thunder. Poor little Mr. Causton was so startled that he almost fell off the last inch which he had allowed himself.

'Fact, sir, I assure you. Mr. Nathan has been a successful money-lender for many years, and—and not over-particular perhaps about his methods. Consequence is, he is reputed to be immensely rich—immensely rich!' repeated Mr. Causton, nodding his head like a mandarin.

For a few moments Mr. Ogilvie was almost speechless with rage. Then, jumping to his feet, he strode up and down the room, raving like a madman, the little lawyer all the time polishing up his hat, as though his very existence depended on his efforts. At last, the Honourable James calmed down and came to business once more.

'Find out how much this Jew dog will take—the lowest you can beat him down to. Do anything you can to put him off; do any dirty trick——'

'Sir!' interrupted the little man, rising to his feet. 'Well, you need not look so indignant. I suppose that is what Jews and lawyers are sent into the world for, isn't it—to try and "best" each other? All the lawyers and all the Jews I have ever met are scoundrels.'

The lawyer ceased polishing his hat, rose from his seat and drawing himself up to his full height (about four feet ten), said: 'Mr. Ogilvie, sir: if I am to take that remark as a personal one, I beg at once to withdraw my services——'

But here the other, seeing that he had gone too far, broke in, 'No, no, of course not—of course not; you know what I am, and all the annoyances I have to put up with. You must make allowances. But to dream of that greasy Jew daring to think of turning me out of Hawksley Grange in order that he—he should live in it, to ape the country gentleman, forsooth! It makes my blood boil!'

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Mr. Causton sat down again, somewhat mollified.

'The whole of the money must be found, sir, or else—foreclosure will follow as a matter of course. I grieve to say it, but I have already had an exceedingly stormy interview with the mortgagee, and his resolve is final and not to be shaken.'

The Honourable James muttered something under his breath which the other could not catch, but it was clearly not complimentary to Mr. Nathan.

'How long have I got, Causton, to find this money in?'

'A few days under six months, Mr. Ogilvie. I mean from now,' he replied.

Mr. Ogilvie took a turn once up and down the room.

'I will find it, somehow or other, Causton, by then,' he said. 'And just ring that bell beside you. Thomas shall get you something to eat and drink before you go back to town.'

'Geoff, old chap! we are going poaching to-night,' said the Viscount, as he bounced into the library, where his brother sat spelling over 'Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt.'

'No! what fun! Who are we going with?' exclaimed Geoff.

'Old Sam Prior. Met him down at the forge, and—you know how deaf he is?—just happened to run in and catch him telling his nephew, Carrots, you know—at least, that is what I always call him. I don't know his name: don't think he has got a name, really—telling Carrots he wanted him with the nets about twelve o'clock to-night—poaching, you know. So I tackled Sam at once, and promised not to say a word to any one if he would let us come too. Well, he fussed about, and tried to get out of it, and finally I said I would go to the Admiral and let it all out if he didn't agree to take us, so he had to. We will slip out of the window, slide down the rain-water pipe, and there we are, my boy! Fine, isn't it? What a lark if old Jolliboy, the head-keeper, were to catch us poaching on our own land, eh?' and the young Lord laughed till the tears ran down his face, Geoffrey joining in by way of chorus.

The door was softly opened and M. Delacour entered the room. 'Ah, ha! and why so gay, my friends? What for the laughter so loud? You have what you call a jokes?'

'Yes,' said Geoffrey; 'come out and have a fight with the poachers to-night, Monsieur Delacour. It will be awful fun.'

'Ah, the poachaire; I do not take the interest in catching the poachaire. Not mooch. Sometimes the poachaire catch the keeper—catch him one with his big stick. I have come here for a book.'

'Well, have this: jolly old "Jorrocks." I will lend it you if you like.'

M. Delacour handled it gingerly, as though he thought it would bite. 'I prefaire sometings else,' and quickly selecting a book from the shelves around, he tripped out of the room again, leaving the boys to resume their talk.

'I made Sam confess that he had a lot of snares set for rabbits, and that before doing anything else he wanted to visit them. After that he was going to

try shooting some pheasants in the little covert at the far side of the park. We are to meet him just at the head of the lake, between half-past twelve and one.'

'Right,' observed Geoff. 'I will dress and come into your room at midnight. Then we will start.'

(Continued at page 218.)

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was once standing upon the quay at Greenock when a wealthy merchant belonging to that town had the misfortune to fall into the harbour. A sailor plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued the merchant, who could not swim. When the rescued man was restored to consciousness, it was found that the fright and the wetting were the only bad consequences of his mishap. Calling for the sailor, his preserver, the merchant presented him with his thanks and a shilling. The crowd loudly protested against such shabby conduct, but Burns, with a scornful smile, begged them to be silent—'for,' said he, 'the gentleman must know best how much his life is worth!'

THE KHYBER PASS.

RUGGED and fierce-looking rocks and caverns, beetling crags and towering mountains, form the chief features of the Pass from which our picture is taken. It is one of Nature's gateways to our great Indian Empire, and, as such, is jealously regarded by our leading soldiers, always obliged to be on the alert in order to counteract the constant aggression of Russia. A race of men, no less fierce and forbidding than their own rocky fastnesses, inhabit the country around, and are apt to come down from the hills in swarms to attack, murder, and pillage any party of travellers, or even soldiers, who pass that way. Their method of warfare is to creep along behind the huge boulders of rock, and to fire from their place of concealment on their victims.

The Afridi method of so-called guerilla warfare has proved a very trying one for our troops to face during the recent military operations on the north-west frontier of India, and very heavy losses—especially of officers—have been the result. Many times the savage hill-men, all robbers and murderers by profession, have fired down upon our soldiers from the tops of sheer precipices, which it would have been quite impossible to scale. The consequences have been disastrous in many cases, for, unable to force their foes into the open, our men have suffered without the chance of striking a blow in return, or of doing anything in their own defence. However, whether we lose or not at the first part of a campaign, we win in the end, and so the Afridis have found to their cost before this. We shall win, but at a somewhat heavy cost of valuable lives. The war was none of our seeking; they are the law-breakers. We are merely the police called in to reduce them to order again.

F. R.



The Khyber Pass.



A POSY OF WILD FLOWERS.

HERE is a bouquet of flowers—only wild flowers, it is true; some of them might be called weeds, and they are placed in a common mug to keep them fresh as long as possible, yet such a posy will bring joy and comfort to many a person whose life is spent within the hot and dusty city. This is only a sample of what may be gathered on a summer's day amongst the fields and lanes. Great is the variety we find—some plants are tall, others are of lowly growth, some creep or twine; in size and shape of leaves there are many differences. The flowers, too, have their differences of form, colour, and mode of growth. There are showy flowers, which everybody knows, and flowers which, from their habit, must be sought out, and therefore are seldom seen but by those who hunt for them. We will just name a few of these summer flowers that are favourites—several are shown in the illustration.

A field covered with scarlet poppies is a pretty

sight; when picked, however, these blooms speedily drop their petals, and only the capsule is left, stored with a host of small seeds in its cells, so that it is better to take tops of the plant before their flowers have opened to display them indoors. Many are the legends belonging to the poppy—one was that the plant grew first from the blood of a dragon killed by a Christian of the early time. Another idea was that in the heart of the flower could be found a figure of the cross, therefore the plant was sacred. Then the juice of the poppy-stem was thought to remove warts, also a petal was used to answer questions. If, when you struck one upon the palm of the hand, it made a pop, that meant 'yes;' if nothing of the sort was heard, it meant 'no.' The petals of roses and several other flowers have been tried for the same experiment. On some parts of the coast we notice the yellow-horned poppy having rough leaves of sea-green; the showy flowers are followed by long curved pods, hence the name.

Though May is the month in which we see the hawthorn or whitethorn in full flower, we may find sprays still in bloom during July, and beside them are others well covered with haws that have not yet turned red. When the poppy flowers, the bramble is showing its blossoms along the hedges, but its prickly twigs are seldom picked for posies. The blackberries of autumn are enjoyed all the more if we can gather them from the bushes ourselves. In the north, strollers may sometimes obtain also the wild raspberry and the clinderry, which has a large orange fruit. Not so many years ago people prized the bramble not only for its berries, but because they thought several diseases could be cured by creeping nine times under a branch which was rooted at both ends. Belonging to the same family are our wild roses. One of the prettiest is the burnet rose, which has creamy flowers opening in July, fragrant leaves, and is all over bristles. One of the finest of our native roses is the trailing rose of the north, which has large, pure white flowers.

We may find in our posy a specimen of another common flower of this tribe—the avens or herb bennet; yellow and crimson, its seeds are wafted along by feathery spines. The root has a scent like cloves, and was much valued by our ancestors. Also we see the mallow, with its large lobed leaves and fine lilac or purplish flowers, which sometimes grow in clusters, looking very beautiful. Some Devonshire folk call it ‘mallish,’ the name evidently alludes to the soft or gummy nature of the plant. Large, too, are the flowers of the yellow ox-eye or corn marigold, which is abundant in some counties. Then there is that familiar species, the feverfew, once greatly esteemed as a remedy for fevers; its flowers have yellow centres and white rays. Some people know it by the name of ‘featherfew,’ suggested, perhaps, by its finely cut, powdery leaves. Smaller still are the leaves of the wild chamomile, with similar flowers, a creeping plant, supposed to grow the faster for being trod upon. Scarcely a field or roadside is without specimens of one or other of the St. John’s worts. Most have starry yellow flowers and darkish leaves marked with little dots. Among the plants in the mint tribe are several that have beautiful tall spikes. One of these is the betony, which has purplish-red flowers, and was a great favourite with the monks of old. A very pretty August flower is the agrimony, which diffuses a scent like lemon, and has a tall stem adorned with pale yellow blossoms.

J. R. S. C.

THE TOWER.

HALF-A-MILE from London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour’s Creek to St. Olave’s Wharf, stands the group of buildings known in our common speech as the Tower of London, in official phrase as Her Majesty’s Tower; a mass of ramparts, walls and gates, the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe.’ So writes Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his beautiful work upon the Tower. Stand upon the hill outside, and gaze at the buildings, and as you look remember that our kings have made it their

home; some of our noblest knights have found it their grave. Here have been held gay revels, and here too the darkest crimes have been committed.

Very picturesque is the ancient Tower with its ‘grey keep, green trees, black gate, and frowning battlements.’

The Tower is indeed a very old building; it has no rival among palaces and prisons: it stood long before the history of our nation began to be written. Old writers date it from the time of Cæsar, and near some parts of the ditch it is quite easy to trace the remains of a Roman wall. In an ancient manuscript, the Saxon Chronicle, we read of the Tower, and it is quite likely that a Saxon stronghold stood upon this spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were begun by William the Conqueror.

The apartments in Cæsar’s Tower were built in early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings. There is nothing in Europe which for venerable years can compare with the Tower. The oldest bit of palace in the whole Continent is that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, and this is not older than the reign of King Henry III.

Stand for a few moments on Tower Hill and look down on the dark lines of wall, and pick out keep and turret and bastion and outer bulwarks, and chapel and belfry; the Jewel-house, the Armoury, the casements, the open leads, the belfry, the Bloody Tower—why, the whole edifice is alive with story—the story of splendour and misery and shame!

From the time of Stephen to that of Henry of Richmond, Cæsar’s Tower, now called the White Tower, was part of the royal palace. If we were to tell completely the story of the White Tower, we should tell that of our English kings and nobles. To the White Tower were committed the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; here came the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers from foreign lands practised in the arts. In the White Tower is St. John’s Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England. Scarce a stone’s throw from the White Tower were the Mint, the lion’s den, the old archery grounds, the Court of King’s Bench and the Court of Common Pleas, the Queen’s gardens and the royal banqueting-hall.

Should you like to know something of the architects who designed the Tower? There were two: One was Gundulf the Weeper; the other was Henry the Builder—a Norman monk and a great English king. The monk was known in his convent as a weeper. No monk in the monastery at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep at sorrow and he could weep at joy; his tears never failed. He lived, however, to the age of fourscore, and saw his great keep completed from basement to battlement.

Henry the Builder (Henry III.) loved the White Tower. He spent much of his time there and much of his money in adding to its strength and beauty. The shell or outer walls of the White Tower are ninety feet high, and from twelve to fifteen feet thick. Deep down are the vaults; then the main floor; higher, the banqueting floor, and still higher the State floor. Each of these tiers contains three rooms; not to count the stairs, corridors, and chambers

sunken into the solid wall. The rooms are parted from each other by walls not less than ten feet thick, rising from the foundation to the roof. On each angle of the White Tower stands a turret, one of which is round. The vaults lie deep underground, with no stairs and doors of their own. Some piercings in the shell let in a little air and still less light. These vaults were the old dungeons of the keep—the home of pirates, rebels, and persecuted Jews. One of the dungeons is damper and darker than its neighbours; it was known as 'Little Ease,' and is an underground cave or crypt beneath a cave. Sometimes when the Great Tower was full of prisoners, these vaults were used as prison lodgings, and this as late as Tudor and Stuart times. The poor prisoners have left inscriptions in the stone which can still be traced. It was in 'Little Ease' that Guy Fawkes was lodged. When the monk Gundulf designed the keep he only gave it one door, and that was so narrow that one man filled it up. Now, it will be thought that Gundulf's castle was a safe-enough prison for any prisoners, but that it was not so the first prisoner lodged within its walls soon showed. This offender was Ralph of Durham, called the Firebrand, who for many years had been treasurer to the Norman kings. Inviting his guards to supper, he sent out for wine, and when every man of them had drunk too much, and was either asleep or unable to rise, 'he rose from his table, drew a long coil of rope from one of the jars, passed into the south corridor, tied his cord to the window-shaft, and, taking his crosier with him, let himself down. He was a fat, heavy man, the cord was rather short, and he fell some feet to the ground. But trusty servants who were in waiting picked him up and hurried him away into a boat, by which he escaped with his staff and his money into France. The window by which he escaped is sixty-five feet from the ground.'

(Concluded at page 222.)

PRIMROSES, COMMON AND RARE.

ONE of the very innocent pleasures which the country gives young folk in spring is that of going out primrosing—that is, where woods and lanes exist in which this favourite amongst wild flowers may be found. Frequently, hunting for primroses, we discover other flowers, such as bluebells and violets. The latter, however, are often the dog or scentless violets; the sweet violets are now scarce and are generally over before primroses are fully out. These, too, are less plentiful than formerly, owing to the plants being dug up to sell, or to put in gardens. The pretty sight of acres of woodland carpeted with primroses is now seldom seen, unless far away from towns.

In gardens we may notice some curious varieties of this flower, quite white, or reddish, or even brown, and these are often double. Rather uncommon is the kind of primrose which is called the oxlip; the leaves are more like the cowslip than the primrose, and the flowers grow several on one stalk. Though of the primrose colour, they are less in size, and shaped as a cup; the perfume is stronger

than that of the primrose. This plant is mostly found in woods, but its relative, the cowslip, is usually seen in fields. The cowslip has downy leaves, and the deep yellow flowers have orange freckles, which are mentioned by Shakespeare. Dark, nearly black, cowslips have been found in some English counties.

Those are fortunate who discover the bird's-eye primrose, but it has to be sought on the sides of hills or mountains in the North. This plant is almost covered with a mealy powder, except the upper sides of the leaves, which are green and smooth. Its flowers open in June or July; they are of a rosy tint, or sometimes lilac, the centre being yellow, and the scent is very agreeable. Another rare kind is the Scotch primrose, a plant still smaller, which grows near the sea; its leaves are powdery and toothed, the flowers are deep purple. Numerous primroses—yellow, purple, and varied colours—delight those who visit the Alps; from some of these have been produced our garden Auricula. That curious plant, the Cyclamen, or sow-bread, is of the primrose tribe; it has been found growing wild; the creamy flowers curl round gradually, till they touch the earth.

S. CLIFFORD.

A BRAVE ACT.



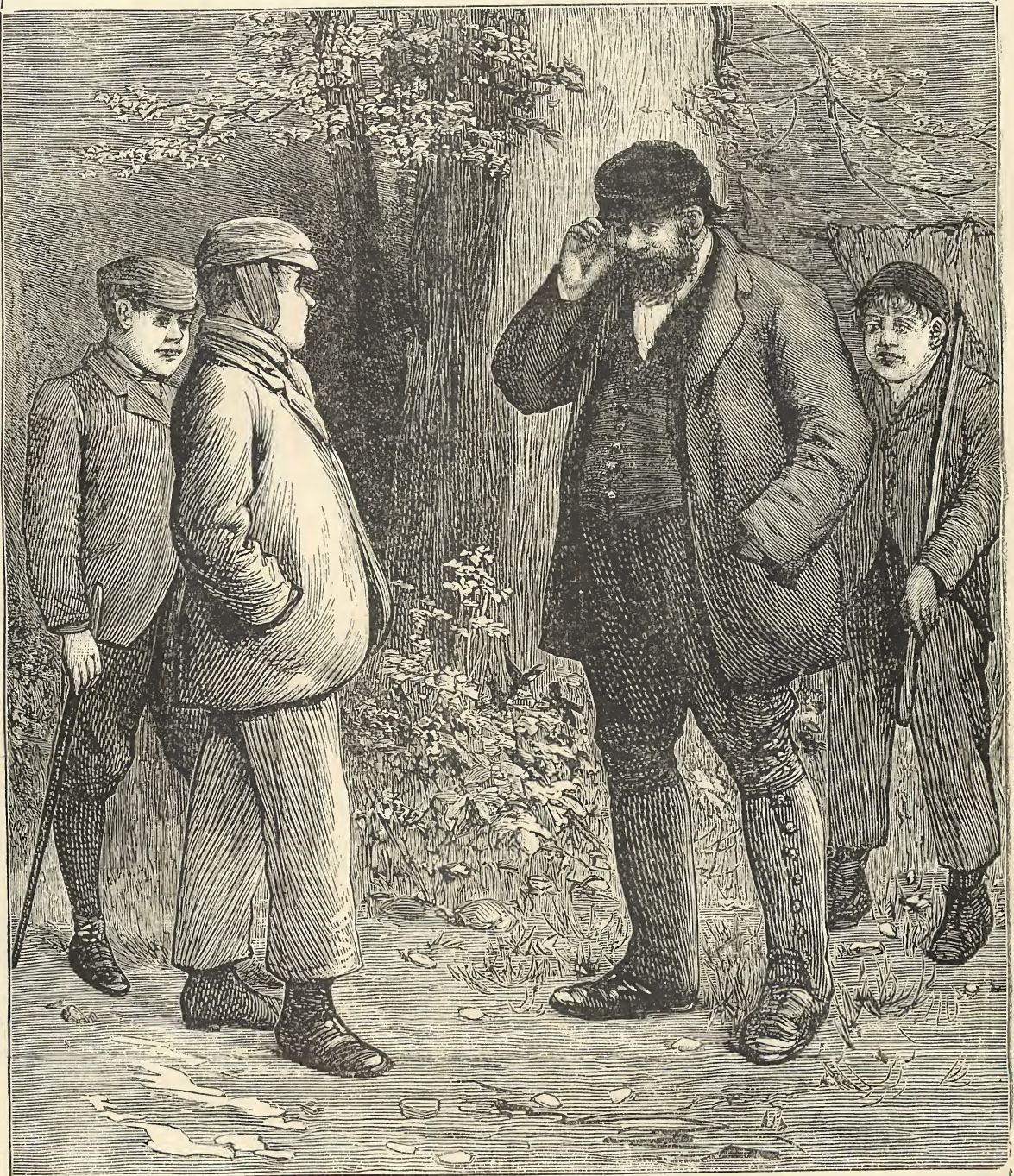
THE possession of a flag or standard in times of warfare is always looked upon as a matter of the utmost importance. Many a gallant life has been sacrificed in defence of its own standard; many another, in the attempt to gain the possession of one of the enemy's. It was in the year of the terrible uprising in India against the British 'ray' or rule, A.D. 1857-8, that the events, now told here and illustrated in our pages, took place.

A lieutenant in the Bombay Artillery found himself, together with the whole of his battery, hotly engaged with a company of the mutinous Sepoys. After the young soldier had been fighting hand to hand for some minutes with the enemy, he caught sight of the flutter of the British ensign in the distance. It was being borne away by two or three of the mutineers in the direction of a native village. The English officer at once spurred after them, and was soon within a few yards of the still retreating Sepoys. One of them then turned, and, taking deliberate aim at his pursuer, pulled the trigger. Luckily for the officer, the fellow's rifle missed fire. In an instant the young Englishman was upon him and cut him down with his sword. Then, turning his attention to the man who was still struggling to carry off the standard, he rode at him, grasped the flag with one hand, whilst he passed his sword through the Sepoy with the other. Then he rode back to his own men, bearing his country's flag at his saddle-bow.

F. R.



[Recovering the Colours.



"Now, young gentlemen, I have five snares set between here and the white gate."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 211.)

THAT evening the boys retired to bed earlier than usual, on purpose to get a couple of hours' sleep before starting on their expedition. Not that either of them slept very much, for excitement kept them both restlessly tossing from side to side, until the old clock over the Abbey stables chimed out the quarter to twelve. Then they began to prepare. Each boy dragged out, from a secure hiding-place, a suit of well-used corduroys. These they quickly donned, pulled down the flaps of disreputable-looking fur caps over their ears and tied them beneath their chins. So disguised, they flattered themselves that if they should be met by any unlucky chance, they would not be known. After a brief and whispered consultation in the Viscount's bedroom, the window was softly opened, and Paul climbed out over the sill.

Cautiously he gripped tight hold of the rain-water pipe, and began the somewhat perilous descent. Burning with impatience, Geoffrey quickly followed, and in a brief space of time reached the ground below in safety.

In the clear starlit night the two boys trudged along, silently but swiftly. In less than five hundred yards from the Abbey they struck the track at the side of the great lake, and then followed it right along to the further end. Arrived at this point, they had not long to wait before the sound of stealthy footsteps broke upon their listening ears. The bushes near them were gently parted, and a gruff voice said, 'Are yer there, my lord?'

'Yes; all right, Sam; come along,' answered Paul.

'And Mr. Jolliboy, nor none of his men about, eh?'

'No fear of that, Sam. I expect old Jolly is snugly tucked in between the sheets and fast asleep long before this.'

'That is all right, then; and the old poacher, parting the bushes still further, stepped into full view, touching his hat respectfully to the boys as he did so. He was closely followed by 'Carrots,' a heavy-looking lad of fifteen, with a great shock of red hair, carrying Sam's nets and snares.

'Now, young gentlemen, with your leave, we will start down this bank here. I have five snares set between here and the white gate below; and away went Sam, at best pace, for the first of his rabbit-traps. Paul and Geoffrey followed him closely, whilst Carrots brought up the rear in silence.

The first two snares yielded nothing. Sam re-set them, and went on to the next. Here a fine young buck rabbit was found hanged by its own struggles. It was quickly transferred to the old man's capacious pocket, the snare re-set, and the journey resumed.

The next venture proved also a fruitful one, but the last noose was empty.

They next made a move for a small covert which usually held many pheasants. As softly as they could, the four jumped a ditch, climbed over some low timber-railings, and entered the covert. The stars shone out brightly, and by their light several of the long-tailed birds could be made out, roosting on the branches of the taller trees. Old Sam cautiously drew first the stock and then the barrel of a gun in separate pieces from his enormous coat-pockets; silently he fitted them together, and then slipped a cartridge in. It was a queer-looking old piece, a pin-fire; but Sam had enjoyed many a savoury supper through its means. Taking steady aim, the poacher fired, and down toppled pheasant number one, with a heavy thud.

'Hope they have not heard that, now,' exclaimed the old man somewhat fearfully, as he re-loaded. The rest of the birds, awoken by the sudden and unexpected report, arose to their feet, fluttering their feathers and making their silly-sounding call. Before they could make up their minds to take refuge in flight, Sam's gun had again aroused the echoes, and a second bird fell to the ground. 'I think, young gentlemen, we would be safer, after this, to go off to another part of the land. May be some of the keepers have heard the gun, and—hist! what is that?'

They all crouched down and listened intently. Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the sound of men's feet up the lane, which ran near to the little copse, and soon the sound of voices was heard upon the still night air. 'It came from somewhere hereabouts, that I know,' asserted a voice from the darkness. 'I heard two shots fired quite plain from my cottage. Now, constable, if I go round through the gate here to the other side of the wood, and you stay just where you are now, I think we will stand a middling good chance of catching whoever it is here; and, with these words, the speaker moved off, leaving the one policeman of the village standing not a dozen yards from where the four anxious listeners lay concealed.

The keeper slowly skirted the wood to the far side, and then, climbing over the wooden rails close to where Sam's party had scaled it, he began his search, approaching the poachers from the rear.

Sam's face began to work somewhat anxiously. In a minute's time his mind was made up. He whispered to his companions: 'We must make a bolt of it, and as there is only two of them, the best thing we can do is to run in different directions. I will take off towards the village; you, my lord, had better run towards the lake, and you, Mr. Geoffrey, towards the Abbey. Carrots can hook off in the direction of the Long wood. Some of us is bound to get off—most likely all: for this here constable is a new hand and don't know anything about the country, while we know every inch of it, and now is the time to break cover and make a rush for it!'

Suiting the action to the word, old Sam rose to his feet, and softly made off down a ride in the wood, which led in the direction of the village. The Viscount and Geoffrey crawled quietly to the edge of the copse, and climbed over the bank, alighting

near the path which led to the lake-side, whilst Carrots also set about making his point good. Just as the latter had left the friendly cover of the copse the keeper caught a glimpse of him, and with a shout set off as hard as he could go in pursuit.

Almost at the same moment the vigilant guardian of the law, keeping eager watch and ward, saw the figures of the two boys some way ahead of him. They had just parted company, and were running, the one towards the Abbey, the other in the direction of the lake. Divesting himself of his heavy tunic and helmet, the zealous officer started off in pursuit of the latter, which happened to be the Viscount.

Away went pursuer and pursued at a rattling pace, over hedge and ditch, grass and path. Both were good runners, for the constable was young and active, whilst Paul could beat any lad of his own age that he had ever met. It was a fair battle between them but for one thing, and that was, that Paul was almost choking himself with laughter at the idea of being chased by a policeman for the high crime of going on his own land in pursuit of his own game! Gaining the path by the lake-side, Paul had increased his lead slightly; but once on the flat where local knowledge was no longer of any avail, the constable's farther-reaching stride began to tell. He was only a young man—somewhere under twenty-five years of age, a good athlete and football player, and was all eagerness to distinguish himself in the police force. Therefore he strained every nerve to come up with the fugitive, and soon began to slowly gain upon him. Another half-mile, and Paul, thoroughly pumped out, flung himself down upon a grassy bank and gave up the contest.

Great was the youthful constable's triumph as he approached his prostrate foe. That triumph was somewhat modified, however, when, by the brilliant light of the stars, he saw that his captive was only a boy. His estimation of his own prowess came down even lower when, instead of either resisting or begging for mercy, that boy was so overcome with laughter, that he found it very hard to answer the policeman's question as to who he was.

'There is not much to laugh at, my young joker,' said the constable, grimly. 'Night poaching is a serious thing, you will find. What is your name, eh?'

As soon as Paul could control his mirth, he answered, 'Lord Courtland, Bobby.'

'Now none of your blooming cheek, young feller, a-calling me Bobby. Why don't yer give up yer real name? You will have to afore the magistrate, you know.'

'Well, I have told you, haven't I? I am Lord Courtland.'

'Go and stuff yourself!' exclaimed the policeman, now thoroughly irritated by what he thought was Paul's impudent assumption of the title of the Abbey lands owner. 'Them corduroys look like you being a lord, don't they? You must take me for a regular greenhorn. And now perhaps you will get up and come quiet to the lock-up. Who were your pals?'

'Ah, that is tellings, Bobby, isn't it?' replied the Viscount, rising from the ground as he spoke.

'Don't call me Bobby, I tell you!' snapped the constable. 'Are you a-going quietly or not?' he continued.

'Of course I am. Why not? But I am not going to tell you who was with me, Robert. Must play within the rules of the game, you know, mustn't we?'

The constable, feeling greatly annoyed at his prisoner's coolness, took Paul by the arm and walked him along the lake path on the road to the little lock-up adjoining the court house, where, four times a year, the Quarter Sessions were held, whilst on other occasions the county magistrates sat there in solemn conclave. The Viscount was placed in the best cell the place contained, preparatory to being brought up before the justices at ten o'clock the next morning. Directly the door was shut upon him, he stretched himself out and went fast asleep.

Meantime the other three had all made good their escape. The crafty old Sam had doubled short back on the far side of some haystacks, lain down there for a good half-hour, and then, when he had watched the baffled keeper turn back towards the Abbey, he quietly slunk off home to his cottage. Carrots had also doubled and 'laid low' a long way in the rear of the chase, and watching his chance he reached the village in safety. The Honourable Geoff had in due course arrived under the bed-room window, 'shinned up' the rain-water pipe, and reached his goal. He waited half an hour or so for Paul, and then, seeing he did not appear, he came to the conclusion that he had scented danger around the Abbey, and gone to spend the rest of the night—or, rather, early morning—at the stables or the gardener's lodge. So he turned in and slept, never guessing that Paul had been captured and was then in durance vile.

(Continued at page 226.)

WOOD-PIGEONS.

ONE of the most familiar and beautiful of English birds is the ring-dove or wood-pigeon, also called the cushat or cushie doo. It is rather shy and retiring, hence we more frequently hear it than see it when we are strolling about those woodland places in which the bird delights. Sometimes the wood-pigeon startles us, for, should we approach too near the spot where it is resting, then the bird takes flight suddenly, making a loud clap with its wings. In some of the parks of London, which are well shaded by trees and tall shrubs, wood-pigeons have established themselves, and, passing along them, we may hear, amongst the songs of smaller birds or the harsh cries of water-fowl, the soft 'Coo, coo' of this pigeon. We may look round for it in vain; it is not easy to tell which way the sound comes. Sometimes, however, two or three of them will leave a wood or shrubbery to feed along the turf, giving us a good view of them.

The wood-pigeon eats seeds of different kinds, often choosing those of troublesome weeds, such as the dock and charlock. But farmers do not feel quite friendly towards the bird, because during spring it destroys young turnip plants, and eats the clover shoots. In the autumn it is fond of acorns and beech nuts. On spring days it is that the soft notes of the wood-pigeon are most frequently heard, and I



Wood-pigeons.

am sorry to say that just at that season a couple of these birds have been seen in the act of fighting very furiously, while the feathers fly about. The colouring of the wood-pigeon is pleasant to look upon; the upper part of the plumage is slaty-blue, underneath it is a pretty pink, and round the neck is the ring of dark feathers which gives the ring-dove one of its names: this ring is not seen in young birds.

Fir plantations are favourite resorts of wood-pigeons, and their nests are often found on yew or holly-trees, placed in a branch near the end. In other trees the nest is usually on a flat branch; it is, indeed, only a platform of twigs, through which the eggs are visible from underneath. The mother

bird's instinct, when sitting, makes her slip away before an intruder comes near, and most likely the nest is passed by without notice, so slight is it. The eggs are never more than two; small for the bird's size, and pure white. Young wood-pigeons are very hungry birds, so the parents have to be busy both in getting and giving them food, which is supplied from the crop of father or mother, as is usual amongst pigeons. During winter flocks of hundreds of these birds have been observed to travel from one district to another. The wood-pigeon abides with us all the year; the still shyer turtle-dove leaves us at the end of summer—going off to spend the winter in Africa.

J. R. S. C.



AN UNLUCKY DRIVE.

SAM TRIGGS and his brother John were driving home from Peterham market one Friday night. The two brothers were fairly well-to-do farmers in a small way, and this day had been a lucky one for them both, as they had sold their sheep for good prices, and their pockets were full of money—all in gold except a few shillings. Sam was driving: they had a young mare of their own breeding in the shafts—it was only the third time she had been in harness; however, she seemed quiet enough, and trotted briskly along the moonlit road on her way to her stable, in a hurry to get her supper. Passing the gateway to a grass-field, four rough-looking men suddenly sprang out and made a dash at

the mare's head. With a snort of terror she swerved aside, knocking the fellow who had grabbed at her bridle flat on his back in the road, and dashed away at headlong speed. Sam tugged resolutely at the reins, and then John lent a hand, but without in any way diminishing the speed of the now almost flying mare. The men who had attacked them were soon left far behind, and this, at any rate, was something to be thankful for; but the brothers knew that they were approaching a sharp turn in the road, by the towing-path of the river, and they redoubled their exertions at the reins. All in vain, however. The mare had been thoroughly frightened, and, young and fresh as she was, there seemed to be no chance of stopping

her in time. Another minute and they were close to the fatal corner. Both men hung on to one rein to keep the mare away from the river, but she was going too fast to stop, and in a moment she had plunged in, stumbled into deep water, and shot the brothers out of the cart into the stream. They were for some moments in danger of drowning. Then Sam, who could swim a little, grabbing at the collar of his brother, who had struck his head in the fall and was half-stunned, hauled him out on to the towing-path. Just at the same time, a couple of tramps happened to pass, and they at once set to work to help get the horse and cart out of the stream.

After the three men—for John was still too dazed to afford any assistance in the task—had struggled at the business for half an hour or so, they succeeded in bringing the terrified animal and the cart safely ashore.

'You have done well, my men,' said Sam, pulling a sovereign out of his pocket and handing it to them. 'You have done well, and I thank you. Good night.'

'Yes, we *have* done well,' replied one of them, as he pocketed the sovereign, 'and now we will be off.'

And, suiting the action to the word, they both stepped out briskly along the road and soon disappeared round a turning.

John had so far recovered his wits that he was able to get into the cart without his brother's assistance. They then drove quietly home.

'I wonder what those fellows meant by saying, "Yes, we have done well?" I gave them a sovereign, it is true, and—Why, what is the matter, John?'

For John Triggs was standing open-mouthed with his hands in his pockets. They contained not one farthing of the money—forty sovereigns—which had been there when they started for this unlucky drive home from Peterham. The tramps had cleverly managed to rob him while he lay half-unconscious on the river-bank. No wonder that they said that they had 'done well.' The rogues had got clear off, too.

'Well,' said Sam, as poor John finished telling his brother what had happened to him, 'this has been an unlucky drive for us, and no mistake. First, we are attacked by four robbers; then, in shaking them off, we are run away with; next, we are plunged into the river, and to wind up the night's doings, a pair of rogues first help us, and then steal our money. John, next time we go to Peterham market, we will come back by train, my boy. Driving, under these circumstances, is too expensive a performance for the Triggs family!'

F. R.

THE BEST PREACHER.

I HAVE one preacher that I love better than any other upon earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily.

I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops on the sill whenever he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God, and sings

his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast asleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.

MARTIN LUTHER.

THE TOWER.

(Concluded from page 215.)



AMONGST other wicked deeds done by the cruel King John is one connected with the White Tower. It was here that he shut up a beautiful young lady of noble birth, celebrated in song as 'Maud the Fair.' He made her a prisoner because she would not do a wicked deed that he commanded her. She was the daughter of a noble lord who

lived at Castle Baynard on the Thames. The king is said to have seized her at Dunmow by force and brought her to the Tower. Her father, of course, raised an outcry, on which the king, bad man as he was, sent troops to Castle Baynard, and the nobleman fled to France with his wife and other children, and poor Maud was left in the dungeon. Here she was imprisoned in the round turret, standing on an angle of the keep. This turret is the highest and chilliest den in the Tower. Neither cold, nor hunger, nor loneliness could break the spirit of brave Maud the Fair. At last, the wicked king lost patience, and in a fit of rage sent one of his servants to her rooms with a poisoned egg, and eating of this, the noble maiden died. Then her father returned to England and fought boldly against the king, leading a revolt against him, and King John was forced to sign the Great Charter of our liberties at Runnymede. The good Maud was buried in the Abbey of Dunmow, and her unhappy and bereaved father went forth as a Crusader, and died at Damietta, fighting for the tomb of Christ.

The prisoners in the Tower were very much at the mercy of their keepers, who cheated them out of comforts such as fire and candle, although they paid heavily for them. Here is an instance from the records of old prison-life. Sir Henry Wyat, of Allington Castle, Kent, was imprisoned during the latter days of the Red and White Roses, and spent much of his time under watch and ward. 'Once in a cold and narrow tower,' says an old document, 'where he had neither bed to lie on nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth, he had starved, had not God, who sent a crow to feed His prophet, sent this His and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and warm him. . . . A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were offered herself unto him. He was glad of her, laid her in his bosom to warm him, and, making much of her, won her love. After this she would come every day unto him, divers times, and, when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was "he durst not better it." "But," said Sir Henry, "if I can provide any,

will *you* promise to dress it for me?" "I may well enough," said he (the keeper), "you are safe for that matter," and, being urged again promised him, and kept his promise, and dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as the cat provided for him. Sir Henry Wyatt in his prosperity would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels and hounds; and perhaps, continues the old document, 'you shall not find his picture anywhere but . . . with a cat beside him' One such picture portraying the old knight, with his faithful cat, pigeon in paw, is in the South Kensington gallery of portraits. It was in the reign of Richard III. that Wyatt suffered as a prisoner in the Tower. He was afterwards released.

The present Jewel-house, in which are kept the Queen's crown and other royal treasures, was built for the purpose about fifty-six year ago. Here may be seen the symbols of power and sovereignty. The Queen's State crown is perhaps the chief treasure in the collection. 'This crown was made in the year A.D. 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires and emeralds set in silver and gold constitute this crown; it has a crimson velvet cap, with an ermine border, and it is lined with white silk. It weighs nearly two and a half pounds troy.'

The Prince of Wales's crown is of pure gold and is unadorned by jewels. 'On occasions of State,' writes Mr. Walford, 'it is placed before the seat in the House of Lords which is occupied by the heir-apparent.' At the ceremony of the coronation, the sovereign bears in his right-hand an *orb*, or ball of pure gold, six inches in diameter, and embellished with pearls and precious stones. He carries the orb in his left hand on his return to Westminster. This golden ball is kept with the Crown jewels in the Jewel-house at the Tower. Here, too, is St. Edward's staff, which is carried before the King or Queen on Coronation-day. It is a staff, or sceptre, of beaten gold, four feet seven and a half inches in length, and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with a pike or foot of steel, and a cross at the top.

Let us now pass on from the Jewel-house to the Armouries. These were established by our earliest kings. Henry III. issued an order to the Archdeacon of Durham to send to the Arsenal 'twenty-six suits of armour, five iron cuirasses, one iron collar, three pairs of fetters, and nine iron helmets.' In the days of Queen Bess, visitors to the Tower might see many of the chief curiosities now on view.

Here may be seen many and strange suits of armour, from the rough ones worn at the Battle of Hastings, to the finely wrought and artistically embellished suits upon which the Italians spent years of labour.

'There are trophies of all our wars, from Cressy and Poitiers to Blenheim and Inkermann, spoils of the Armada, relics of the early Crusade wars, muskets that were discharged in great and notable battles, swords of Marlborough's troopers, shields carried at Agincourt, suits of steel which Elizabeth's champions wore at Cadiz, flags which have been scorched by Napoleon's powder, blades which have shared in struggles with Turk and Indian, Spaniard and Russian.' No boy or girl should miss the chance of visiting the Armoury of the Tower, if it comes in their way.

At one time there was a Menagerie kept in the Tower, and amongst the wild beasts were many lions. More than sixty years ago, the Tower menagerie, which had dwindled into a very small affair, was removed to the Zoological Gardens.

There are very many interesting and instructive sights to be seen in Her Majesty's Tower, and the diligent student of History may find much to delight him in this the most ancient building in Europe.

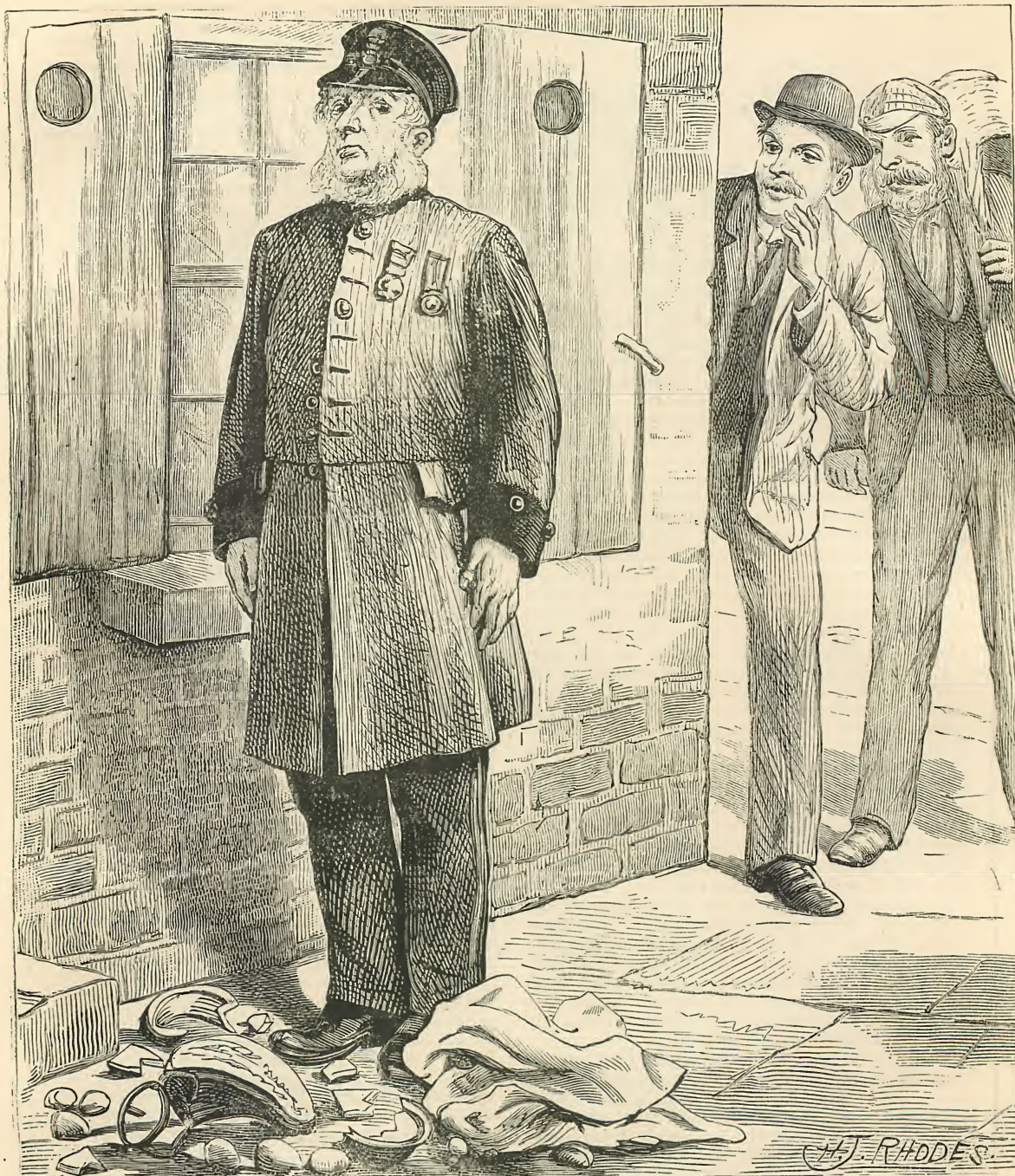
JAMES CASSIDY.

THE OLD HARVEST-HOME.

GR^{EAT} were the rejoicings in most country places during the olden time when the harvest work was finished, and the last load brought home from the fields. There may be even yet a few farms where some of the harvest-home customs are kept up, but they are very few. One thing which helps to account for this change is, that the wheat harvest is not so important now in Britain as it used to be, because such large quantities of grain come from abroad. Then again, like other old customs, the harvest-home festivity is supposed to be out of date, and not suited to this age of progress. But it was an old, old custom, both of the East and West. We read about these harvest rejoicings in the history of the Jews, also amongst the Greeks and Romans. Instead of this week-day performance, however, we have something else: harvest thanksgiving services are commonly held in our churches. It is certainly a suitable way of showing joy that the cares and troubles of the harvest season are over, to offer up praise to the Giver of all earth's bounties.

The great feature of the old harvest-home was the procession from the field where the last load was put upon one of the carts—this was called the hock-cart. Afterwards, the evening finished with a supper, at which all the workers in the fields assembled, and the farmer invited his friends around to join the party. Just as, at the Christmas or Epiphany season, when festivities were going on, a king and queen would be chosen to preside, at the harvest-home they had a lord and lady of the harvest. Usually, the lord of the harvest chosen was some one of the labourers or farm hands, who was cleverest at all sorts of work, and the lady was often one of the farmer's daughters, or the prettiest of the damsels who had been helping in the fields. She was generally clad in white, having a yellow or scarlet sash, and sat upon the first horse in the team drawing the hock-cart; before her walked the lord. This cart was decorated with ribbons and flowers, and of course contained the last sheaves, upon the top of which sat a number of the reapers, who sang and shouted as the procession moved along.

On some farms, they put into the front of the cart a little figure, which was called the *kern baby* or doll. Some counties had also a custom of putting up a Maypole in the field from which the cart was to be started, which was decorated with flowers and flags. Sometimes they had the music of drums, fifes and flutes to accompany, and when the barn was reached, there was always a party waiting to greet the reapers, and see the last sheaves carried in. J. R. S. C.



ATTENTION.

IT takes a soldier a long time to learn his drill; but once it is known, it is never forgotten. Practice makes perfect. A practical joker once seeing an old soldier carrying a dinner, called out in a sharp, clear voice the word 'Attention!' The old man, with a

startled look, at once dropped his hands and the dinner fell to the ground. This soldier was so well trained to obedience that whenever he heard the familiar order of 'Attention' given, he complied with it at once.



"Here is half-a-crown; it is all I have got in my pocket."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.



(Continued from page 219.)

EXT morning the young constable unlocked the door of the Viscount's cell, and steered his captive through several long passages into an underground waiting-room for prisoners. Three or four unkempt-looking vagabonds were sitting there in charge of two policemen, brought in from the adjoining parish. Presently a shuffling of feet was heard in an adjacent room, and then it appeared that the justices had taken their seats upon the Bench.

One of the vagabonds was conveyed up a few stairs, and found himself in a species of wooden box which represented the dock.

'Thomas Tumplings!' shouted the usher.

And the prisoner, touching his forelock, said, 'Yes, gentlemen, your worships, that's me.'

'You are charged,' began the clerk, 'with trespassing on the land of Mr. Strawberry Jorker in search of game. Are you guilty or not guilty?'

'Guilty, gentlemen; but all I was doing was crossing a field, and just then—'

'Ten shillings,' shouted the Admiral, sitting as chairman, cutting him short. 'You have been convicted about twenty times of the same offence, and if you come here again I don't know what we won't do to you!'

Then, looking over the small list of prisoners placed before him, and addressing his colleagues on the Bench, the Admiral observes, 'The next is a night-poaching case, far worse than trespassing in search of game in broad daylight. Wonder who the rascal is? Hope it is not any of our own villagers.'

And into the empty dock stepped Paul Ogilvie, Viscount Courtland, his face very grimy from his night's adventure, and his corduroy suit plastered with clay and his cap drawn over his face.

At the same moment the young constable pushed his way smartly into the witness-box, was sworn, and then, with the book still in his hand, he said, 'Prisoner refuses to give his correct name and address, your worship. Last night, about half-past twelve or a quarter to one, I was on my beat near the west side of Courtland Abbey Park, when Joshua Harrison, the under-keeper, came to me and said—'

'Stop a minute, please,' interrupted one of the justices. 'We are going too fast. What name did this dirty-looking young fellow give when you arrested him?'

'Called himself Lord Courtland, sir,' replied the policeman, with a contemptuous smile.

'Very good, very good!' laughed the justices to each other.

'Now, young man, attend to me,' said the Admiral, sternly. 'Whatever your name is, you are charged

with night poaching on the Abbey lands. As I am in a way connected with the Abbey, I shall take no part in this case, but before I retire from the Bench I will ask, Are you guilty or not guilty? I mean, do you admit being on the land there with—with intent—' Here the Admiral adjusted his glasses, and opening *Archibald's Criminal Pleadings*, which lay, in all its calf-bound glory, on the desk in front of him, he read from its pages, "Unlawfully take or destroy any game." Hum—ha—yes. Well, do you admit being there with intent to take or destroy game?'

The prisoner bowed his head.

'You do? All right. Then you say you are guilty?' The Admiral had a very breezy, quarter-deck sort of style of cutting short all legal quibbling.

The prisoner shook his head in negation.

'What—what?' exclaimed the old gentleman. 'How can you have been there with intent to destroy—bother, I have lost my place now' (turning over the leaves of *Archibald* again, and glaring through his glasses), 'er—er—with intent, with intent—oh, here it is! Yes, "with intent to take or destroy any game," and yet say you are not guilty?'

Then came a mild voice from the dock, the first time the prisoner had spoken in Court. 'Well, Admiral, I suppose any one may go out after his own game, mayn't he? And if he goes out after dark, it is rather hard that he should be collared by a policeman, and hauled off his own land and brought before all you gentlemen here. And I gave the constable my right name directly he asked for it. Didn't I, Bobb—, beg pardon, didn't I, policeman? I said I was Lord Courtland, and he replied that he "liked my blooming cheek!"'

There was a momentary pause, then the whole Court, from the justices on the Bench down to the smallest ragamuffin in the back row, gave vent to uproarious laughter. The poor old Admiral's glasses fell off his nose, and he got purple in the face as he shook his fist at the delinquent, now thoroughly enjoying himself in the dock. As the Viscount said, an hour later, to his younger brother, 'Geoff, old chap, all I wanted to make my happiness complete was to have had you there. It was just grand!'

As Paul went out of Court he passed the crest-fallen constable. The lad frankly offered him his hand. 'I am really awfully sorry for you,' he said. 'Look, here is a sovereign, and every Christmas Day while you are stationed here come up to the Abbey, and I will find the Christmas turkey!'

When the Admiral returned about luncheon-time from his magisterial duties, he addressed Paul with as much solemnity as he could muster up for the occasion.

'You young villain, you! You will come to the gallows, upon my word you will, if you go on in this way. Why, after you left the Court, hang me if old Murgatroyd didn't have a choking fit he was so tickled with the joke. We all set to and thumped his back till he declared, after he recovered, it was sore all over. Then Perker, the clerk, came running in with a tumbler of cold water to dash in his face. He threw it, but old Murgatroyd dropped his

head just at that moment, and the cold water missed him and went straight into the face of Sir Golightly Goutiboy, who spluttered and gasped for a quarter of an hour afterwards. Now, all this has been caused by your love of fun, young man. A fine specimen you are, I must say, to uphold the dignity of an ancient name and title! I am quite ashamed of you, Paul; I really am!

Paul looked up at the loveable old fellow, and then got out of his chair and went over to him, taking him by the arm.

'No, you are not, Admiral. You have always told us you liked to see a boy full of fun, so long as it does nobody any harm—haven't you? Well, I don't think this has hurt anybody really, and it has caused plenty of laughter—hasn't it?—and *that* is always a good thing, you say.'

'You—you are a young rascal, and that is all I can say,' blurted out Sir Colin. 'And now I should just like to know who were your companions in this precious foray, eh? I should just like you to give me their names.'

Paul laughed quietly. 'No, you wouldn't, Admiral; not when you come to coolly think about it. You would be one of the first to say, "Stick to your colours, boy, and never betray a friend."'

Sir Colin Crabbe was nonplussed. He took snuff violently, coughed, had a strong fit of sneezing, mopped his face with a gay Bandana, and then grunted out, 'Well, well, Paul, I think perhaps you are right. I should not like you to turn traitor, or do anything that might look like playing the part of a sneak; and, as a magistrate, I suppose I would have to take proceedings against any stranger whose name you gave up, and that would look like getting an unfair advantage. All right, boy. We will drop the matter now. What do you say, you and Geoff, to a gallop over the lower farm, and (just for once, you know) a spin over all the sheep hurdles and the brook beyond?'

'Hooray!' shouted the boys, and off they went to get into riding breeches and prepare for their ride, whilst the Admiral, his jolly old face beaming with pleasure, rang the bell and ordered the horses to be saddled.

There was one bad effect created by the way in which the boys carried out their escapades and otherwise harmless fun, and that was amongst the less well-disposed of the village people, who gradually got an impression that they could trade upon the Viscount's good nature and his influence with the Admiral. Thus it came about that not only did the small army of poachers get so constantly recruited that all the keepers were in despair, but that worse men set their wits to work to see in what other and more paying way they could despoil the young fellow who had always been ready and willing to lend them a helping hand and to look over their smaller offences. It was the old story, 'Give them an inch and they will take an ell.'

Amongst the humble dwellers in the village was a ne'er-do-well, Tom Blakely by name, better known amongst his fellows as Black Tom, on account of his coal-black hair and swarthy skin. Black Tom had never done a day's honest work in his life, and rather gloried in the fact. Many

a time had the police tried to connect him with pieces of roguery, some committed by day, some by night. All in vain, however, and whatever they might shrewdly suspect, the fact remained that, except for one conviction for night poaching, Tom had a clean police record. A public-house loafer, he was just in the way of hearing about the doings of more accomplished vagabonds than himself, and one night whilst standing drinking at the bar of the 'Goat and Compasses,' a bright idea flashed into his brain—nothing less than that of a burglary at the Abbey, the proceeds of which should enable him ever after to live in ease and affluence—ease and affluence, be it understood, representing in Black Tom's mind money enough to pass the whole—instead of, as at present, only part—of his time in public-house loafing and playing in the skittle-alley.

But such a big idea required much time for due digestion, and pot after pot of the 'Goat and Compasses' beer trickled down his capacious throat ere he got hold of anything definite by way of a plan of action. The first decision he came to on the subject was that this was a job far too big for him to tackle without professional aid, and then he set himself to think to whom he could go to assist him in working out his scheme.

On one of the many journeys this worthy had made to Betteringham, the county town, with a cartload of stolen pheasants and partridges for disposal, he had met a couple of professional burglars. Naturally they did not enlighten him as to their addresses, but it occurred to Tom that he could probably hear of them at the low beerhouse where he had first made their acquaintance. It was worth a journey, thought he, to Betteringham in order to try and pick them up again. They would supply the skilled labour required for the enterprise, and would, no doubt, stand him, Tom, something very handsome for having 'put them on' to the job, and for the assistance he, with his large local knowledge, could give them.

Having slept on the idea that night, Tom arose next morning more in love with the prospect than ever. The mere fact that more than once the Viscount had freely helped the idler with his purse, and forgiven him over and over again for such offences as stealing pheasants' eggs, snaring rabbits, and the like, did not weigh in the slightest degree with the rascal. If you had spoken to Tom Blakely on the subject of gratitude, he would hardly have understood the meaning of the word.

So, having no money for the expenses of his journey to the big town, this fellow, who never tired of talking in ale-houses of the '*glorious independence*' of the working man, sneaked up to the gates of the Park, and waited patiently for a couple of hours until the Viscount came past on his way to the kennels, which he almost always did at some time or other before luncheon, and then Black Tom whined to the generous lad, begged him to let him have a shilling or two to help him on his road to Betteringham, where he had got 'a job of work.'

Had Paul been able to see into the near future, and discover what that particular 'job of work' was, Black Tom would hardly have come away with half-



Strawberry Plant.

a-crown of the Viscount's money in his breeches pocket. As it was, Paul said, 'I am very glad to hear it, Tom. You know I will always be ready to help a fellow on when he is trying to do a bit of work and get an honest living. Here is half-a-crown. It is all I have got in my pocket, but that will more than pay your fare there, and give you a square meal when you arrive, so you will have a fair start.'

Geoffrey came up to his brother just as Black Tom, with much whining gratitude, slunk away.

'What is that chap after, Paul?' inquired he, watching Tom's departure.

'Oh, the poor beggar has got some work at Betteringham, and hadn't got enough to take him there!'

'Ah, the same old game—begging when he isn't stealing. Paul, you are rather an ass to give that chap money. He is a rank bad lot, and you are much too easily satisfied directly any one says he is unfortunate.'

'Oh, he is down on his luck, you know, Geoff! Doesn't do to be too hard.'

'Doesn't do to be too soft either, old chap,' rejoined the younger brother, who, for his years, was smart in detecting the right sort of beggar from the wrong. He was not quite so impulsive as Paul, though every whit as generous when he had satisfied his own mind that the case was really a deserving one.

Later in the day he suddenly observed, 'I don't believe that chap's story a bit, Paul. I don't believe he has got any work at Betteringham. At all events McAllister—the head gardener—'told me once that he didn't think the fellow had ever done any work in his life. He has offered him work in the gardens a dozen times, and he always shirks off it. I shall keep my eyes open to see if Master Tom goes or not to this job.'

(Continued at page 238.)

STRAWBERRIES.



O most of us a feast on garden strawberries is very enjoyable, but a hunt after the wild fruit of our woodlands affords still more pleasure to many, though the strawberries are smaller. Also the getting them usually requires a good deal of stooping, and a sharp look-out along the banks, since they are often hidden by the taller plants.

The little scarlet fruit always has a refreshing flavour, slightly aromatic as well as acid.

The great poet Shakespeare has remarked upon the fact, that this wild fruit sometimes grows under the shelter of nettles; besides, patches of the plant occur amongst old ruins; the seeds, perhaps, have been borne thither by winds, from a wood or copse not far away. Although the strawberry has been for centuries a favourite fruit in our islands, it has been much more in demand of late years, and nearly all countries have their strawberry fields; even from Scotland quantities are sent to the markets, but it is on the south that they are raised most abundantly, Kent sending tons upon tons to refresh the thirsty Londoners.

It is found that the plants do well on grubbed woodland, and clay soil is better for them than sand. Quite 10,000 plants can be grown upon an acre of land; generally space enough is left between the rows for them to be 'horse-hoed.' The long runners are cut in the autumn, soon after the fruit is picked, and, when put in the ground, produce new plants. The straw which is laid, usually under the ripening fruit, and gives it the English name, not only keeps it from the dirt, but helps to keep moisture in the soil, which is so important for the plants. Men and



"The trooper fired the whole six barrels of his revolver."

boys are employed to pick strawberries, beginning to work about four in the morning; then they are packed by women in punnets or baskets. Some of the favourite sorts are the British Queen, the Princess Alice, the Count of Paris, Sir Joseph Paxton, and Goliath. Imitation strawberry leaves are part of the adornment of the coronet worn by dukes at grand ceremonials.

J. R. S. C.

A WOLF CHASE.

PERHAPS, amongst the whole of the animal creation, there is nothing more hated generally by man than a Wolf. The whole character of the creature stands—as far as we have any certain knowledge—unredeemed by a single good quality. It is cowardly, sneaking, merciless, and savage at

once; and the killing of a wolf is always looked upon as a service rendered to mankind. We have all heard of the ferocious attacks by gangs of wolves upon defenceless travellers in the wilder parts of Russia and elsewhere, and of the terrible sacrifices often made in order that escape for some of the party may be rendered possible. The illustration in our pages gives a vivid idea of the following incident.

One cold, bright day, a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, employed on a large stock farm, was sent with a joint of freshly killed mutton a journey of some five miles to the next farm. Whether it was the smell of fresh blood which attracted the attention of the wolves or not, it is impossible to say for certain, but before much more than half the journey had been accomplished, the lad became aware of first one, then two or three dark forms sneaking quietly along in the wood beside him. These were presently joined by five or six more, and then, emboldened by their numbers, they made a dash at their intended victim. The boy dropped the meat and fled, screaming with terror, and fully expecting that the brutes would attack him next. In this fear he was amply justified. The piece of mutton was but a taste apiece for the hungry creatures, who presently came loping along in the track of the poor little fellow, now flying for his life. Most opportunely, his first agonised scream had been heard by a cavalry soldier, riding a few hundred feet away to the right of the track, and also bound for the same farm as the boy. The soldier spurred on his horse, and quickly came upon the scene of action, whereupon the cowardly crew of savage brutes dropped their tails between their legs and began sneaking off. But they were not to escape quite so easily. Putting his good horse into a sharp gallop, the trooper drew his revolver, and was very soon within range of the nearest wolf, which he shot dead. In the ordinary way, the rest would have stayed to make a meal of their fallen comrade; but their amiable intentions were defeated by the nearness of their pursuer. He fired the whole of the six barrels of his revolver into them, killing two and 'peppering' three more pretty sharply. Then, determining that as many as possible should be killed, the cavalryman galloped at a couple of the brutes loping along side by side, and the horse knocked both of them down, one having a hind leg broken, whilst the other was killed outright. Having loaded again, the trooper soon put the first out of its misery. Meantime, the boy had reached the shelter of his home again.

F. R.

A WORD ABOUT ROBINS.

ALL children know and love the Robin—that dear little bird, with the bright brown eyes and the red breast, which begins to haunt our houses whenever the weather becomes cold and stormy, in the hope of receiving a few crumbs of bread, or, better still, some small scraps of cold meat. But I must tell you something about this favourite little bird which perhaps you do not know. The robin is rather a quarrelsome little fellow, by no means inclined to submit to ill-usage from

sparrows, or indeed from any other bird, and in proof of this I may tell you the following facts:—

I was living last October in a country house, and, as I am very fond of birds, I regularly carried out the spare food after breakfast, and threw it to the sparrows, who were quite willing to take it, though at that season of the year they could have found abundance of food for themselves. Sparrows, however, are lazy birds, and I believe they think that if foolish people choose to give them food in October, why should they refuse the gift?

No singing bird, however, came near the food till one very cold and wet day, when a lovely little bright-eyed robin made his appearance, looked at the food with longing eyes, and at last picked up a tiny morsel of cold mutton, and was carrying it away when a great clumsy cock-sparrow went for him, and tore the little bit of meat from the robin, as much as to say, 'What business have you here? This food is intended for us; get along with you!'

But, children, to my great delight, the robin, ruffling up his pretty feathers, instantly attacked the sparrow, and in one moment the two birds were fighting like furies; and who do you suppose gained the battle? Why, the little robin! Although two of his pretty brown feathers had been torn out in the scuffle, he seized his own little bit of meat, and carried it off in triumph. Well, it was his own, and the sparrow had no right to take it away.

Now for another story.

A gentleman who had a beautifully stuffed specimen of a robin, kept it on the table in his room. One day, hearing a robin warbling in a tree, he was induced to place the stuffed bird on the window-sill, in the hope that it might attract the attention of the living robin—and he was not disappointed in this. The song became louder and bolder, till at last the robin flew from the tree to the window-sill, and attacked the stuffed bird so furiously as to throw it down to the ground, pursuing it even while falling, and continuing the attack when down.

The stuffed bird was then perched upon an empty box in the yard, when once more the attack was made, and with such obstinacy that the gentleman was able to catch the living bird with perfect ease. He let it go free, however, after giving it a good scolding.

D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

35.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Tin reels. A province in a neighbouring country.
2. Near glen, D. A country belonging to the northern Polar regions, to the north of North America.
3. Mint, or eels. A town in an English county adjoining Wales.
4. Name L. A lake in Switzerland.
5. Lane. A river in the north of Siberia, falling into the Arctic Ocean by several mouths.
6. Child life. A city in a midland county in England, celebrated for its beautiful cathedral, built in the twelfth century.
7. Go, Ann; I melt. A town in a midland county in England, famous for baths and mineral springs.

8. I am dear. A beautiful and fertile island in the Mediterranean famed for its very fine climate.

9. Dyre. A town in an island to the south of England.

10. I turn. A fortified city in Italy containing a university and many beautiful things.

11. Danes. A town in Champagne in France, the birthplace of Marshal Turenne.

12. Wiles. The largest of a group of islands off the northern coast of Scotland.

13. Train, M. A town and county in a northern province of Ireland.

14. A nut, Ma. A town in Italy containing a university and a fine cathedral. C. C.

36.—WORD PUZZLES.

SUPPLY the blanks with words having the same sound but differently spelt, and with different meanings.

1, 2. 'Although they — it all by —,

They did not — it —.'

3. You should not wear that pretty — ornament so conspicuously; some one may be tempted to — it.

4. I shall not be more than an — over this work, and then we can take — promised walk.

5. Look at that spider; as soon as she — the fly she will — upon her prey.

6. Give those children a — of cake each, or we shall never have any —.

7. His little — was playing in the garden in the

8. The — old man walked bravely through a violent — storm. C. C.

[Answers at page 242.]

ANSWERS.

- 33.—(A.)—1. D. (B.)—1. O. (C.)—1. M.
 2. Do. 2. To. 2. Me.
 3. Rod. 3. Not. 3. Met.
 4. Drop. 4. Ton. 4. Team.
 5. Proud. 5. Note. 5. Meat, Tame.
 6. Poured. 6. Tone. 6. Steam.
 7. Prouder. 7. Token. 7. Master.
 8. Streams.

34.—John Halifax.

1. Flax. 4. Loaf. 7. Nail. 9. Hail.
 2. Half. 5. Fix. 8. Jonah. 10. Halo.
 3. Jail. 6. Hoax.

A STORY OF WHAT AND WHICH.

MANY years ago, a party of soldiers were marching over a long, flat piece of marshy ground in the west of England, to relieve the guard at a post in the district. It happened to be a rough day in November, the wind blew without ceasing, and from time to time there came a smart shower, to avoid which both men and officers had to face about, and cower under the shadow of their great-coats. Of course, going on such a day, and over such ground, these soldiers did not keep their ranks very well—in fact, they straggled along; but the two officers, marching one in front, the other in the rear, did not take any notice of this. They trudged on, thinking of nothing except the wind and rain beating upon

them, when the General of the district happened to come up—a sharp old fellow, with lantern jaws, and sharp grey eyes which looked people through and through. He had particular notions how guards or pickets ought to march, and though he could himself hardly make head against the storm, which obliged him to hold on firmly to his cloak and hat, before he got close up he called out angrily to the guard, 'What is the meaning of this? Why don't you close up? I never saw such unsoldierlike marching!'

Then, addressing himself to the officer who was leading the men, he exclaimed, 'What's your name, sir—what's your name?'

The officer, holding up his right hand to his ear, and partly raising his face to the General on horse-back, replied, 'Watt, sir.'

'What's your name, I say?' repeated the General, in a passion.

'Watt, sir,' answered the officer again, still holding his hand to his ear, as the wind whirled him round.

'Did ever man hear the like of this?' cried the enraged General; and turning now to one of the privates, he said, 'Who is in command of the guard? What's the name of the captain commanding this company?'

'Witch, sir,' answered the man, as loud as he could bawl.

'Why, *this*, to be sure—*this* company! What's the name of the officer commanding it?'

'Witch, sir,' again said the soldier.

This was repeated several times, till at last the General became so angry that he ordered the party to halt, when he addressed them thus: 'I have been forty years in the service, and never witnessed insolence to be compared with this. Meeting a company, I find fault with the way that they are marching; I ask the officer in front to tell me his name, and he persists in answering, "What, sir?" as if he could not hear me. Then I speak to one of the men, wishing to be informed who is in command of the company, and he answers, "Which, sir?" though it is evident there is but one company here. Now, do you suppose I am going to believe you are all deaf or stupid? No; I look upon your behaviour as an insult to myself. Come forward, the captain commanding.'

The captain did step forward. Till this time he had been in the rear, and could not understand why the march was stopped.

'I desire to know your name!' demanded the General.

'Witch, sir,' replied the officer. 'Captain Witch, 2nd Company of the 50th Regiment.'

The General stared, then he turned to the officer he had first addressed, 'And what is yours?'

'Watt, sir. Lieutenant Watt, of the same company,' was the answer.

The old General could not stand this; he burst into a roar of hearty laughter, in which all joined. 'So, my good fellows,' said he, 'there has been no insult after all, only a mistake. Hurry on out of the rain, only don't keep a Watt and a Witch in the same company longer than you can help, or else more mistakes may happen.'

J. R. S. C.



“ ‘What’s your name, I say?’ repeated the General in a passion.”



Eastern Water-carriers.

WATER-BEARERS.

THE steady march of civilisation goes on in the West at a far more rapid pace than it ever has done in the East. Eastern people are slow to change, and ever cling to the thing which served their forefathers in the days of old. And so it is that, in many a portion of Egypt and of India, the primitive way of bearing water from the wells on women's heads is still the common method. Gradually, but surely, a younger generation than ours will witness the dying out of this, amongst many other picturesque customs; but at present many parts of Egypt still show sights such as our illustration gives—scenes which might have taken place in the old, old times, when our Saviour walked the earth. The women are still, as they have been throughout the countless generations, the water-carriers of the world. It is said that this task of carrying the heavy earthen jars upon their heads gives a woman an upright, noble carriage, and lends to the poise of her head and neck a singular beauty and grace. Most Eastern men disdain such tasks as 'the hewing of wood and drawing of water,' and regard it as only fitting that their women, always looked upon by them as inferior creatures, should do all this for them.

F. R.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.



FANS.

THE word 'fan' is derived from the Latin *Vannus*. It is a light implement used for giving motion to the air. Fans for cooling the face have been used in hot climates from very early days. A bas-relief in the British Museum represents Sennacherib, with female figures carrying feather fans. We know that amongst the attributes of royalty, in olden days, fans ranked with horse-hair fly-flappers and umbrellas.

There is a museum at Boulak, near Cairo, and amongst its curios may be seen a wooden fan-handle, showing holes for feathers. It is very ancient, dating back to the seventeenth century before Christ.

In India, too, the fan was always carried before men in authority; sometimes it served as a sacred emblem.

A heart-shaped fan with an ivory handle, of unknown age, and held in great veneration by the Hindus, was given to the Prince of Wales when he visited that country.

In the middle ages, fans were used to keep away flies from the bread and wine during the celebration of the Sacrament. Sometimes the fans were round, with silver bells attached. In some of the old Church records—St. Paul's, London; Salisbury Cathedral, and others—notice of such fans are to be found, and even now large feather fans are carried in the Pope's State processions.

To Japan belongs the invention of the folding fan,

the idea having been suggested by the wing of the bat. From Japan folding fans quickly found their way to China. They were shaped like those in use at the present time. A circular shape of paper was pasted on to a light frame-work of bamboo, and variously decorated. Some fans were made from coloured paper, others from white paper on which verses or sentences were written.

In China the fan is a kind of album of opinions, as it is a compliment to invite a friend, or distinguished guest, to write some sentiment, or a poetical verse upon it, as a memento of any special occasion.

It is not only the well-to-do in China and Japan who carry fans; even artisans use them with one hand, while working with the other.

'Chinese fans,' we read, 'are often made of carved ivory, the sticks being very thin, and sometimes engraved on both sides, the plates held together by a ribbon. . . . The Japanese make the two outer guards of the stick, which covers the others, sometimes of beaten iron, extremely thin and light, damascened with gold and other metals.'

In a portrait of Queen Elizabeth at Gorhambury, we see that the Queen is represented with a round feather fan in her hand, and no less than twenty-seven are enumerated in her inventory.

In Italy, France, and Spain, fans had special uses, quite a 'language of fans' being established.

The chief seat of the European manufacture of fans during the seventeenth century was Paris, where the sticks or frames, whether of wood or ivory, were made; the decorations were painted on mounts of carefully prepared vellum, a material much tougher and stronger than paper, which breaks at the folds.

Besides fans mounted with parchment, Dutch fans of ivory were imported into Paris, and there beautifully decorated by clever artists. Fans of this kind, belonging to the Queen and to the late Baroness de Rothschild, were exhibited in A.D. 1870 at Kensington.

Upon the occasion of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes many fan-makers were driven out of France, and these fled to Holland and England, and there carried on their craft.

The fan trade flourished in England under the Stuart Kings. Petitions were addressed by the fan-makers to Charles II. against the importation of fans from India, and a duty-tax was levied upon such fans.

The exhibition of fans which took place in A.D. 1870, and other exhibitions which have succeeded, encouraged the manufacture of fans in this country. Our own Princess Louise took one of the competitive prizes offered at a fan exhibition.

There is a fine collection of fans to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. French, Italian, Spanish, English, and German are here arranged in chronological order. French fans of the eighteenth century became real works of art, on which frequently the ability and taste of the most skilful goldsmiths, jewellers, metal-workers, and carvers were combined with the decorative painting of the foremost artists. It was not only English ladies, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who made use of fans; we are told that 'even young gentlemen carried fans of feathers in their hands, which,' continues the author, 'in times of war our ancestors wore on their heads.'

The most costly fans were made of ostrich feathers, fastened into handles composed of gold, silver, or ivory, curiously worked. We read of a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds.

About the year A.D. 1700, large fans with handles were in fashion. It was considered a mark of high breeding for men to chastise their wives and daughters with them. It is to be hoped that fans were not for long put to such a use.

To such an extent did the trade in fans increase in France, that the workers formed themselves into a Guild, like the guilds of other trades. They petitioned Louis XIV. for special statutes and privileges, and these were willingly granted. There has long been a Fan-makers' Company among the Guilds of the City of London.

In the hot season in the United States, fans are commonly used by business men in the cities, and on entering an office the visitor who may have to wait is invited to 'take a fan' as well as to take a chair. There have been a few blazing summer days in recent years in which men were seen carrying fans in the streets of the city of London. JAMES CASSIDY

THE CUCKOO.

ONE beautiful morning in May, two boys, George and Michael, went into the wood, and heard the voice of the Cuckoo for the first time that year.

'He is a bird that brings good luck,' said George, who was a silly, superstitious boy; 'his note foretells me some good fortune, a purse of gold at least.'

'And why does he promise good luck to *you* only,' said Michael, who was as foolish as his companion. 'I don't see why the cuckoo should notice you more than he does me. I am much better than you, and I am sure that it is to *me* that he promises the good fortune.'

So, instead of enjoying the beautiful morning, the two foolish boys began to quarrel, and from words they soon came to blows, and at last, after hurting each other severely, they parted in anger, and went at once by different roads to the same doctor, and met just at his door.

While he was dressing their wounds, they told him how the quarrel had begun, and asked him which had the best right to claim the cuckoo as a bird of good luck.

The doctor laughed and said, 'Oh, you foolish boys, the bird has not brought luck to either of you, but he has to me; for you will both have to go home with your heads bandaged up, but he has helped me to put some money into my purse.'

We may be sure that quarrelling never brings any good to those who engage in it, though it may sometimes to a third person. C. C.

CATHERINE'S WISH.

OH, I wish that a change would come into my life,
Muttered Catherine Day with a sigh,
As she stood looking over the old garden fence
On an evening in lovely July.

'I am tired of this place—yes, as tired as can be;
I am longing to move, but—oh, dear!
Father likes it so well that I'm sure he will be
Quite content to spend all his days here.

'And, of course, as we have but each other, it seems
That I ought to be willing to stay,
For I promised I would—yes, I told mother so
Just before she was taken away.

'But I often am wishing myself somewhere else,
For this life is too quiet for me;
I am longing to live in a big, busy town,
Where there always is plenty to see.'

This was Catherine's wish, and I'm sorry to tell
She allowed it within her to stay;
Yes, she kept it in mind, so, of course, she became
More disturbed and unhappy each day.

And her father was grieved by her sad discontent,
And he tried to make Catherine see
That she might be quite happy at home if she tried,
And that there 'twas her duty to be;

And to go from her duty would lead her to grief,
For to do such a deed would be wrong,
And that none can be happy who leave the right way,
For they meet many troubles ere long.

But his words were resented by Catherine then,
And she frowned as they fell on her ear;
But they rushed to her mind and filled her with woe
When his voice she no longer could hear—

On the day when he suddenly left the old home,
With a smile on his kind, noble face,
When the strong hand of Death had been laid on his
own,
And a change had *indeed* taken place.

Then the thought of her wish sent remorse to her heart,
Ah! that wish had been granted with speed;
And she saw how ungrateful had been her desire
From the duties of home to be freed.

Yes, her father had gone, she was left—and alone;
She was free in the wide world to roam;
She was free to go forth from the place deemed too
dull,
And a stranger would take the old home.

When she realised all she had lost by the change,
Came a longing unspeakably great
For her father, her home, and the old life again;
But she valued her blessing *too late*.

* * * * *

Girls and boys, think of this, and determine that you
Will not harbour the foe, Discontent;
But be thankful to God for your friends, and your
home,
And for all the good things He has sent.

Discontent, if allowed to remain in the heart,
Scatters peace, and wrong wishes begets;
And a wish which has sprung out of dark Discontent
Will, if granted, bring bitter regrets. A.



"Oh, I wish that a change would come into my life,"
Muttered Catherine Day with a sigh,

As she stood looking over the old garden fence
On an evening in lovely July."

A DISTURBED SIESTA.



LIKE most predatory animals, the royal Bengal tiger seeks his prey by night and takes his sleep in the daylight hours. Retiring from the water pools which he has haunted in the dark—for there come antelopes, goats, and all the other 'small deer,' upon which the terror of the forest feeds—he seeks some secluded spot within the thickest jungle, and there composes himself to sleep. But the forest noises cannot be stilled even for such a mighty monarch as a yellow-striped tiger—monkeys will chatter, parrots will scream, the snakes hiss, the frogs croak, and so the great beast must endure pretty constant disturbances. Such an interruption of his *siesta*, or afternoon sleep, we see depicted here. Dozens of little monkeys have filled the branches of the trees all around the place selected by the tiger for his rest, and by their incessant screaming and chatter have rendered the monarch's sleep impossible. You may be sure that the monkeys have taken up a perfectly safe position!

They have too much wholesome fear of the tiger to venture anywhere within range of his terrible sharp white teeth or deadly claws. Even if the enraged brute were to attempt a pursuit, it would be of no avail, because, quick as he is and cat-like in his activity, the agile monkeys would have an easy task to escape from him amongst the thickly interlaced and overhanging branches of the forest trees.

Some time ago, a large Bengal tiger—the fiercest of its race—found his way on to the platform of one of the small up-country stations in India. The unlucky station-master was walking towards the signal-box when the tiger saw him. Stealthily creeping up after the poor man, he made a sudden bound and pinned him. His shrieks brought a native porter to the scene, but the tiger refused to let go his hold, and began dragging his victim off to the jungle. Just then a train happily arrived, and several Europeans, two of whom had their rifles with them, jumped from the carriages and started in hot pursuit. They quickly reached the tiger, with the injured station-master still living, but terribly mauled and injured. A couple of bullets laid the monster low, but it was too late, and the poor Indian died before the night was out.

Here is another sad story of the ferocity of these creatures. Two officers were big-game shooting, when one wounded a female tiger. The brute sprang



"Disturbed in his afternoon's sleep by chattering monkeys."

upon him and so dreadfully tore and mauled him that, when his friend shot it and went to help the wounded man, he found him in a practically dying state. With great care he was got round to consciousness again, and next day they began a tedious journey to the nearest place where they could obtain medical assistance. Ten days later the injured man was borne into the native village, where

the doctor was quickly in attendance. It was deemed necessary to amputate both the victim's arms—an operation which he bore without a murmur—but, alas! his sufferings had been too great even for one of the strongest men in the British army (he was nearly six feet six inches in height, and broad in proportion), and he died before he could be embarked for England.

F. R.

RULES FOR READING.

READ the best books which wise and sensible persons advise. Ask yourself, Do I understand what I read? Do I benefit by it? Do I become wiser and better by it? Read with a firm determination to make use of all you read. Do not, by reading, neglect a more immediate or more important duty. Do not read with a view of making a display of your reading. Do not read too much at a time. Reflect on what you have read, and let it be a nourishment of the heart and soul, quietly enjoyed and well digested.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 228.)



EANTIME Black Tom was speeding by train to the town of Betteringham, his railway ticket and other small expenses paid for by the very person the worthless rascal was at the time busy plotting against. But he was not troubled by that unpleasant thing a conscience, and not the slightest feeling of compunction mingled with the schemes revolving in his brain for bringing to a successful issue the scheme for robbing his benefactor. Leaving him to pursue the nefarious scheme which he had on hand, we will return to the daily life at the old Abbey.

'Mrs. Gubbins!' roared the Admiral down the stairs to the deaf old housekeeper. 'Mrs. Gub—bins! Mis—sis Gub— Oh, here you are! I wanted to tell you that I expected little Miss Rayne to-day.'

'Expect it will rain to-day? Yes, Sir Colin, I should not be at all surprised but what if it did. There is a lot of those dark-looking clouds—'

'I expect Miss Rayne to tea!' bawled the Admiral at the top of his voice.

'Expect it rains at sea? Oh, sure to, Sir Colin, sure to! Why—'

But the Admiral had fled; evidently this was one of Mrs. Gubbins's 'bad-hearing days,' and the old tar was always wont to beat a retreat under such circumstances, and communicate with the Abbey housekeeper by letter instead of by word of mouth.

That afternoon Mary Rayne was brought over to the Abbey by Mrs. Ogilvie. The Admiral took the little girl on his knee, and told her a fairy tale, whilst Mrs. Ogilvie entered into a long discussion with the housekeeper—carried on, on her part, in a succession of ear-splitting shrieks—on the making of mustard-plasters and the due production of beef tea.

M. Delacour had dropped asleep over one of Victor Hugo's stirring stories, and Geoff, having blacked the end of the little Frenchman's nose with a piece of burnt cork to his own entire satisfaction, then joined his brother, and together they entered the Admiral's

sitting-room, where one of the servants soon appeared with the tea-tray. Sir Colin had just finished his story, and Mary was asking questions which were very disconcerting to him.

'Tell me, now, why did the Prince jump through the keyhole of the Castle when he could have gone through the door: you said the doors were open?' she asked.

'Hum, haw, did I, eh? Er—oh, well, I suppose he wanted to show how clever he was!'

This was a very lame attempt at explanation, and did not satisfy the little maiden.

'And, Admiral, I want to know why he wore those golden spurs if he was a sailor Prince? I have heard you talk about "riding at anchor." Is that what he wanted the spurs for?'

'Er—hum—ha! Well, never mind, never mind, little Mary. We will get some tea now, won't we? And here come Paul and Geoff. You must go down with them afterwards and see the ponies, you know; and under cover of the muffins and tea the Admiral beat a skilful retreat.

'And how gets on the literary work, my dear Mrs. Ogilvie?' asked Sir Colin, turning to that lady.

Mrs. Ogilvie opened out at length on the great work on which she was engaged, and very soon the Admiral began to wish that he had not touched upon so dangerous a topic.

After a short visit to the stables—all the more brief on account of the intense cold which had set in, portending a heavy fall of snow—Mrs. Ogilvie and her charge stepped into their carriage and were driven off home.

Even as they started, a few big, soft snowflakes began drifting gently earthwards, and the Admiral, a boy on each arm, did the journey back from the stables to the Abbey at a smart trot.

Before an hour was past the ground was well covered with the fleecy mantle, and Paul, after flattening his nose against the window-panes of the study for some time, suddenly turned to his brother and said, 'Geoff, how does it strike you to go out and snowball Carrots, as he passes the lodge-gates on his way home from work?'

'Stunning!' replied Geoff.

'Come on, then,' said the Viscount; and, getting their caps and coats, out they sallied to do battle with the valorous Carrots, who always passed the Abbey lodge-gates at about half-past five, on his way back from the farm at which he worked.

Having hidden themselves behind the low stone wall, and made up a supply of snowballs, the two lads waited patiently in their ambuscade.

In blissful ignorance of the fate which awaited him, the youthful Carrots, whistling a popular tune, came on blithely to his fate.

He had just got to that part of his ballad which informed the listeners that—

'I looved she, and she looved I,'

when the further progress of this history was cut short by the whizz of a missile through the air, and a snowball, deftly aimed by Geoff, landed right in the vocalist's mouth. Then, the signal of battle having been thus given, the attackers, disdaining any longer the shelter of the wall, advanced, in light

skirmishing order, on the enemy. Carrots was equal to the occasion, and returned the fire hotly. Reinforcements, in the shape of one of the Abbey stable-boys, coming up, Paul at once ordered him to side with the enemy, thus making the opposing forces of equal number, though in age and strength Carrots' forces had the advantage. For nearly a quarter of an hour did the battle rage, but then the superior size of their opponents surely told, and contesting every inch of ground, the Abbey lads were driven back, first to the wall, then over it, and, finally, put to flight.

"That was good, Geoff, wasn't it?" gasped the Viscount, thoroughly out of breath. "I do enjoy a level fight like that, don't you? And, I say, we will take them on again to-morrow, and see if we can't lick them."

"Right," answered Geoff, sturdily; and, with flushed, happy faces, they trudged off home again in the now rapidly failing light.

"Wouldn't it be sport to make a snow-man, to-night, just by the lodge gates, so that old Chapman' (the postman) 'will run up against him when he comes early in the morning with the letters? I vote we do it, shall we?"

"All right!" murmurs Geoff, who is just refreshing himself with hardbake, after breaking off a huge chunk and handing it to Paul.

"Well, then, we will slide down the rain-water pipe, as usual, after supper; it won't take us long to make, I should think." And so the agreement stood.

But all human arrangements are, as we know, subject to alteration at the hands of the Fates; and so it came about that the Admiral had got out some of his old naval uniform, swords, and well-earned medals that evening, and the boys worried him until he consented to tell them as much as he personally knew of the story of the Crimea, and of how he got one of his cherished decorations.

"Well, boys, it was in 1854, in the early part of the severest winter I ever experienced. My ship lay on and off the port of Balacava. The British lines were about ten miles inland of it. We were just in the most trying position that sailors know; that is, we were loafing about, doing nothing—idle when we were all fretting to get our fair share of the fighting. We cruised about for a time, then we were signalled to go and anchor in Beicos Bay, where the wind was more cruel and cutting even than when we were out at sea.

"One morning signal was made for us to get in as close as we dared, to reconnoitre the harbour of Sevastopol. Off we started, only too glad of a chance to do something, instead of shivering and stamping up and down the decks, trying to keep ourselves warm.

"Before we got within sight of our destination, one of those dense fogs, so common at that time of year in the Black Sea, came down on us, and we had just to feel our way along for hours. The cold got worse and worse, and we were obliged to go very carefully, as we were so close in to Sevastopol. There was a gunboat cruising in company with us, and now in the fog we could not tell whereabouts she was. Of course, not knowing how close we had got to the harbour, neither of us dared fire a gun, or do anything

in the way of making a noise, to signal. We were going dead slow, when suddenly the fog began to lift. There we were, right under the grim fortress's guns. A moment later, and we made out the gunboat, not a quarter of a mile astern of us; and a minute or so after that, out shoots a Russian frigate from under the guns of Sevastopol, in full chase of the pair of us!

"Well, not content with that, the signal midshipman quickly reports two more steamships coming out of harbour after us, though the first was big enough to swallow us by herself.

"I tell you, my lads, we did not wait! We were none of us minded to make a long stay in a Russian fortress if we could help it. We swung round like a top. "Full speed ahead, Mr. Engineer!" I called out to him. "Don't spare your coal now, unless you want free board and lodging in Russia for the next year or two." And, my word! how he did stoke up the fires and drive her along. I never knew till then what the *Seamew* could do when she was put to it. We fairly jumped through the water, and so did the gunboat, which had a bit of a start of us. After going about three or four miles, two of the Russians were hopelessly outpaced by the one that had come out of harbour first, so, in despair, they gave up the chase and returned. But, on the other hand, the frigate was surely drawing on us, and had almost succeeded in closing on the gunboat, which had been gradually dropping astern of us. Soon after she signalled us, "Go on and save yourself; we must be taken." And directly we had understood the message my mind was made up. Round we went, and it must have slightly astonished the Russian officers on board the frigate when they saw us steaming right in to intercept the fire they were now opening hotly on the little gunboat. We steamed on until our chance came, and then we let drive at the frigate with our port guns.

"Now, lads, aim high; try and shoot away her foremast," I cried out to the gunners.

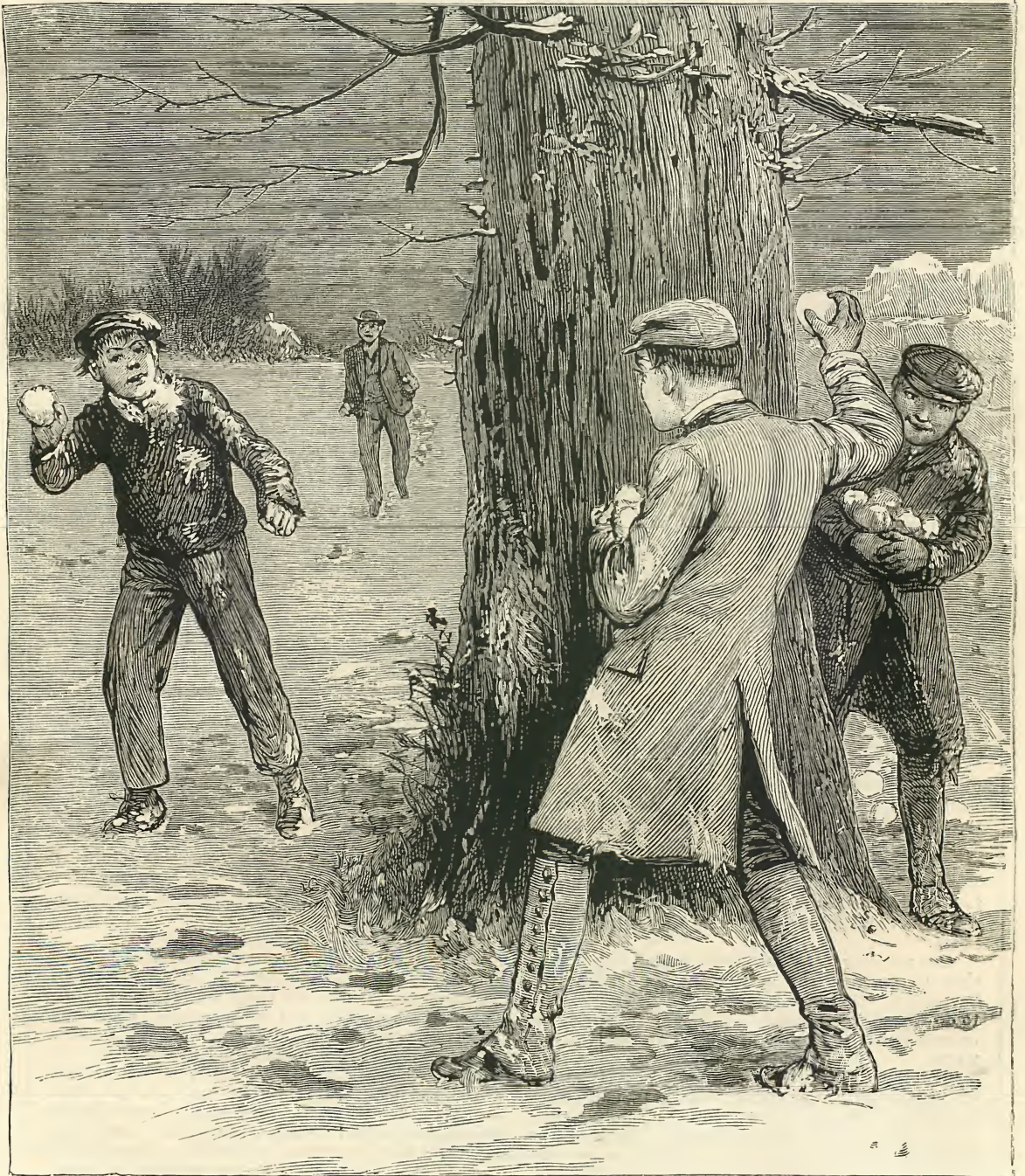
"The men made fairly good practice, but only hulled her. Then we swung our stern round towards her again, and manned the after gun. Well we knew that if the enemy could do our masts or machinery any material damage, that we must certainly be taken.

"All ready?" I shouted to the men at the stern gun.

"All ready, sir," came back the answer.

"Then let her have it. Fire!" And almost at the same moment a shot from her fell dangerously close astern of us. Before she could fire again our own gun was discharged, and we all craned our necks forward to watch for the effect. A grand cheer went up when, as the white smoke rolled away to leeward, we saw that, not her mast, but her paddle-wheel, had been badly hit; so badly, indeed, that she stopped almost at once, and began shortening the sail she had on her. What that was for I could not see at the time, unless she was really so damaged as to be in danger of foundering, and wanted to lower her boats. Be that as it may, both we and the gunboat were saved. That is all the story, boys," concluded the Admiral.

(Continued at page 246.)



"Carrots was equal to the occasion, and returned the fire."



Frederick the Great and the Jew's-harp Player.

THE JEW'S-HARP.



FREDERICK THE GREAT, a lover of music, was one evening, when about to retire to rest, struck with a very charming and delicate piece of music, the source and nature of which were equally new to him. He opened his window, and found that the music came from a sentinel who was posted beneath his apartment. He called the man to him, and on asking him about it, he learned to his astonishment that the musical instrument consisted of two Jew's-harps, which the soldier played together. The king ordered him to come up to him, to which the soldier replied, 'It is impossible; I must guard my post.' 'But I am the king,' rejoined Frederick. 'I know it; but I can only leave my post by order of my colonel.' The king was at first offended at the refusal, but the soldier urged that if he obeyed the king, he should be punished next day for having failed in discipline. Frederick now gave him credit for his firmness, closed the window, and retired to rest. On the following morning he sent for the soldier, and made him play a number of airs, for which he rewarded him with fifty Fredericks (a Prussian coin) and his discharge.

After this man, whose name was Koch, had received his discharge from the army, he travelled through almost every part of Germany, playing both at concerts and in private houses, by which he gradually acquired a handsome fortune, and then retired to Vienna to enjoy the remainder of his days.

G. S. O.

FLOWER WEATHER-GLASSES.

OF all English flowers which seem to foretell changes of weather, that most to be relied upon is the small Pimpernel, one of our few scarlet wild flowers. Seldom, indeed, do we have a rainy day, or even a heavy shower, when this plant has opened its blossoms in the morning. Hence, it had long ago the name of the poor man's or shepherd's weather-glass. Wonderful was formerly the repute of this humble field-flower, for an old writer says: 'No ear hath heard, no tongue can tell, the virtues of the pimpernel.' But we must consult it early in the day, since about the hour of two in the afternoon the flowers are usually closed till the next morning. Several flowers have the habit of shutting long before sunset, such as the Goat's Beard, which, in consequence, received the old name of 'Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon.' Its downy heads, too, were thought to resemble the beard of a goat. That very abundant wild flower, the dandelion, the feathery top of which the country child puffs, fancying it will tell the time, opens about six in the morning, but, should the sun be hot, the flowers close till the coolness of the evening approaches. Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist,

contrived what he called a floral clock: he arranged in his study a number of plants, which by their opening and shutting, would tell him the hour of the day. Of these, the familiar daisy is one which greets the sunrise; some, like the primrose, wait till it is beginning to go down. But the times of flower movements must depend partly upon the state of the weather each day.

The Anemone, or wind-flower, was thought to tell the direction of the wind. It is a frail flower of our woods, which often suffers in the gales of an English spring, and appears to turn from the blast, while it closes the petals. Many years ago, villagers wore the white flowers of the anemone round the neck in a little bag, if they were ill, thinking they would cure any complaint. It is always shut at night, and so folk fabled that fairies got inside after dark, drew the petals together like curtains, then went to sleep. Some thought also that fairies and elves crept into the bells of the fox-glove and the cowslip. That lowly plant, loved by the finches, called the Chickweed, keeps during rain the little flowers shut, but opens if the sky is clearing. Most of the clovers and trefoils close their leaves before rough weather. It is supposed to be a sign of rain when the down is seen to fly from the thistle-heads of our fields.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

37.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. Go! last end. An eminent statesman.
2. Come yon. The reverse of wastefulness.
3. Rich pet. A receptacle for liquid.
4. O! part it. One who loves his country.
5. Run at Meg. A strong reason.
6. A scant fit. Fanciful, whimsical.
7. His far men. One whose employment is not on land.
8. We come, L. A friendly greeting.
9. From cot. To console, to make glad.
10. N. ran to me. Something which helps to adorn and beautify.
11. A jury an. The first one of twelve.
12. U. say, dart. The last of seven.

C. C.

38.—CHARADE.

My first, you'll tell me, is not wet;
My next is found among the rocks;
My whole his thoughts in poems set,
And wrote a piece, 'The Cock and Fox.'

[Answers at page 263.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|---------------------|------------------|-------------|
| 35.—1. Leinster. | 6. Lichfield. | 11. Sedan. |
| 2. Greenland. | 7. Leamington. | 12. Lewis. |
| 3. Leominster. | 8. Madeira. | 13. Antrim. |
| 4. Leman. | 9. Ryde. | 14. Mantua. |
| 5. Lena. | 10. Turin. | |
| 36.—1. Wrote, rote. | 5. Sees, sieze. | |
| 2. Write, right. | 6. Piece, peace. | |
| 3. Steel, steal. | 7. Son, sun. | |
| 4. Hour, our. | 8. Hale, hail. | |

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

I SAY, Dorothy, I have brought you some news!' I exclaimed Gordon Lynton, as he joined his sister in the summer-house, where she had stayed to read whilst he had gone off for a stroll with his dog.

'Oh, let me hear it!' cried Dorothy, as she closed her book and looked up at him merrily.

'Well, Sunnysbank Farm is let *at last*,' he said. 'Somebody named Sternman is coming into it. The shutters are down and there are workmen about the place, and old Mrs. Flynn has had orders to go and clean all the rooms. She has just been telling me about it.'

'Oh, what good news!' and Dorothy looked very pleased. 'We have so often wished that some one would come into it. We have been quite sorry to see it shut up, and to see weeds instead of flowers in the dear old garden. I wonder if the new people have any children.'

'No—oh, no!' replied Gordon. 'Mr. Sternman has only a housekeeper and a servant. Mrs. Flynn told me so, and she knows, because her daughter lives in the village from which they are coming. They will be here on Tuesday, so we must be on the look-out, Dorothy.'

'Well, as our house is so close to Sunnysbank, and there are no other houses near, we ought to be *very* friendly neighbours to each other,' said Dorothy; then, with a little sigh, 'Farmer Bence was a dear old man, and we missed him very much; I hope Mr. Sternman will be as kind to us.'

But the first time they saw Farmer Sternman they decided that the hope was a vain one.

On the morning of his arrival in the village they were sent to the post office for some stamps for their mother, and, on coming in sight of Sunnysbank on their way back, they saw two waggons of furniture at the gate.

'Oh, I say, how jolly!' cried Gordon. 'Hurry up, Dorothy, we can have a good look when we get nearer.' So saying he quickened his pace, and Dorothy followed his example, and, on reaching the iron railings in front of Sunnysbank garden, they halted and looked with great interest at the tall white-haired man who was helping to unload, and who they rightly guessed was Farmer Sternman.

The next minute he turned and saw them, and he soon made them aware that he was stern by nature as well as by name.

'What are you loitering about after?' he shouted angrily. 'I am not going to have children about *my* premises. Now, then, be off!'

Gordon's cheeks got very red with anger, and Dorothy's flushed with mingled fear and surprise, and they moved on at once, and they did not speak a word until out of their new neighbour's hearing; then Gordon said: 'What a shame! What a horrid old man he is. I guess we *shall* have to keep out of his way: I call him a regular old crab!'

'He is not a kind man,' sighed poor Dorothy; and she soon had greater reason to say so, for Farmer Sternman often showed that he had no wish to be a friendly neighbour, and that he thought boys and girls were a nuisance.

One day, when their cat wandered into his garden, which adjoined their orchard, he caught it and shut it up for several hours, and when he gave it back to them he told them that if ever he caught it again it would not escape so easily; and, when by accident their ball was thrown over into his onion-bed, he would not let them go and fetch it.

'Oh, poor man!' Dorothy would sometimes say when Gordon was very angry with him, 'I really begin to feel quite sorry for him; you see, he must be unhappy, for mother says nobody *can* be happy when they are unkind. I think he will be better to us some day, Gordon.'

But one afternoon in the following April, when Gordon declared that, although six months had passed since Farmer Sternman came to Sunnysbank, he was as stern as ever, Dorothy was obliged to confess that such was the case.

'I am very sorry,' she added, 'and I have been thinking that perhaps if we could do something for him he would be different. I wish we had a chance, Gordon.'

She had scarcely spoken the words when the chance was given. They were passing a meadow in which were the farmer's little flock of sheep and lambs, and just at that moment one of the lambs got through a gap in the hedge and into the road, and was quickly followed by two others.

'Oh, I say, what fun!' laughed Gordon. 'As soon as they begin to bleat their mothers will hurry out after them. I guess the whole flock will be over before long. What a treat for Farmer Sternman!'

'We must stop them, Gordon,' said Dorothy. 'Come on, we must be very quick. We can put the lambs back easily, I think, and—perhaps we can find something with which to fill up the gap.' And she started running towards the spot.

'Here, Dorothy, wait; *why* should we take the trouble?' called out Gordon.

'Because, as you know, it is right to be kind whenever we can,' replied Dorothy, glancing back at him and halting for a moment. Then she ran on again and Gordon followed, and the lambs were very soon back in the meadow and the gap filled with a hurdle which Gordon found lying close by, and which, with Dorothy's help, he managed to fix firmly across the open space.

Then they turned to go home, and as they did so they were greatly surprised to see Farmer Sternman a few yards off them and coming towards them.

The sight of him sent a little fear into their hearts, but a few minutes later this had quite vanished, and they had had a pleasant surprise. Yes, Farmer Sternman had seen what they had done to spare him trouble, and he was touched and pleased, and he thanked them heartily for the kind deed. He even told them that from that time he should look on them as his friends.

And he did so. And one morning a few weeks later he sent them an unexpected pleasure in the gift of the handsome goat of which you have a picture—a fine Nannie, wearing a wreath of flowers and leaves.

So you see that Dorothy and Gordon won Farmer Sternman's friendship by obeying the order, 'Overcome evil with good.'

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.



Farmer Sternman's Present to the Children.



A Tired Lamb.

A LAMB AT REST.

YOU will hardly find any one, young or old, who is not pleased to see the lambs frisking and running about the meadows during the early summer. They seem so happy and playful. Sometimes, however, they look quiet and reflective, when lying down, like the lamb in our illustration, perhaps because they are tired after a succession of gambols. The question has been put by people: 'Why are animals furnished with tails?' and there is a book in which it is shown how many uses a tail may have. One of these is to express joy or pleasure, and lambs, like dogs, wag their tails if they are contented. Some of the sheep in Syria, and other Eastern lands, have large tails, chiefly composed of fat, which certainly could not be

wagged, but while they are young their tails are of moderate size.

Sheep and lambs in England are moved now and then from one pasture to another; but they do not make those journeys which flocks often have to go through in hotter countries, being obliged to travel for food or water. In the East the sheep follow the shepherd as he leads the way; with the lambs he sometimes has trouble, since they are inclined to wander, or stop by the road, so that he is obliged to urge them along. A good-natured shepherd will now and then take up some lamb that is getting tired, and carry it for a short distance. One day, a traveller in Syria saw a shepherd taking his flock to a new pasture, and, to reach it, they had to cross a rapid-running stream. The sheep went through the

water willingly, but most of the lambs shrunk back, and the shepherd had to force them by telling his dog to bark at them, which he did, and pushed several till they entered the stream. But a few of the feeble lambs the shepherd himself lifted across one by one. Very beautiful is the affection that the mother sheep display towards the lambs in time of danger or difficulty. When a number of sheep and lambs have been caught on some exposed field or hill-side by a heavy snow-storm, and are unable to escape, it has been observed that the older animals in the flock place themselves on the outside of the group, letting the lambs have a position in the centre, where they are warmer and more sheltered.

In some parts of South America there is a breed of dogs which are trained while they are puppies, being brought up amongst the sheep, so that when they are old enough they can act as shepherds. At a certain hour, if required, these dogs will take a flock from a farm-yard to a pasture miles off, and in the evening they bring the sheep back again. Should danger threaten them during the day, the dog that is in charge comes bravely to the front, the sheep and lambs falling to the rear. The English sheep-dogs are very clever and knowing, especially in the way they guide the sheep if it is needful to direct them.

No good dog attempts to bite a sheep; what he does is to give it a gentle nip or pinch at one part of a hind leg—touching its ‘funny bone,’ in fact—and the effect is to make the sheep move towards the opposite direction from which the pinch comes. Should the sheep be required to go straight on, then the dog gives it a touch upon both the hind legs.

Eliza Cook has told us somewhat of the sheep-dog’s qualities in one of her poems:—

‘There is one that is keeping the wide-scattered flock;
Now pacing the moorland, now perched on the rock;
Now quietly watching the lambs at their play,
Now arresting the steps that would wander away.
He rules, as he should rule, with a merciful peace,
He preserveth the sheep, yet he covets no fleece.’

J. R. S. C.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 239.)



‘**B**UT what did you get this medal for?’ asked Paul, touching one of those lying on the table.

‘That one, eh? Oh, that was when I was in the Naval Brigade and serving ashore.’

‘Yes; but tell us all about it, Admiral. You must, now,’ and Geoff took the old fellow’s coat-collar in his two hands and pre-

tended to shake him.

‘Oh, well! it was not very much, you know. One of our men was wounded, and I thought I would

stop with him; just to keep him company, you know.’

‘They don’t give medals “for distinguished service in the field” just for staying with a man to keep him company, Admiral,’ pursued Geoffrey.

‘Oh, what a bother you boys are, to be sure!’ exclaimed the old hero, whose valour was fully equalled by his modesty. ‘Well, if you must have it, they gave me the medal because I stopped with the wounded man whilst three or four of the enemy were prodding at him.’

‘Well,’ exclaimed both boys in a breath, ‘and what did you do?’

‘I? Oh, I—I persuaded them not to.’

‘Persuaded them not to? How did you persuade them, Admiral?’

‘With the butt end of a carbine,’ answered the old sailor drily.

The boys roared with laughter at the Admiral’s queer idea of persuasion, and soon afterwards Paul discovered a cutting from an old newspaper inserted between the medal and its case. The account contained therein gave a clearer and better account of the old tar’s valorous act of unselfishness than he himself could be persuaded into, and ran as follows:—

‘. . . . The enemy, having driven in our skirmishers, were rapidly advancing on the main body. One of the men of the Naval Brigade, who had fallen, badly wounded, was observed by Captain Crabbe lying on the ground and at the enemy’s mercy. Without thought of danger, Captain Crabbe rushed back and stood over this man’s prostrate form, and, though armed only with an empty carbine, gallantly kept three of the enemy’s irregulars (formed from the lowest dregs of the population, and half mad with drink) at bay, whilst they tried to bayonet both him and the fallen man. Two of them Captain Crabbe felled to the earth, in spite of receiving a bayonet wound in the left arm, when a rush of the British troops drove back the enemy and rescued the gallant captain and the wounded seaman from their perilous position.’

‘And we have known you all our lives, and yet you never told us you were such a swell as that!’ said the Viscount. ‘But after this you shall not escape, and we will drag all your adventures out of you in time. I dare say you are a regular Bayard, only you are too bashful to say so. Good night, dear old Admiral. You have made me feel so proud of you,’ and, wringing the old man’s hand, the boys walked off to bed, whistling ‘Rule Britannia’ very much out of tune.

The next day snow again fell, but not very heavily.

‘We will make our snow man to-night,’ said Paul. ‘I have got an old cocked hat of the Admiral’s and a coat of my own, to decorate him with. Let us say half-past nine, in my bedroom, for the start.’

Geoff nodded.

‘All right. Half-past nine.’

At the appointed time, the house being quiet, Geoff stole into his brother’s room; they opened the window, slid down the rain-water pipe, and alighted safely in the garden. Then, plunging through the snow, they made off in the direction of the lodge gates.

The lights in the little lattice-paned windows were being extinguished as the two boys reached their destination, the lodge-keeper and his wife being early folk, and the lads knew, therefore, that there would be no interruption from that quarter. They set to work with a will, and after collecting enough snow for their purpose, they soon fashioned a head, upon which they placed the Admiral's old cocked hat, and the body, which they covered with Paul's discarded coat. Two stones were then procured from under some rhododendron bushes at the edge of the drive, where the snow lay but thinly, and these served for the snow man's eyes. The effigy was built close up against the gates, so that the early morning postman would probably be the first to blunder into it in the semi-darkness. Their work thus accomplished, the boys started off on their return journey across the park.

Whilst the snow man was being built, the moon, now nearly at its full, had risen, and the night was singularly fine and light. When they had arrived some two or three hundred yards from the Abbey, Paul suddenly pulled up, and gazing intently at some recently-made tracks in the snow, exclaimed: 'Geoff, what is the meaning of this, I wonder? Here are the footmarks of two or three men, who have evidently got over the wall, and gone straight to the Abbey. Now, that looks to me rather queer. They can be up to no good, I will be bound, or they would not have wanted to get over the wall, would they? Of course, they would have come through one of the gates if they had had any right to be in here. Let us just follow up these tracks—it is easy enough in the snow, and see what we can find out.'

Without another word the two boys struck out in the direction of the Abbey, closely following the footmarks, clearly discernible in the now bright moonlight, which cast deep shadows of the surrounding trees athwart the snow-clad grounds of the park.

They trudged on in silence until, emerging from a clump of pine-trees, the windows of the Abbey were revealed to their sight. A little further, and they could see that, whilst most of those windows were in darkness, one, that of the bedroom at the corner of the west wing, was lighted up, and that the light was a moving one.

Stealing cautiously along in the darkest shadows they could find, the boys were soon near enough to satisfy their minds that something was wrong. As they gazed upwards at the partly-lighted window, the moon sailed out from behind a fleecy cloud, and its rays fell clearly and distinctly upon a ladder placed against the sill.

'Burglars,' was the word whispered by the Viscount to his brother, and then they watched and listened again.

The light in the room continued to move about for a little time; then it suddenly disappeared, and after a brief interval showed brightly at the next window. Evidently the burglars were going further afield for their plunder, whilst the open window of the first bedroom they had entered, and the ladder beneath, offered them a safe retreat in case they were alarmed or in any way disturbed at their nefarious work from the inside of the house.

'Had we not better creep round to the back door, and knock and tell the Admiral and the servants, Paul, eh?' asked Geoff, in an excited but low tone.

'Hold on a bit, old chap,' came the answer. 'I am trying to think out a plan for catching these gentlemen,' breathed the Viscount. Then, after a moment's pause, he said, in a low voice, 'We will catch these fellows ourselves, Geoff. What if we collar the ladder and pull it away from the window? Then we could run round and tell them in the house, and we should have the rascals in a trap.'

'Grand!' exclaimed Geoff, in a whisper. 'Come on, and let us do it at once.'

Cautiously they left the shadow of the dark shrubs beneath which they had been secreting themselves, and crept forward, with many a fearful glance upward at the bobbing and ever moving light, to the foot of the ladder. Fortunately for them, it was a very light one, and had been evidently stolen from the greenhouse to which it belonged. With the greatest care to avoid any noise, the lads ranged themselves one on each side of it, and foot by foot lowered it silently to the ground.

'Now, Geoff,' exclaimed his brother, 'run off to the house and tell the Admiral, whilst I stay here and watch the performance.'

Away sped the younger boy, without noise, on the soft snow, which lay thickly on the path; Paul, in a state of quivering excitement, but without a thought of possible danger, remaining on the lawn beside the now prostrate ladder.

Hardly had Geoffrey turned the angle of the west wing when Paul's straining eyes discerned a movement at the open window. Then a black head was thrust out, and two fierce eyes strove to pierce the gloom and find the whereabouts of the ladder.

Black Tom—for it was he—put out his hand and felt over all the ivy below the window-sill for the ladder. Then, not finding it, he gazed helplessly about him, and finally caught sight of it lying on the lawn.

In a moment he recognised the fact that he and his precious associates were caught in a trap, and an oath rose to his lips. But, fortunately for himself, he choked it back again, for a brilliant idea occurred to him. Instead of warning his fellow-burglars, now busy in an adjoining room, packing up valuables for removal, Tom made up his mind to desert them and leave them to their fate, if by so doing he could, perchance, save his own skin. Practised poacher as he was, Tom quickly saw that, by clinging to the trails of ivy which grew thickly on the wall below him, he might escape, where his town-bred fellow rascals dared not come. As for the treachery of leaving them to their fate, that troubled him not at all. 'Honour among thieves' is a maxim of most respected antiquity, but in real life is regarded more in the breach than the observance. Looking fearfully round the room to satisfy himself that there was no present fear of his comrades suddenly returning and revenging themselves on him for his cowardly desertion, Black Tom swung himself out of the window, grasped tight hold of the ivy and creepers below, and began his perilous descent.

(Continued at page 252.)



The Snow Man.



Florence Nightingale—her First Patient.

HER FIRST PATIENT.

SOME years before the Crimean War, in a Derbyshire village, a young girl might have been seen kneeling on the brick floor of a shepherd's cottage. She was bending over a great rough sheep-dog, while a gentleman at her side was looking at the animal's paws, which had been badly hurt. The shepherd was going to drown poor Cap, the dog, thinking that he would never be of any more use; but the friend who examined his leg said that it was not broken, and only needed bathing in hot water.

The girl then lighted a fire, boiled some water, tore up some flannel into strips, and bathed the poor dog's leg. The next day she came and did the same thing again, and before long Cap was as well as ever. That girl was Miss Florence Nightingale, and when she grew up she went to the Crimea, and nursed the sick and wounded soldiers who had no friends to care for them in that cold and dreary climate.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



ON the site of the Old Royal Palace of Westminster now stand the Houses of Parliament, or, to speak more correctly, the 'New Palace.' This forms one of the most magnificent modern buildings in Europe. The architecture is known as Gothic, and it is said that the New Palace is probably the largest Gothic building in existence.

Do you know the space occupied by an acre? If you do not, then lose no time in inquiring the measurements of any field or pieces of waste land which may be near your home. When you have done so, you will gain some idea of the extent covered by a single acre. The buildings of the Houses of Parliament cover an area of nearly nine acres. Here is a brief description given by a careful writer who knew what he was writing about. 'To the eastwards the New Palace presents a frontage of nearly 1000 feet. Fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments of great size and noble proportions are contained within its limits; it comprises eight official residences, all first-rate mansions fit to receive families of distinction; twenty corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through the buildings; thirty-two noble apartments, facing the river, are occupied as committee-rooms; libraries, dining-rooms, waiting-rooms, and clerks' offices are to be found in large numbers; eleven greater courts and a score of minor openings give light and air to the interior. The structure contains not less than between 500 and 600 apartments, amongst which is a chapel for Divine worship, formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's, while the whole cubic contents exceed fifteen millions of feet, one half more than St. Paul's.

It was in A.D. 1834 that the old Houses of Parliament—Edward the Confessor's old Royal Palace—

were destroyed by fire; and six years later, in the spring of A.D. 1840, the 'first stone' of the present Houses of Parliament was laid. A great many architects drew plans, and it is said that ninety-seven sets of designs were sent in. Those of Sir Charles Barry were at last selected.

The outside of the building is of stone brought from Anston, in Yorkshire, and the inside of Caen stone. All the beams and girders are of iron, with brick arches between the floors, and the building is entirely fireproof. At one end of the Palace is the home of the Speaker; at the other end that of the Usher of the Black Rod. There is a magnificent library for the House of Peers, and another for the House of Commons.

Let us now select one of the several towers of the Houses of Parliament for a visit, and see what we can find out about it. Here is the largest and most conspicuous tower, known as the Royal or Victoria Tower. It is 75 feet square and 345 feet high. This fine building is constructed from top to bottom of brick, stone, and iron, without any admixture of combustible materials, so that from base to summit it is fireproof. To reach the top we must climb the longest unbroken staircase in the world, and then enter through a low iron doorway. At the first moment all is dark, very dark; but by degrees the eye grows accustomed to the obscurity, and can see the last steps of a well staircase of iron, which winds up and up until the roof is reached. 'For what was the Victoria Tower built?' do you ask. It was erected as a repository or safe place for State papers. These documents are arranged in some sixteen fireproof rooms, occupying eleven stories. All these floors communicate by means of a 'flying' staircase of iron, a very curious construction, which passes through an octagonal (eight-sided) opening in all the floors, with each of which it joins by means of a landing. Notice the roof of the tower. It is sloping, reaching sixteen feet above the parapet, and is surrounded by a gilt railing six feet high. The four corners are guarded by four stone lions, each twenty feet high.

Leaving the Royal or Victoria Tower, we peep into the Queen's Robing-room, a lofty and spacious apartment, with a canopied throne at the further end, and many beautiful frescoes by famous artists. We pass through the Royal Gallery, and finally we enter the Princes' Chamber, and we notice a beautiful piece of sculpture, showing the Queen supported by Justice and Mercy.

Writing of the House of Lords, one historian has said that 'no expense has been spared to make it one of the richest chambers in the world. The ceiling first attracts attention, as it is wonderfully decorated and hung with pendants.' In the House of Lords stands the throne, and on either side of it are special spaces, sometimes occupied by distinguished foreigners, and by the eldest sons of peers. Very light, graceful, and of artistic style is the throne; it stands upon a platform, reached by four steps. Close by it stand two other chairs of state, one for the Prince of Wales and another for the Prince Consort. The framework of Her Majesty's chair of state is carved in gilt, and studded with crystals, and upholstered in velvet and gold embroidery.

(Concluded at page 262.)



MUSICAL FISH.

MUSIC from fishes! This seems strange; nobody would suppose that fishes could either produce music, or care for it, but both these may be true. Probably no living creature is quite away from the influence of music; I know, for instance, that even the cow can be pleased by the noise of a band, and a German band too. You may have read the old fable about Orpheus, who by his sweet music could draw not only all sorts of animals after him, but even the plants and trees—a fable indeed, yet with truth in it. Therefore it is likely, that if there are fishes able to make a sort of music, other fishes may be delighted to listen. This music is not all under water, for it is a curious fact that the sounds made by fishes sometimes reach the air above, and have been heard by sailors and other persons. Had it not been so, indeed, we should not have known about them.

They were first recorded by Sir Emerson Tennant, when he was at Chilka Lake in the east of Ceylon. He describes the sounds he heard as coming up from the water like the gentle thrill of a musical chord, or the vibrations of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed with a wet finger. It was not so much one distinct note, as a number of tiny sounds, but distinct, and they varied from soft treble to the lowest bass. Putting the ear to the wood of the boat had the effect of conducting the sounds to the listener, and they appeared stronger then. In different parts of the lake the music varied, depending probably upon the gathering of fish being larger or smaller, as might happen, and sometimes it was not heard at all. Another visitor to the lake gave, some years later, a similar account of the fish performers under water, about which he had heard, but did not believe, only he did not think the sound very musical. He observed that it was stronger or weaker at intervals, perhaps as the fish moved up and down in the water, but chiefly where it was shallow. Other persons noticed singing fish about Ceylon, in creeks, or pools—always where the water was salt.

By-and-by, the fact came out that years before people had noticed this fish music, only they did not speak of it, lest they should be thought crazy. Sailors, many years ago, remembered having heard odd sounds from the water in the Bay of Naples, and midshipmen on H.M.S. *Agincourt* heard what they called an odd drumming noise under the ship's bottom when off Lisbon. Reports of such fish came from both the East and West Indies: in the latter place one kind of them had the local name of the 'Drummer' or 'Grunts.' In fact, there are several kinds of fishes in this musical family, some four feet long or more, and they keep together usually in what fishermen call schools or herds. A German naturalist discovered that they make the sounds by means of the large and

hard teeth of both jaws, which they clash together sharply. Besides these musical fish there are, it would seem, others of a smaller sort. A traveller in India was voyaging in a round-bottomed canoe; there had been a storm, and when it abated his Burmese boatman dropped anchor to rest for the night. Suddenly, as it got dark, the traveller heard a strange sound, which seemed to be all around him, yet he could not tell whence it came. It might have been compared to the noise of a very distant drum, or the notes of an organ heard outside a church; after awhile he found that it came from the water, and was made by a little fish, which swam in shoals, and had behind the head a curious formation which appeared to give out the sound.
J. R. S. C.

AN ABSENT ONE.

A GIRL sat sewing in a porch
Outside a cottage door,
Until she heard a nightingale
Its thrilling notes outpour.
And then her work, with trembling hand,
Into her lap she cast;
That song had changed her thoughts, and fixed
Her mind upon the past.

Her father reached the little gate
Just as the change was made;
'Wait, listen, father!' she implored,
And he her word obeyed.
'Oh, father dear,' she added then,
'I feel, indeed I do,
That I am listening to the song
We heard a year ago.

'A year ago this very eve—
The twenty-first of May,
When by dear mother's bed we stood,
And watched her pass away.
A nightingale was singing then,
And on the same old tree;
And mother heard the song and smiled
As brightly as could be.

'The soft south breezes came as now,
And filled the evening hours
With fragrance from the lilac blooms
And other sweet spring flowers.
Yes, everything around us seems
Just as it did last year,
Except'—and now the girl's voice shook—
'Dear mother is not here.

'Oh, father, if she could return,
How happy we should be!'
'Aye, aye, my child, too glad for words,'
He answered fervently.
And then he saw the girl's eyes dimmed
With tears she could not hide;
And then he oped the little gate
And went close to her side.



"A girl sat sewing in a porch
Outside a cottage door."

'My child,' he said, 'we'll turn our thoughts
From our great loss, and try
To think of what our dear one gained
When she was called on high :
She gained release from that disease
Which filled us full of grief,
For oh, we saw the pain it caused,
But could not give relief.

'From every form of trouble, child,
She gained a sure release ;
She lives in perfect health and joy,
She has her rest in peace.
And oh, my lass, although to us
She never will return,
Yet each day leads us nearer her
For whom we often yearn.

'And if we try'—he added low—
'To keep these thoughts in mind,
Then will the memory of our loss
With peace and hope be twined.'

And even as his earnest words
Fell on the maiden's ear,
They gave sweet comfort to her heart,
And proved their power to cheer.
She now thinks less of her own loss,
And more of 'mother's gain ;'
And now her cross feels lighter far,
And gives her less of pain.

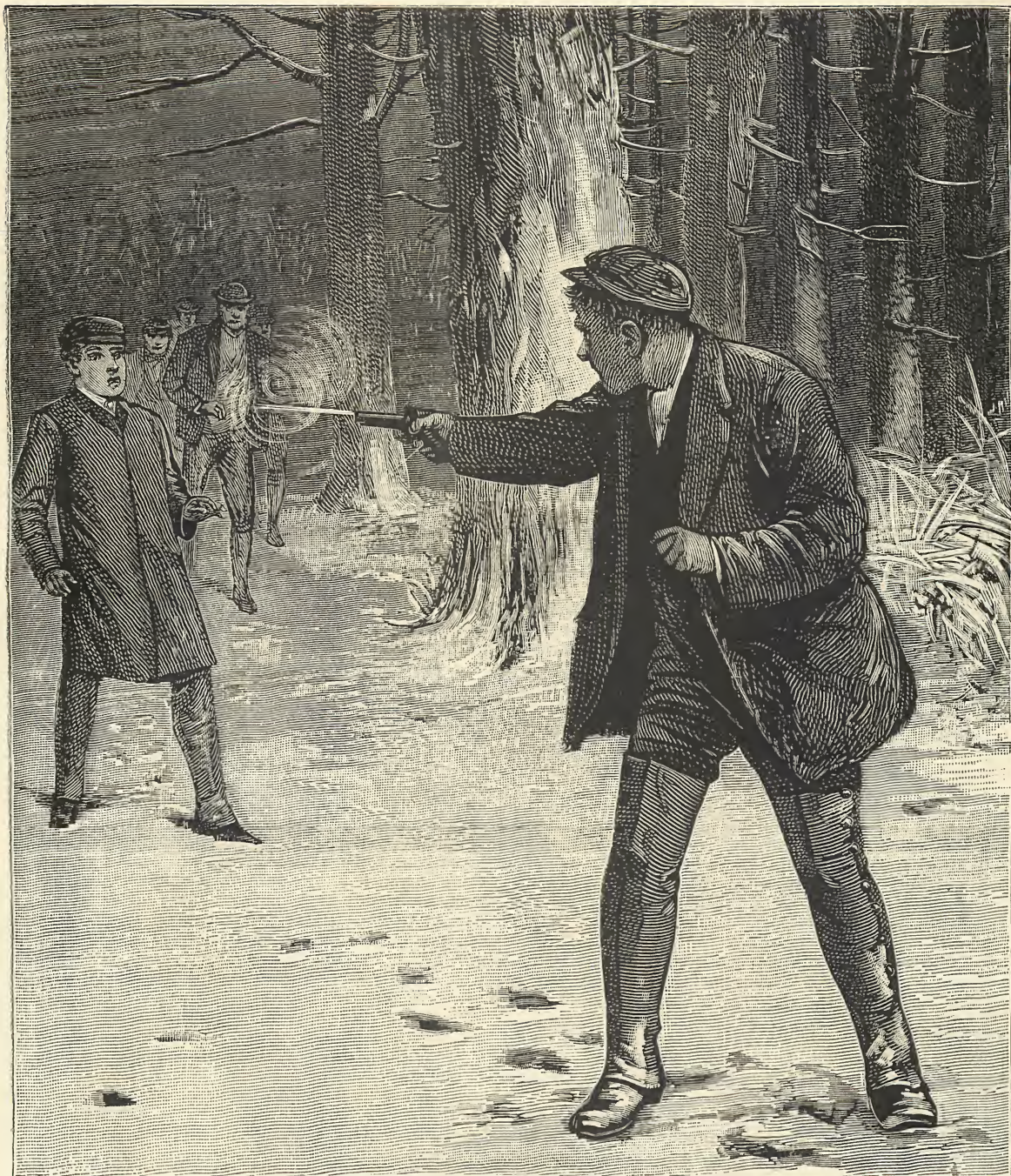
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THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 247.)



AUL, from the clump of rhododendron bushes, which hid him from view of the house windows, watched the descending figure intently, thoroughly puzzled in his own mind as to what he should do to try and prevent the man's escape. The boy was unarmed, whereas the burglar—whom Paul had no idea was an old acquaintance—probably had the deadly revolver in his pocket. But a new danger threatened. Creeping stealthily up behind him, the dark figure of a fourth burglar cast a momentary shadow in the light of the moon, which Paul might have seen had he not been so intently engaged in watching Black Tom. As it was, the first intimation the boy had of the enemy in the rear was his being seized by the neck and dashed violently to the ground. So great indeed was the force with which he was hurled downwards, that, but for the thick, soft snow, this night's work would, in all probability, have terminated fatally for him. As it was, he lay half stunned for a minute or two, during which time his assailant was rapidly raising the ladder to the open window



"The burglar fired point-blank at Paul."

again. Black Tom had made good his escape and disappeared.

Meantime Geoff had gained the Abbey, rushed to the Admiral, and in a few minutes the footman, butler, and two men from the stables were in readiness for action. Sir Colin's eyes blazed and his step increased in vigour and firmness as the old

war-horse scented the prospect of a fight. The 'piping times of peace' were all very well, thought the Admiral, but a little flavour of war, now and then, was not to be despised. The old man led the way quietly to the bedroom door named by Geoffrey. As he expected, it was locked. He knocked at the door loudly—no answer but a hardly perceptible

creaking of boards as slipped feet moved over them cat-like towards the spot where the ladder had been.

'Open, or I'll burst the door in!' shouted the old man, suddenly, and the next moment one of the servants with a crowbar made a determined attempt to break it open. Two or three wrenches, and the lock breaking, the door flew wide open. The Admiral, revolver in hand, strode in.

Two brawny ruffians, with soot-blackened faces, confronted him. Quickly covering them with his weapon—a formidable looking 'Colt'—Sir Colin quietly said, 'You are caught. You can choose whether you will surrender and go to prison, or get shot. Which you like, but I will give you no time. Yes or no?' And the 'Colt,' with its cold, gleaming barrel, was lifted to the burglars' heads.

Had they been aware that the murderous-looking weapon was not loaded it might have materially altered the decision which they promptly came to, and that was to surrender and have their arms pinioned behind their backs.

Walking to the window, the Admiral was just in time to see the top of the ladder waving about a foot or two below the sill, the fourth burglar having just succeeded in replacing it.

The old man astonished him by poking his head out of the window, and exclaiming, 'No, thank you; this ladder is no use to us now. Your friends here think they will use the stairs, to-night, instead.'

The fellow dropped his hold on the ladder as if he had been shot, and turned to seek safety in flight. At the same time, acting under the Admiral's orders, the two grooms sped downstairs and across the lawn, quickly followed by Geoffrey, to try and effect his capture.

Paul, whose senses had fully returned to him in time to catch the Admiral's sarcastic remark out of the window to the burglar, rose to his feet, gave himself a shake, and, just as his assailant dropped the ladder and started on the run, the Viscount, making use of an old football trick, went for the fellow's ankles, 'collared' him, and they both came down sprawling together.

This deprived the man of his start; otherwise the pursuers from the house would never have had a chance of catching him. As it was he scrambled on to his feet again, aimed a vicious kick at Paul, which hardly reached him, and then at a tremendous pace he rushed off towards the lodge gates, one of which always stood a little open—sufficient for the passage of a man—day and night.

Paul, who had nimbly dodged the kick, at once started in pursuit. About a hundred yards or so in rear of him came the two stablemen and Geoff, joining in the chase. So they ran across the lawns and terraces, through the park. The burglar seemed the better runner and gained upon his pursuers at first; he, however, did not know the ground so well as they, and Paul, by jumping the dwarf wall separating the gardens from the park, got to within twenty yards of the man as he struck into the path leading to the lodge gates. Then the ruffian, seeing him so close, pulled up almost into a walk, drew a revolver from his coat pocket and fired point-blank at him, the bullet going unpleasantly close to Paul's

head. But the grooms and Geoff, who had followed the Viscount's example, and jumped the wall, were close up now, and the villain, whose blackened face, and eyes glaring with rage, made him a terrible-looking object in the moonlight, saw that his one chance of safety lay in gaining the high road outside the gates, close by which a cart with a speedy horse awaited him. This had, of course, been intended for the conveyance of the plunder, and was to stand about two hundred yards west of the gates. Onwards, therefore, he dashed, not pausing to fire again, for fear of losing the precious time. He made a rush for the partly-opened gate—and went head-over-heels into the cocked-hatted snow man!

Instantly his pursuers were on him, and at the same moment the lodge-keeper, aroused by the pistol-shot, came out to lend a hand. It was the brawny McAllister, the Scotch gardener, who quickly took in the situation.

'I'm thinking,' said he, 'that a wee bitty cord, for tying him up, wad be the thing. Hark! what's that, noo? It's wheels ganging along the road.'

The old adage had again suffered defeat. Once more the 'honour amongst thieves' had given way with those who trusted to it, for the man left in charge of the cart, warned by the pistol-shot and the noise of pursuit and capture, had driven off, thinking only to save his own skin, and leaving his companions to shift for themselves.

A piece of line was quickly procured from the gardener's lodge, and the burglar secured, to a running accompaniment of the Scotchman's observations—

'Aweel, ma bonny lad, ye see, ye don't always get hold of the bawbees; and varra soon the bobbies will get hold of yersel.' And McAllister chuckled to himself, under the impression that he had made a grim Scotch joke. 'Ay, canny mon, but the snaw figure has upset ye. Ye should learn to fight fair, mon; learn to fight fair. It was no a fair thing to shute at yon boy. Happen ye had killed him, ma mon, ye would have swung at end of a string; happen ye had jest wounded him, I should have taken ye in hond maself; and, judging by the breadth and height of honest Donald, and the look in honest Donald's eye as he uttered these last words, it is probable that the blackened ruffian would have preferred even being handed over to the tender mercies of his natural enemies, the police.'

By this time Jolliboy, the head gamekeeper, with one of his underlings, had come up, and, with the captive in their midst, they started off back to the Abbey.

The doors stood wide open, and inside the great hall were grouped Sir Colin, the two burglars, and several of the men-servants. Peeping timidly over the oaken gallery which ran round the head of the stairs was Mrs. Gubbins, the top of her nightcap bobbing up and down from the way in which that good lady kept swaying her head with excitement.

Just as the other burglar was brought in the housekeeper ventured to call out, in quavering tones, 'I trust you are not hurt, Sir Colin?'

'No, no, thank you, Mrs. Gubbins. Get back to bed.'

'Hurt in the head? Deary me, now you don't say so—'

'No, Mrs. Gubbins, I *don't* say so! Go back to your rest.'

'In the back and the breast? Well, I never! The murderous villain! Only to think, now. Why, it is a hanging matter, isn't it, to wound an admiral and a county magistrate? How could they—'

But here the Admiral glanced at the assembled servants.

'Oh, will some one go up and tell her that nobody is hurt, that it isn't a hanging matter, and that all she has got to do is to go to bed.' And the old butler at once ascended to deliver the message into the good lady's ear.

(Continued at page 258.)

NELSON.

WHEN Nelson was a little boy, staying at his grandmother's house, he one day went birds' nesting. He was absent several hours, and the family became greatly alarmed, fearing that he had been carried off by some gipsies who were travelling in the neighbourhood. At last, after much searching, he was found alone, sitting quite at ease by the side of a brook which was too wide and deep for him to cross. When his grandmother saw him, she told him that she wondered that hunger and fear had not driven him home. 'Fear, grandmother!' replied he, 'I never saw fear; what is it?'

When only a schoolboy Nelson was bold and fearless. There was a pear-tree in his school-master's garden, loaded with ripe fruit, which the boys longed to get, only they dare not climb the tree to gather it. But what the big boys were afraid to do little Nelson undertook.

So one night he tied the sheets together, and told his school-fellows to lower him down from the bedroom window into the garden. Then he climbed the tree, stuffed his pockets with the fruit, and was drawn up again.

He next emptied his pockets, and gave all the pears to his school-fellows, without keeping one for himself. 'I don't want the pears,' he said; 'I only did it because you were afraid.' He ought not to have done it at all, but we must remember that he was a very little fellow, and did not think it was wrong.

When Lord Nelson was a midshipman he made a voyage in a vessel to the Northern Seas. Nelson and a companion arranged that they would steal away in the night and try to get a bear's skin. Nelson led the way over the ice, armed with a rusty musket. They soon found a large bear and attacked him. By this time they were missed from the ship, and the signal was made for their return. They were divided from the bear by a chasm in the ice, which probably saved their lives, for their musket would not go off. 'Never mind,' said Nelson, 'let me have a blow at him with the end of my gun, and we shall have him.' They went back to the ship, and when scolded by the captain Nelson said: 'Sir, we have been after a bear, as I wished to take the skin to my father.'

THE RIVAL SINGERS.

DR. ARNE was once asked by two vocalists of Covent Garden Theatre to decide which of them sang the best. The day being appointed, both parties exerted themselves to the utmost, and when they had finished, the doctor, addressing the first, said, 'As for you, sir, you are the worst singer I have ever heard in my life.'—'Aha!' said the other exulting, 'I knew that I should win the wager.'—'Stop, sir,' said the doctor; 'I have a word to say to you before you go. As for you, sir, you cannot sing at all.'

A COUNTRY SCENE.



THE bright waters of the Arun flow through many a peaceful Sussex village, and skirt in various places the foot of the great South downs which form, as it were, a rampart bordering on the sea. Only England can show such rural pictures; her hedge-rows, her smoothly trimmed meadows and glorious trees of oak, elm, silver birch, and spreading chestnut, belong exclusively to this old Island home of ours, and, travel where you will, you will find nothing to form a parallel with its peculiar beauty. France has her vineyards, Spain her olives and orange groves, Switzerland her mountains, but for pure rural beauty of landscape England stands pre-eminent and alone.

The girl and boy on the bank of the river here depicted have had a good afternoon's fishing. First a roach, then a couple of perch have come to the alluring red worms with which they are baiting. At last, a big tug on the young lad's line gives him warning that a fish of extra size is hooked. Away goes the line; he is a good fisherman, and does not attempt to haul in at once. He lets out his line, and allows the fish to run away with the bait some thirty or forty feet; then, as a pause comes in the rush, Tom slowly begins to reel in the spare line, and the big perch—for a momentary flash of the great black fin above the surface shows the fisherman of what species the capture is—is brought steadily to the bank. He dashes away once more, but, getting tired very quickly, he is soon at the bank-side again, when Cissy, approaching cautiously with the landing net, slips it under the handsome fish, hauls him out on to the side, and leaves him gasping his life away in the long grass.

Later on the river-keeper walks along the stream bank, and talks to the children, pleasantly, of their sport, and tells them of one or two favourite 'holes' for perch. And then the shades of evening begin to draw in; it is time to coil up the lines and put away the rods. They pass a couple of withs through the gills of the fish which they have caught—and these make quite a good show—and trudge off home, tired, but well satisfied with the sport which they have had.

F. R.



A Country Scene.



POPULAR PLAYERS.



"Why, we have wanted you this ever so long."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.



(Continued from page 255.)

HABIT, they say, is second nature, for no sooner were the doors closed on the party than the head keeper, touching his hat to the Admiral and looking round at the prisoners, said, 'Shall I count the bag, sir?'

A suppressed titter ran through the ranks of the servants, whilst the boys and the old sailor laughed outright.

The 'bag' consisted of three. Black Tom, as we have seen, had got clear off without any of the party having even caught a glimpse of him. The man left with the cart also had made good his retreat. The other three were captured, and now awaiting the arrival of the police, who had been summoned by a mounted groom.

The tramp of heavy feet outside soon announced their arrival, and an inspector, sergeant, and two constables quickly took over the charge of the prisoners.

As the sergeant's eye fell upon the man captured at the lodge gates it lighted up with genuine pleasure, and he greeted him almost as heartily as though he were an old friend.

'What, Toff Willie! Well, I *am* pleased to see you. I really began to think I should never put eyes on you again. Why, we have wanted you this ever so long, William; nearly a year it must be now since the warrant was out. Why, what have you been doing all this time?'

'Find out,' growled the ruffian, savagely.

'Oh, of course, William, we *shall* do that. That will be our business now you have returned to your old friends again. "Willie, we have missed you," added the sergeant, with a playful poke in 'Willie's' ribs.

'Old hand, eh?' asked the Admiral. 'You seem to know him.'

'Know him, Sir Colin! *Know him!* Well, I should say there are not many at "the Yard"—beg pardon, Scotland Yard—that don't know Toff Willie. They call him "Toff" because he does many of his burglaries in evening dress, and looks like a swell, which bothered some of our constables, especially the young hands, at first. Naturally, they would not suspect a man of going to break into a house, dressed like a regular swell in evening clothes. Why, once he actually asked the constable on the beat to give him a leg up to get into the dining-room window of a house in Kensington, saying it was his own house, and he had forgotten his latch-key. And the constable did it, sir; that was the beauty of the thing! A beautiful hand; so cool,' added the sergeant, with an admiring glance at his scowling captive. 'But he has got a nasty temper, a very nasty temper,' and he shook his head at the scoundrel as he drew a pair of bright steel handcuffs from his tail pocket and fitted them on his wrists, in place of the cord with which McAllister had tied his hands and arms.

On the house being searched, it was found that much plate and other valuables were already packed in sacks, ready for taking away. This plate was not the service in everyday use, but was kept for 'high-days and holidays,' for large dinner parties and such-like festive occasions, and was stored away in an iron safe in a room on the first floor. How the thieves had got to know of this puzzled the police no less than it puzzled the Admiral, but to the reader it will be, of course, no mystery, as Black Tom had easily got the information out of the servants at the Abbey, and communicated it to his fellow-thieves.

Altogether, the venture had been a most disastrous one for the burglars, 'and all,' as Paul observed to the Admiral, 'through our happening to be out making a snow man; and, talking of the snow man, we should certainly have lost Mr William Toffee, or whatever his name is, if he had not, in his hurry to get through the gate, tumbled neck and crop over our snow man. Oh, dear old Admiral, how I wish you could have seen that! When his heels went up in the air and he plunged headlong into the snow I laughed till I cried.'

'Yes, that is all very fine, Paul, but there would not have been much laughing done if the scamp had hit you when he fired,' said Geoff.

'Do you mean that the rascal fired at you, my boy?' asked the old man, the colour leaving his ruddy face.

Paul nodded. 'But I don't fancy I was in much danger, you know, Admiral. You see, he was not able to take aim.'

'The wretch! the villain!' ejaculated Sir Colin. 'I wish I had got him on blue water. I would give him three dozen at the gangway, of as good a sort as ever were laid on.'

The prisoners were duly brought before the bench of magistrates next morning, and, after taking evidence enough to justify that course, they were remanded for a week. After the second hearing they were all committed for trial at the ensuing Betteringham assizes.

On what is called by the members of the bar Commission Day, or the day of the opening of the Commission of the Assizes, the learned judge, Mr. Justice Somnus, duly arrived in the county town of Betteringham, and was received in all pomp and state by the High Sheriff. According to ancient custom, they drove through the town, accompanied by the javelin men and attendants, and a flourish of trumpets announced their arrival at the Cathedral to attend Divine service. The learned judge passed the rest of his day in perusing the depositions, and going to sleep every alternate hour or so. On the following morning it was that the true business of the Assizes would claim his attention.

On the third day from the opening of the Assizes the Admiral was duly notified to be in attendance, with his young charges, to support the case for the prosecution preferred by the Crown against William Tolliday, *alias* Toff Willie, Richard Rackshaw, and George Henry Marker, for burglary. And, in addition to this charge, the first-named person was also indicted for attempting to murder Paul Ogilvie by shooting at him.

Accordingly the Admiral, with the two boys,

started, after an early breakfast and the packing up of many sandwiches and biscuits by Mrs. Gubbins, to drive into Betteringham, and, as the hour of ten was sounding from the neighbouring church clocks, they mingled with the crowd, and drifted into court.

At ten minutes past ten the crier, bearing a wand in his hand, pushed aside the crimson hangings sheltering the seat of judgment, and, first bawling for 'Silence in the Court!' with a low bow he ushered in his Lordship.

The learned judge waddled up the dais and took his seat, making an obeisance to the bar, which rose respectfully to receive him. All the assembled barristers having bobbed their white wigs back again at his Lordship, the three burglars were quickly pushed into their places in the dock, the busy hum of whispered consultation was again interrupted by the crier's renewed demand for 'Silence in the Court!' the learned judge adjusted his spectacles, and the real business of the day began.

As soon as the prisoners had heard the indictment read, and coolly pleaded 'Not guilty' to the charge—although, as we know, they had been caught red-handed—Mr. Crompton Snuffin, Q.C., with a jerk at the shoulder of his gown, rose, in a hushed court, and, placing one foot on the seat behind him, thus began his address: 'May't please your Ludship, Gentlemen of the Jury,—In this case I appear with my learned friend, Mr. Fozzle, for the prosecution. The prisoners' interests are entrusted to the able hands of Mr. Bragg, and I am sure that if he cannot obtain your favourable opinion for his clients, no one at the bar of England would succeed in so doing. But there is such a thing as trying to make bricks without straw, and I venture to say that is just the task which the learned gentleman has set himself here to-day.'

And at this juncture Mr. Snuffin, Q.C., having completed this preliminary rhetorical flourish, took a hasty glance at his brief, and then conferred for a moment with his junior. Resuming, he said, 'The indictment has already told you, gentlemen, that on the night of March 21st last these men "feloniously and burglariously did break and enter the dwelling-house" of my Lord Courtland, but the indictment did not tell you the way in which these burglars were detected at their nefarious work. Between the hours of nine and ten on that night two ragamuffin boys—brothers, I presume, of the name of Ogilvie —' Here his learned junior pulled him violently by the gown, and whispered something in his ear, whilst Paul and Geoff sat boiling with indignation, and nudging the Admiral, one on each side.


'Beg pardon, really,' hastily resumed Mr. Snuffin, who had misread his brief, 'my Lord Courtland and his brother were strolling, though the night was snowy, through their broad domain, perhaps like "pious Æneas" of old, "revolving many things" in their minds upon the subject of owning so many broad acres' ['What rot!' from Paul], 'when, attracted, as was Defoe's celebrated hero, by a foot-mark on the ground, they determined to satisfy themselves as to whether all was well or not. Arriving beneath the windows of the house, the two intrepid youths went boldly forward, and, seeing a ladder placed against the window of a room on the

first floor, removed it, thus thinking to catch their prisoners securely in a trap. The younger boy then appears to have been overcome with terror, and to have fled precipitately to the sheltering arms of—of —' The learned Q.C. snatched up his brief hurriedly to get the information he wanted. 'Ah, yes, to the sheltering arms of a person called Crabbe—probably his nurse.' Here the Admiral got very red in the face. 'But his elder brother, made, doubtless, of sterner stuff, remained to watch for the robbers. Whilst so engaged, he was approached noiselessly from behind and felled to the earth. The house was alarmed, and two of the burglars, Robert—no, Richard—Marker and—er—eh?' (this to his junior, who had again prompted his learned leader). 'I should say, gentlemen, Richard Rackshaw and George Henry Marker were captured without resistance. The third prisoner fled across the park, hotly pursued by several of the Abbey servants and also by my Lord Courtland and his brother. When approaching the lodge-gates this third man drew a revolver from his pocket and fired a shot from it at his nearest pursuer, who happened to be my Lord Courtland himself.

'Such, gentlemen, is a brief outline of the case now before you, and I do not think I could usefully occupy your time at any greater length at the present stage of this inquiry.' And so saying, the learned gentleman, who had hardly even read his brief, resumed his seat, whilst Mr. Fozzle rose, and called the first witness.

(Continued at page 270.)

A GRATEFUL FAMILY.

 UR mistress is our dearest friend,
Ah, she is kind indeed,
And when we hear her call to us
We run to her with speed.

And when we reach the garden gate
We stand in hopeful style,
And she looks sweetly down on us,
And greets us with a smile.

Then from her apron she throws out
Delicious, wholesome food,
And then we set to work to eat—
We are a hearty brood!

And we are healthy, handsome, plump,
As you can plainly see,
A finer family of fowls
We do not think can be.

And we are very pleased to say
That our delightful plight
Is due to our dear Mistress Gray,
Who gives us what is right,

She feeds us at the proper time,
She lets us stroll about,
And air and exercise are good
For us—without a doubt.



A Grateful Family.

She keeps our house so clean and sweet,
And often we declare
We could not be so well and fine
Without her kindly care,

Without good food and water, and
Pure air and exercise,
We feel quite sure no hen could lay
Such eggs as win a prize;

Such eggs as our dear mistress gets
Her kindness to repay—
Such rich brown eggs, such big brown eggs
As no *poor* hen could lay!

* * * *

Well, children, this is what I think
Those bonny fowls would say,
If they could talk about themselves
And Mistress Mary Gray!



The Chamois in Flight.

THE CHAMOIS.

PERHAPS none of the deer tribe are more shy of the presence of man than the pretty little chamois. They are found in the most inaccessible places of snow-clad mountains, especially in the remote parts of Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. They are greatly sought after by the hardy moun-

taineers for their skins and flesh. But to get within anything like gunshot range of them is a matter of very great difficulty; their favourite haunts are in the roughest and most difficult of ground, on sides of mountains, where they alone and the wild goats can obtain a footing, and where no human being, be he ever so skilful and daring, could follow. Their sense of hearing and smell is so acute, too, that

unless approached by the hunter with the greatest care and from up-wind, the chamois would certainly detect him, and, with a few of its wonderful leaps and bounds, quickly place a safe distance between itself and him. And even when, after much silent and patient toil, the hunter has come within range of his prey, and after waiting his chance has succeeded in getting a shot at the quarry, it is by no means certain that he will meet with the reward he has so long toiled for, as, leaping into the air, a wounded chamois will frequently fall over some terrible precipice and be lost for ever to all but the eagles and other birds of prey which can then swoop down and pick its bones at their leisure. In our illustration we see that the chamois-hunter has just obtained a good shot and wounded one of the animals; probably, after all his pains, he will lose it over the edge of the precipice, unless it is caught upon some projecting rock within the man's reach.

F. R.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BEFORE the Crimean war, A.D. 1854, little was known as to the proper care of the sick and wounded; therefore, after the battle of Alma, the wounded were sent down to the hospitals on the Bosphorus, which were soon crowded with sufferers, where great numbers died. In this crisis, Miss Florence Nightingale was asked to go out to Scutari, to organize a nursing department there.

This lady, who was at that time only in her twenty-fifth year, had already, for a long period, devoted herself to the alleviation of suffering, especially in hospitals—both civil and military. She therefore gladly accepted the invitation sent to her, and arrived at Constantinople, with thirty-four assistant nurses, on November 4th—the eve of the battle of Inkerman—in time to receive the wounded from the second battle into wards already crowded with 2300 patients; while in a few months after her arrival she had 10,000 sick men under her care.

One can scarcely imagine the sufferings of that awful winter. But Miss Nightingale's devotion to the men can never be forgotten. Often she stood for twenty hours at a stretch, in order to see them provided with what was required to relieve their suffering condition.

At length she was prostrated by fever, and she to whom many a soldier owed life and health, was in her turn laid down with dangerous illness. She refused, however, to leave her post, and on her recovery she remained at Scutari till the British left Turkey. The good which has been achieved by this one capable and, at the same time, tender-hearted woman what tongue can tell? And we must all rejoice to know that, since that time, her blessed example has been followed by many another one, who has found in careful and patient nursing of the sick and wounded an outlet for those tender sympathies which our Heavenly Father has implanted in her heart.

Miss Nightingale, though a great invalid, still lives, and still takes keen interest in all that has to do with nursing the sick.

D. B. McKEAN.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

(Concluded from page 250.)



THE House of Commons, which was first used for the sittings of its members in A.D. 1850, is of the same height and width as the House of Lords, but less in length, being reduced to the smallest possible size for the sake of hearing. It also appears smaller than it is on account of the galleries surrounding it. One of the galleries is

for the use of reporters, and to it there is a separate staircase, with separate rooms where the members can retire. There are several rows of seats in the body of the House; all these are covered with green morocco leather, and this colour harmonises well with the warm brown tints of the oak panelling.

The 'lobby' of the House is a fine large square room, with a doorway on each side. Standing here you would see Mr. Speaker enter in his robes, preceded by a gentleman with a bag-wig and a sword by his side, carrying on his shoulder a heavy gilt club, surmounted by a crown. This club is called a *mace*. A very important stick is this mace. Without it the House of Commons does not exist; it is a stringent rule that the mace should be present at all assemblies of the Parliament, and that Mr. Speaker should be there himself; without a Speaker the House never goes to business, and without his mace the Speaker cannot take the chair. At the beginning of a new Parliament, and before the election of a Speaker, the mace, the emblem of his dignity, is hidden under the table of the House, and the Clerk of the Table presides during the election; but no sooner is the Speaker elected than the mace is drawn from its hiding-place and laid on the table, where it ever afterwards remains during the sitting of the House. At his rising, Mr. Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping.

When the mace lies on the table there is said, in Parliamentary language, to be a *House*; when 'under the table, a *Committee*'; when out of the House, no business can be done; when it is to be taken from the table upon the shoulder of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker alone decides.

Another very interesting part of the Houses of Parliament, and one which you may like to hear about, is that known as the Clock Tower. This is situated at the northern end of the building, and closely abutting on Westminster Bridge. It is forty feet square, and is surmounted by a richly decorated belfry spire, and is no less than 320 feet in height. The clock of this tower has four dials; most of the wheels are of cast iron; the hands and their appendages weigh about a ton and a half, and the pendulum six hundredweight. The dials are 22½ feet in diameter, or 400 superficial feet each, and they are said to have cost more than the clock itself. The huge bell, 'Big Ben,' weighs as nearly as possible fourteen tons. This big bell hangs in the

loftiest belfry in London; it is tastefully ornamented. On the one side of Big Ben's waist is depicted the portcullis of Westminster. On the other side are the arms of England, sharp and clear, as if chased by hand. This bell was cast at Whitechapel forty years ago, and the work of getting it into position took several days, strong pulleys being used to hoist it. The chain used in lifting it was 1600 feet in length, and each link was separately tested by its Newcastle makers. The beam on which the bell is hung is formed of oak and plates of iron firmly bolted and riveted together, and it is fixed over the clock. The beam is capable of sustaining a weight of one hundred tons. Big Ben does not occupy the belfry alone, but with four smaller bells, upon which the quarters are chimed.

The opening of a new Parliament by the Sovereign in person is always an attractive spectacle. After the accession of our Gracious Queen in A.D. 1837 she opened Parliament for the first time, and a large concourse of people witnessed the ceremony.

Upon the memorable occasion of the appearance of the youthful Queen in the House of Lords, the whole of the benches on the floor and the two side-galleries were occupied by the peeresses and their friends, all attired in the most magnificent dresses, and wearing their most splendid jewels. On the entrance of Her Majesty into the House, the peeresses and all present rose. The Queen having taken her seat on the throne, the Commons were summoned into the royal presence. By royal command the door leading into the passage on the way to the bar of the House of Lords was opened, when the loud pattering of feet, 'as if it had been of the hoofs of some three or four score of quadrupeds,' was heard, and loud exclamations of 'Ah! ah!'

All eyes were turned towards the door, including those of Her Majesty. What could be amiss? Had a fire broken out? Had the Thames overflowed its banks? Was a foreign foe at the doors? No, neither flame, flood, nor foe was the cause of the strange sounds, which were made by the members of the Lower House rushing towards the bar of the House of Lords with such eagerness that they might have been escaping for their lives. It was 'a mighty struggle' as to who should get nearest the bar and obtain the best place for seeing and hearing.

Her Majesty having taken the oath against Popery in a slow, serious, and audible manner, proceeded to read the Royal speech amid the most perfect stillness. The speech ended, the 'Queen descended from the throne, and with slow and graceful steps retired from the House to her robing-room a few yards distant, bowing, as she did on her entrance, to most of the peeresses whom she passed.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

39.—CHANGED WORDS:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. CHANGE cold to warm. | 5. Change skin to bone. |
| 2. " soul to mind. | 6. " care to hope. |
| 3. " back to side. | 7. " wide to long. |
| 4. " cold to damp. | 8. " one to two. |

C. C.

40.—BURIED CITIES, COUNTRIES, &c.

1. Your request is not reasonable; I therefore refuse it. A town in Scotland on the Firth of Forth.
2. We cannot live asunder, land or sea shall not divide us. A town in the north of England.
3. Will the winds or waves obey thy voice, O king! A town containing a royal residence.
4. Here is a box for dear little Mary. A very famous city in England.
5. You will find, I think, that this plan is much the best. An ancient city in Egypt, also in Greece.
6. Mr. and Mrs. White have neighbours who are very kind. A town in the north of England.
7. Can you expect mercy or kindness from such a person? A large city in the north-east of England.
8. He is my true friend I do verily believe. A town in the east of England.
9. In princely robe and priestly stole
Doth the haughty prelate roll;
His sacred banner bids unroll,
His sword is by his side.
A city in Spain, once the capital.
10. She stood upon the pebbly beach,
The grey dawn round her spread,
Her shadowy arm outheld to reach
The basket on her head.
A town in England.

C. C.

41.—WORD PUZZLES.

'Youngsters from Popular Tales.'

- 1.—6, 4, 5. A title used in a southern country of Europe.
- 2.—3, 1, 5, 6. What all should try to do.
- 3.—2, 4, 3, 1. Not the whole.
- 4.—3, 4, 6, 1. Fashion, manner.
- 5.—6, 4, 3, 1. A circular roof.
- 6.—2, 4, 6. Turf, grass.
- 7.—5, 4, 6. A familiar salutation.
- 8.—6, 4, 2, 1. Sent by your doctor.

C. C.

[Answers at page 279.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 37.—1. Gladstone. | 5. Argument. | 9. Comfort. |
| 2. Economy. | 6. Fantastic. | 10. Ornament. |
| 3. Pitcher. | 7. Fisherman. | 11. January. |
| 4. Patriot. | 8. Welcome. | 12. Saturday. |

38.—Dryden.

ANECDOTE OF BLAKE.

ADMIRAL BLAKE, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened, in an engagement, that one of the ships blew up, which damped the spirit of the crew; but Blake called out to his men: 'Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up, and now let us see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation!' This well-timed speech raised their spirits, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. 'There, lads,' said he, 'I knew we should have our revenge soon.'



A well-timed Speech of Admiral Blake.



A Polite Cat.

A POLITE CAT.

A GENTLEMAN says: I once had a cat who always sat up to the dinner-table with me, and had a plate in front of him on which I placed the cat's dinner. The cat used his paws, of course, but was very particular, and behaved very nicely. When he had finished what was at first put for him, I sometimes gave him part of mine.

One day he was not to be found anywhere when the dinner-bell rang, and we began without him. Just as the plates were put round for the pudding, puss came rushing upstairs and sprang into his chair, with two mice in its mouth. Before he could be stopped he dropped a mouse on to his plate and then one on to mine. He divided his dinner with me as I had often divided mine with him.

THE WEAVER OF
STEINBACH.

From the French of Erckmann-Chatrian.



YOU talk of the mountain,' said Heinrich, the old weaver, to me one day, 'but if you wish to see the high mountain, you should not remain here. You should go to Retournemer; it is there you will see the mountain and the woods, the lakes and the precipices. How familiar I am with that beautiful region! How many hares, roebucks, and boars have I slain upon those wooded slopes; how many weasels, martens, wild cats, about those lakes! Every one knew me there. "Here comes Heinrich!" they would say, "with his chaplets of thrushes and tom-tits!" And there was always a place for me at the table, and a plate of bread and cheese, and a glass of the white Alsatian wine. Every one used to gossip with me, and look to me for the news. When I went away I would leave a hare in the kitchen: and thus I was always welcomed as a friend of the house. Oh, the good times! the good folk! the good country of the Vosges!'

'But wherefore, Master Heinrich, did you leave that good country, if you loved it so much?'

'Well, you know, Master Christian, that man is never contented! My sight began to fail, my hand began to tremble; more than one hare escaped me. New keepers also came, new foresters' lodges sprang up. The charges against me were many; I was sought for, hunted throughout the country. So I made myself scarce, gave up the chase, and resumed the shuttle and thread. I do not repent having done so—no—I do not repent.'

Yet a cloud had gathered upon the old man's brow. He rose and began to pace slowly about the little room, with hands clasped behind him, pale cheeks, and eyes that gazed into space. To my thinking, he resembled an old, toothless wolf, with

worn-out claws, which dreamed of the chase whilst feeding upon pap.

From time to time his lips twitched nervously. Suddenly he stopped in his walk, and, looking me in the face, he said: 'For all that I should have preferred to perish in the midst of the woods, under the dew of Heaven, rather than to resume my handicraft; but there was another reason.'

He seated himself by the little window, and, looking out upon the sunshine with his faded eyes, he went on as follows: 'That which I am going to tell you about took place in the autumn of 1827. Very early one morning—about two o'clock—I was in a wild pass, treading a narrow footpath with great care, for this path skirts the edge of a precipice. It is bordered by masses of damp fern, and at a distance of three hundred feet below, one can just see the tops of the tall firs. But at that hour one could see nothing, for the night was as black as a stove; only a few stars glimmered above the chasm.'

'While waiting for daylight, I seated myself at the foot of an oak and lighted my pipe. Here I had rested for about a quarter of an hour, dreaming of all kinds of things, when I beheld, at the bottom of the ravine, what appeared to be a spark crawling upon the rock.'

"Now what can that be?" said I to myself.

'The spark grew brighter; it shot out into a flame, around which I presently descried several black figures, flitting busily to and fro like ants. Some gipsies had encamped upon the rock platform, and had lighted a fire in order to prepare a meal.'

'You cannot imagine, Master Christian, what a lovely spot it was, that rocky strip which lay at the base of the precipice. Sprays of ivy and honeysuckle trailed over the rock, a torrent close by tossed up sparkling foam, and weird lights and shades chased each other beneath the dome of the mighty oaks. From the height at which I sat, the scene seemed to me a grand picture—a painting in fire and gold upon a background of darkness.'

'Thus I sat for a long time, many things passing through my mind. At length I slipped between two rocks, and, holding on by the brambles, I got down lower, in order to obtain a nearer view of the persons below. At a point where the descent became more rapid, I halted again close to a tree, and again looked down upon the gipsies.'

'An old woman sat beside a caldron. The flame lighted up her face; with her bony arms embracing her bony knees, she watched her pot. Three or four almost naked small children hopped around her like frogs. A little further, men and women were making preparations for departure. Now and then they would fling armfuls of leaves into the fire, which rose higher and higher, sending up from the valley dense clouds of smoke.'

'As I quietly surveyed this scene, an idea, surely prompted by the evil one, entered my head. What fun it would be to hurl a great stone—a fragment of rock—into the midst of them. How it would make the old woman jump! and how the others would open their eyes! Then conscience protested, saying that it would be a shame to scare and perhaps injure those poor gipsies, who had never done me any harm.'

'Unhappily, a huge stone lay temptingly close to my feet. I stooped and handled it, I poised and balanced it, chuckling to myself over the practical joke which I had devised.'

At this point of the narrative Heinrich paused. He was very pale. At the end of several seconds he went on with his story.

'You see, Master Christian, that, whatever men may say to the contrary, the love of the chase hardens the heart, and develops those cruel instincts of destruction which exist in the depths of our nature. If I had not for thirty years been in the habit of shedding blood, the idea that I might possibly crush one of those unfortunate wanderers would have filled me with horror; but constant killing makes one callous.'

'I imagined the alarm of the gipsies—their gaping mouths—how they would scamper hither and thither—shrieking, perhaps—with figures so droll, with contortions so comical! And so, in spite of my better self, I put out my foot and pushed the enormous stone gently—very gently—towards the edge of the cliff.'

'It went over the edge!

'At first it went slowly; it seemed as though I could have stopped it. I was about to do so, but the precipice just there was so steep that the stone at its second bound dropped three feet, then six, then twelve! Then I, standing above, turned faint and trembled. The piece of rock continued to descend with rapid bounds, and it made straight for the gipsies' fire.'

'It was still very early, and there was little light as yet. For one moment I saw the block in the air, at the next it had disappeared into the darkness, but I could hear it crashing along like a wild boar. It was horrible!

'I uttered a cry which might have startled the mountain itself. The gipsies looked up; it was too late! At that instant the rock appeared in the air for the last time—the fire was suddenly extinguished.'

Heinrich paused, gazing at me with haggard eyes; the sweat stood upon his forehead. I said nothing. So painful to me was the sight of his distress that I turned away my eyes.

Presently the old poacher recovered himself. He went on: 'Now, Master Christian, you know what I have done, and you are the first person to whom I have told the story since I made my confession to the old priest of Schirmeck, two days after the occurrence. The priest said to me: "Heinrich, your cruel occupation has undone you! You have killed a poor, harmless old woman *for the sake of a laugh!* It is a fearful crime for which I cannot absolve you. Lay aside your gun, work instead of slaying, and perhaps the Lord will pardon you some day." I felt that the good man was right. The love of the chase had been my ruin. I gave away my dog—I hung my gun upon the wall—I resumed my shuttle—and here I am.'

After this we sat for a long time without interchanging a word. Night had come. Towards nine o'clock the moon appeared over the hamlet of Steinbach, and I rose to go. The old poacher went with me to the door of his hut.

'Do you think that the Lord will pardon me,' Master Christian?' said he, as we shook hands. His voice shook with emotion.

I tried to soothe and console him, telling him that sincere repentance is always accepted by Him who is the Father as well as the Judge of all. 'Doubtless you have suffered much?' I said.

'Suffered much!' he replied, bitterly. 'Have I suffered much? Ah, Master Christian! how can you ask such a question? Can you make a caged sparrow-hawk happy? You may offer him the most delicious tit-bits—they give him no pleasure. Through the bars of his cage he looks up to the distant heavens; he beats his wings—at length he dies. Well, for the last ten years I have been such an one as that sparrow-hawk!'

He ceased speaking, but in a few moments he cried out, 'Oh, the lofty mountains! the grand forests! the glorious life in the woods!' He stretched his arms towards the distant peaks of the Vosges, while great tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Poor old man!' said I to myself, as I left him there; 'poor, poor old man!' E. D.

MAJOR JOHN RUTHERFORD.

Four Months a Prisoner amongst the Pawnees.

THERE were troublous times during the latter half of the last century on the American continent, and some strange experiences fell to the lot of many British soldiers during the progress of the Pontiac war in A.D. 1763. Captain Robson, of the 77th Foot, with a party of six soldiers, two sailors, and a young officer belonging to the 42nd Highlanders (the Black Watch) formed a party conveying Sir Robert Davies up Lake Erie in small canoes. Paddling along the banks of the lake, they were hailed by a party of Canadians, building a saw-mill there, who earnestly entreated them not to go any farther on account of the danger from a war-party of Pawnee Indians, which they knew to be somewhere about the higher part of the lake. Unhappily for themselves these friendly warnings were not heeded, and the little canoeing fleet paddled on its way. When some time later in the day, they pushed in to the shore, a horde of Red Indians suddenly appeared and at once attacked them. Captain Robson was killed at once, and the rest either fell or took to flight. Major John Rutherford, the officer of the 42nd Highlanders spoken of above, was made prisoner and carried away by the Pawnees to their lodges. For some time Rutherford was left in uncertainty as to what his fate was to be. And be it remembered that the Pawnees always bore an evil reputation for torturing and burning their prisoners, whether taken in war or otherwise. The prisoner was, in time, allowed a certain amount of liberty, and after a captivity lasting just upon four months, he succeeded in making his escape. He afterwards passed through many dangers in the course of the campaign, but he finally returned to his native Scotland, and died at Jedburgh, aged eighty-four, in the year A.D. 1830. F. R.



Wood Sorrel.

THE WOOD SORREL.

THE wood sorrel decks most English lanes with its delicate green leaves and graceful blossoms during April and May. In the Alpine districts it often continues in bloom until August. It has been found in Lapland, where it is much used as a vegetable. Linnæus tells us that in Norway it takes the place of the primrose, and is the first flower of spring.

The wood sorrel is believed by many people to be the true shamrock of Ireland, and why the white clover should have been substituted for it is not clear, unless from the fact that it is a more common plant, while its triune leaf answered equally as an emblem of the Holy Trinity.

The powder called 'essential salts of lemon,' used for extracting ink-stains and iron-mould from linen, is made from wood sorrel. Some herbalists, especially in Russia, prescribe this acid juice diluted with water for those sick of a fever. Gerarde says, 'Apothecaries call it Alleluya, and cuckowes' meat, either because the cuckowe feedeth thereon, or by reason, when it springeth forth, the cuckowe singeth most, at which time also Alleluya was wont to be sung in churches' (at Easter). This plant is still known in France, Italy, and Spain, by the name 'Alleluya,' and in the north of Lancashire it is called by the country people 'cuckoos' bread.' Like the white clover it is remarkable for the drooping of its leaves at close of day, and before the approach of rain.

A CYCLIST PURSUED BY A LION.

MR. ROBERTSON, of Namazi, in Central Africa, gives the following account of a cycling adventure:—

'One day, just after sunset, I started on my bicycle to return from Blantyre to my home. All went well on the main road, but the road leading to my estate had only been recently made, and is quite soft and lumpy, besides being very steep for at least half its length. The rest of it is fairly level, but none of it is in a condition for cycling yet, except the portion which extends from my first plantation to my house, which was made some time ago, and is now smooth and hard.

'When I left the main road I dismounted, and started pushing my bicycle up the hill, but, before I had gone far, I heard a heavy body pushing its way through the bush on my left. I thought it was some big game, possibly a buffalo, but, as I felt a certain amount of uneasiness, I went to the other side of the road, and pushed away as quickly as I could. When I had gone a short distance up the slope I looked round, and almost had a fit when I saw a full-grown lion standing across the road, broadside on, with his head turned towards me, and, as I looked, he started in pursuit.

'I attempted to mount my machine, but, owing to the slope and my excitement, I failed twice. The third time I succeeded in getting away, and I did pedal for all I was worth, but the machine kept wobbling across the road, and I saw that the lion had lessened



"I did not dare to look back."

the distance between us by about half, though I was still fifty yards from the top of the slope. He kept up a low growling all the time, and I could hear him more and more distinctly every time as he still lessened the distance between us. I think I could easily have outstripped him if it had been level, but the road was rough, and once or twice I was almost thrown off. I did not dare to look back; indeed,

there was no need, as the growl plainly told me that he was almost on me. But at last I reached the crest, and flew down the opposite slope. I then remembered that there was an open culvert across the road some two hundred yards ahead; but there was no time to dismount, so I rode into it, and the shock flung me high out of the saddle, but I fell back on it without being knocked off, and I was able

to ride on. When I reached the smooth part of the road I managed to get up a good rate of speed, but I no longer heard the growl in the rear. Next morning I went back along the road, and I found that the lion had come as far as the culvert and had there come to a stand. The chase therefore lasted along the whole road from the main line through the forest to my house, a distance of about two miles.'

ABOUT GREEN PEAS.

OF all the dishes of vegetables put upon our tables in the summer season, we can hardly find one, perhaps, better liked by all of us than a dish of green peas. So cheap and good are they now, that the cottager can have them as a part of his dinner, yet at one time they were a delicacy which was set before kings and nobles. It is doubted by some, whether the garden pea is really a distinct sort, or only an improvement of the common field pea which grows wild. If such is the case, it is a remarkable instance of how the skill of man can change a plant.

It does not appear that the Greeks and Romans ever used green peas, but they knew and liked the grey pea. At the entertainments in Rome, an old poet tells us, the people refreshed themselves with fried peas, and a bag of them was a frequent present from one friend to another. And the statements in some of our early histories seem to prove that during the Middle Ages green peas were fried, not boiled, and the shells or 'cods' eaten as well as their contents. Gerard, in his book upon our English plants, mentions that he had found the wild pea in some pastures of Hertfordshire. No doubt, at an earlier time, both wild peas and beans were plentiful in many places, and they furnished food to the people when other provisions were scarce. Also they ate the pods of several of the field vetches. On some parts of the coast, the sea pea is found, but it is rare. This plant is not an annual; it lives on from year to year, the roots going deeply into the beach.

Not till after the Norman Conquest do we read about green peas, and it is likely the garden sort was first grown in France, and brought over to us by the monks or friars. Most of the convents and monasteries had gardens, and the clergy were, many of them, fond of giving part of their time to the growing of herbs, vegetables, and fruits. At Barking Nunnery, it is said, that they managed to get a dish of green peas by Lent, so there somehow they must have forced the plants.

When 'London Lackpenny' was wandering about the City streets in the days of Henry VI., he tells us that the dealers offered him peas, which he had no money to buy. But all through the Tudor times they were scarce in England. We have an entry in the reign of Henry VIII., that a man who brought a present of green peas to the King was paid four and eightpence, which would be more than the value of a sovereign at that time. During the reign of Elizabeth, peas were fetched from Holland for the table of Her Majesty and her ladies. Not till about A.D. 1670 did green peas become a common vegetable. A good many were grown at the West of London, especially

near Fulham. Even now there is in the town of Windsor a street called Peascod Street, and formerly in Goodman's Fields, close to London City, there was one of the same name, but somehow it got altered into Prescott Street. J. R. S. C.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 259.)



NOTHING of special interest occurred until Paul's name was shouted by the usher, and, rather excited at the novel experience, the young Viscount found himself grasping an extremely greasy book, and undergoing the process of being sworn.

As his evidence was of importance, Mr. Justice Somnus woke up from a light doze, pushed his wig all awry, and made careful note of it.

In answer to Mr. Fozzle's questions, Paul told the story of the detection and capture just as we already know it, taking care, however, to clearly explain, first, that Geoffrey ran into the house to give the alarm at his, Paul's, especial request, and *not* because his courage failed him; and, secondly, that Admiral Sir Colin Crabbe was *not* Geoffrey's nurse, as had been intimated in the learned counsel's opening speech.

'You got a trifle mixed over your facts, my dear Snuffin, eh?' whispered a brother Q.C. to the gentleman named whilst Paul's examination was being proceeded with.

'True, true,' was the quick reply. 'Really, on the scale of fees allowed by the Treasury to their counsel, they cannot expect anything else. Ten guineas, and two for consultation—twelve guineas—for this case! One can *not* be intelligent on a fee like that!' And the snuff-box, together with a sly wink, was duly passed from one learned gentleman to the other.

So far as Paul's examination was concerned, all was plain sailing, but directly that was concluded, and Mr. Bragg rose to take him in hand for purposes of cross-examination, the spectators all settled themselves into their seats, feeling that 'something was coming.'

'Now, Lord Courtland,' began the prisoner's advocate, 'you have told a very funny story, have you not?'

'I don't see anything very humorous in it, myself,' quietly answered Paul.

'May I ask what you and your younger brother were doing out at that time of night—in deep snow, too?'

'We were making a snow-man,' said Paul, and a titter ran through the court.

'Making a what?'

'Snow-man.'

'And having made that, you say you were returning to the Abbey, when you saw these footmarks,

Now, the gate was open, so I may take it that any number of people could have come into the park that night. Is that so?' 'Yes. They could, but they didn't.'

'They didn't? What do you mean by saying that, sir? Take care how you swear men's liberty away!' And the little mangler at Paul as though he would eat him. 'Why, sir, I beg to repeat, do you take upon yourself to say that no people came into the park upon that night?'

'Simply because there was fresh snow on the ground, and, as we walked over the park, I saw that nothing but a few rabbits and one fox had been across at all.'

This was a facer for the learned gentleman. Mr. Justice Somnus, who had often suffered from Mr. Bragg's discourteous manners, chuckled as he made a note of the answer, and stared through his tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses at the prisoner's counsel.

After a minute's pause, Mr. Bragg resumed the attack. In a sneering tone he said, 'I see, sir, that you have come here with your story, *your* version of the affair, well rehearsed—'

'Don't make a speech, please, Mr. Bragg,' interrupted his opponent.

'When I was somewhat rudely interrupted by my learned friend,' resumed the prisoner's counsel, glancing spitefully at Mr. Snuffin, 'I was about to request this young gentleman, my Lord, to carry his memory back to the alleged shooting. Pray, sir, have you not rather a vivid imagination? I don't wish to be too hard on you, but, as a matter of fact, did any shooting take place at all that night?'

Paul's breath was fairly taken away by the man's cool impudence. To ask him calmly such a question as that when—

'Now, sir; I am waiting for an answer,' resumed his tormentor, waxing bolder as he mistook Paul's conduct for hesitancy, 'and an answer I intend to have.'

'Did any shooting take place?' repeated the Viscount, wonderingly. 'Why, of course it did. I have told you so already. That man—the one nearest this way, indicating 'Toff Wilhe'—'fired a shot at me.'

'Oh, so that is your version of it, now,' said Mr. Bragg. 'Fired *a* shot—not twenty shots, eh?'

'I didn't know a revolver held twenty cartridges,' said Paul, demurely, though the twinkle in his eyes showed that he could enjoy 'scoring off' an opponent just as much as the learned counsel.

'Now, sir, attend to me, and remember that you are on your oath. Might not this shot, which you say was fired, have been fired at—a bird, for instance? Will you undertake to swear that it was not?'

'I will,' said Paul.

'Will you swear that the revolver did not go off by accident?' persisted Mr. Bragg, looking knowingly at the foreman of the jury.

'I will.'

Mr. Bragg looked puzzled. He had thought that he could easily succeed in browbeating and confusing a young fellow like the Viscount, and he had found out his mistake. Savagely turning on Paul, he exclaimed,—

'There seems no doubt, sir, that you have come here prepared to adhere to the story you tell, at any cost to my unfortunate clients. You are a lord, you see, and they are only poor men.'

Hereupon Mr. Justice Somnus aroused himself, and looking squarely at the angry counsel, he said, 'That, sir, is a most improper remark and a reflection upon the course pursued in an English court of justice. You know perfectly well, and if you do not know, you certainly *ought* to know, that no distinction of persons is ever recognised there. And I furthermore say that Lord Courtland has given his evidence with a candour and straightforwardness which must be perfectly apparent to everybody;' after saying which the learned judge gently slid back into his cushions again.

Foiled in his attempt to create prejudice against Paul in the eyes of the jury, and feeling somewhat 'small' from the effects of the 'wiggling' he had just received from his Lordship, Mr. Bragg subsided, and reserved his attacks for future witnesses.

Nothing much came of Geoff's evidence, except in so far as it bore out his brother's, but when the Admiral stepped into the box the spectators guessed that it was likely the bullying counsel and the peppery old war-horse might fall foul of each other before the encounter was over.

As he rose to cross-examine Sir Colin, Mr. Bragg blew his nose and then began, 'Sir Colin Crabbe, I believe you are an Admiral in the British Navy?'

'I am.'

'And, doubtless, you have been accustomed to scenes of violence in the course of your duties?'

'Well, yes; I have witnessed many violent deeds, one way and another,' replied the Admiral, wondering what on earth all this was leading up to.

'Precisely. Now do you not think your own conduct was of rather a violent character when you presented a deadly weapon—a revolver—at the heads of my clients in the room you broke into?'

The cool impudence of the question staggered the old man. Then in fiery indignation he burst forth—

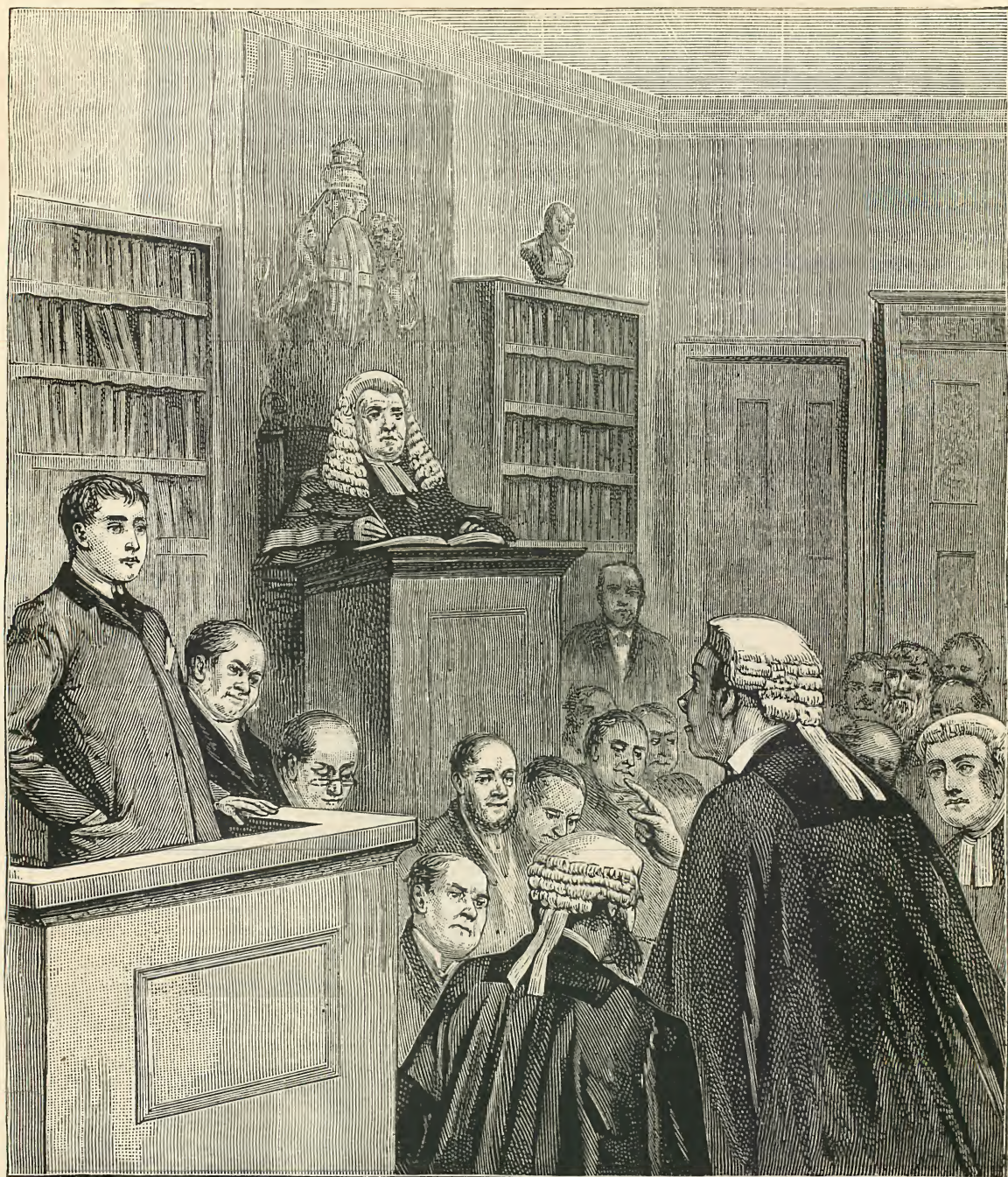
'What did you suppose I should do? Ask the fellows to dinner?'

Laughter followed this sally, but the learned counsel was in no sense abashed. He wriggled and twisted, endeavouring to distort the obvious facts of the case, displaying some ingenuity, it must be confessed, in so doing.

As a parting shot he said, 'And now, Admiral, for the information of the jury, just tell me if you were in the habit of putting revolvers to the heads of those on board your ship when you adjudged them guilty of any offence?'

The old man was perfectly cool, as he answered, in slow, impressive tones, 'Offences differ, sir, but for the offence of ill-bred insolence, I should say the most fitting punishment was three dozen at the gangway, well laid on!' and with a significant nod at his persecutor, the Admiral left the witness-box amid smothered sounds of laughter, in which the junior bar, with whom Mr. Bragg was no favourite, were certainly the worst offenders.

After the speeches had been made by counsel on both sides, the prisoners' advocate, as he called no witnesses, being entitled to the 'last word' with the



"Now, sir, I am waiting for an answer."

jury, Mr. Justice Somnus put on his spectacles and began a very brief summing-up:—

'Gentlemen of the Jury, the case which has occupied you for some little time is one which, though of vast importance to the persons charged, is yet as simple an issue as ever a jury was put to try. If, gentlemen, you believe the story told, and the evidence given, for the prosecution, why, you will, of

course, find the prisoners guilty. You have heard the evidence for yourselves, and I do not think it would serve any good purpose if I were to repeat it. British juries will always do their duty without fear or favour, and I suppose you will be glad to retire and reflect upon the evidence, and to say whether the prisoners at the bar are guilty or not guilty.'

(Continued at page 275.)



"The ape threw the gold by handfuls into the street."

THE MISER AND THE APE.



HERE was once a rich miser, who never could be persuaded to do anything to help the poor; he lived alone and kept an ape as his only companion; he hoped, however, to sell him for more than he had cost, and so to make a gain of him.

One day this hard-hearted man went out and left the ape by himself. The creature knew where his master kept his money, as he had often watched him counting it over; and, being as most apes are, of a mischievous disposition, he managed to open the chest, and threw the gold by handfuls into the street.

The passers-by saw what had happened, they struggled and fought for the money, and gathered up as much as they could get, and carried it away with them.

When the chest was quite empty, the miser came down the street and saw with dismay what had happened. 'Oh, you ugly, abominable, stupid creature,' cried he, and beat the ape so severely that he ran away in great terror.

While he was still in a passion and mourning over the loss of his beloved money, a wise neighbour came up to him, and said, 'Why do you make yourself so unhappy at the loss of your money? It certainly was a stupid thing to throw it out of the window as your ape has done; but do you think it is any wiser to keep it locked up in a chest, and to make no use at all of it?'

Those only are worthy of riches who make good use of them, both for themselves and for others.

C. C.

A WINTER IN SWEDISH LAPLAND.

PART I.



ABOUT one hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway, there lies the large territory of Swedish Lapland, inhabited by those strange-looking and undersized people, known as the Lapps, of whom there are several thousands in this territory, besides those who dwell in Russian and Norwegian Lapland. The climate of this far-off region is extremely cold for nine months of the year, with a very hot but very short summer. The country is covered with forests of birch, pine, and fir trees, with an undergrowth of lichens and mosses, which supply abundant food for the reindeer, which are the chief wealth to the inhabitants.

The Laplanders used to be wanderers, but the difficulty of finding food has compelled some of the tribes to settle down near the lakes and rivers, where they fish and hunt. They show great skill as marksmen, and supply the markets of Sweden with game and skins.

Although a very superstitious and credulous people, they are partly educated, and accept the Christian faith of their neighbours. They do not, however, mingle much with other people. They are regarded with contempt by the tall Norwegian peasantry, while the peculiar habits of the Lapps, and their love for their own customs, tend still more to keep them apart from the neighbouring nations.

It will readily be believed that (at least, some years ago) there were not many English tourists to be found in those far-off regions, still, now and then an enterprising Briton did find his way there, and the experiences of one such, who not only remained with the Lapps during the latter half of the summer, but throughout the long dreary winter, will now be given.

Mr. Curtis, an Englishman, having spent part of the summer in touring through Norway, resolved to penetrate into Swedish Lapland, and make friends with the diminutive people who dwelt there. Having arrived among a tribe who were settled on a river, and who supported themselves by hunting and fishing, he arranged to board himself with the head man of the little community, an individual who had reached to the uncommon height of five feet two inches, and was by far the tallest man in all the country round. As Mr. Curtis was slightly over six feet in height, he was gazed at by men, women, and children, with a respectful admiration, which, if he was a vain man, must have been very dear to his heart. But what was still more pleasant, was the kind and friendly manner of his host, Peter Schein, a sturdy, cheerful little fellow, with a good-natured wife, several sons and daughters, and a large troop of reindeer. But it was not only Peter who was kind to the tall stranger from far-off England; every one of the people seemed to have the same friendly spirit, so that Mr. Curtis, on entering any of their huts, was sure to be greeted with a smile by the worthy little hosts, who would hasten to fill their biggest bowl with reindeer's milk, and their largest basket with ripe berries of every kind — these delicacies being pressed upon his acceptance, along with dried fish and a peculiar kind of cake, made of barley and rye, very black, and rather bitter, but wholesome enough. The visitor soon came to like this cake and to eat it with a wonderful relish. Such berries as were presented to him he had never seen before, even in his own highly favoured land! The grey rocks which rose above the huts of the people abounded with strawberries of a delicate flavour, while the moorlands which encircle the village had, within a few short weeks, blossomed with flowers like a garden in fairyland. It was all very beautiful, for the lakes and pools were white with lilies, while even the dangerous quagmires were ruddy with the fruit of the cranberry. Yes, it was very beautiful, but it quickly passed away. Mr. Curtis had been there but a very short time when

Peter Schein warned him that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare to go southward, so as to reach Norway before it got dark.

But Mr. Curtis thought, Why not remain throughout the winter, and see all that was to be seen? He was his own master, with nothing to hurry him home. A few minutes settled the whole matter. Peter was delighted to retain his boarder for so long a time, and he promised to do everything in his power to make him comfortable. Soon the whole tribe moved into their winter quarters. The summer huts or tents occupied by the tribe were mere leafy booths, built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone, which supported them, being of pine timber. But the true homes of the people were under the earth—not above its surface. Here were the caverned storehouses for all their worldly wealth, and their own dwellings, too, for more than nine months of the year.

It was somewhat of a shock to the feelings of Mr. Curtis when, for the first time, he descended into these gloomy abodes, but after all, things were not so bad; the other cavern homes might be terribly crowded and shockingly smoky, but Peter Schein was a rich man in his way. He had a roomy set of caverns for his own family, with furs and eiderdown quilts in plenty, as became the owner of so many reindeer. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box-beds, which were sunk into the clay walls like sleeping-berths on board ship. But Mr. Curtis, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to himself, which although without a window of any kind, was not quite airless, a life-giving current being admitted by means of the hollow trunk of a tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft over-head. It was a rough and ready plan, but it answered the purpose of ventilation well enough, especially in the opinion of a man who had resolved to take things as he found them, and not to be too exacting. Besides, his little den really had many comforts; the floor was carpeted with soft, dried moss; his bed was a pile of dressed deer-skins, supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof. He had numerous pillows, stuffed with the plumage of the eider duck, besides two coverlets of bear-skin, and—crowning magnificence—an old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, the sad relic of a vessel wrecked off the North Cape, and which had been dragged many a weary mile on a reindeer sledge.

FIRM TO HER PURPOSE.

‘I WISH I had an orange,’ said Annie’s brother Phil, As she was sitting by him one day when he was ill. ‘I wish you had,’ she answered, and that was all she said,

But soon a plan had entered her busy little head, And soon she left the cottage, with eager steps she went—

To buy what Philip wished for was Annie’s firm intent.

The nearest shop—two miles off—was on the village green,

A lane, a field, a meadow and valley lay between, And when she reached the valley, to her surprise she found

That all the way across it was water-covered ground;

For many days the rainfall had been so very great That ponds, and pools, and rivers were in a swollen state.

But Annie had not pictured the water flowing so, Across the pretty valley through which she meant to go;

Yet she was not discouraged, nor thought of turning back,

She doffed her boots and stockings and plunged upon the track;

And as the day was chilly—a day in early spring— That watery walk was really a most unpleasant thing!

But Annie went on bravely, of self she took no thought;

To give her brother pleasure she very gladly sought. Three oranges—the best ones the shop contained—bought she,

And when to Phil she gave them, he thanked her heartily,

And very quickly ate one, and, oh! she was so glad Because he said ‘twas splendid, the best he ever had!

* * * * *

Ah! if when we are planning to do a kindly deed We meet a little hindrance, and do not then proceed, We forfeit all the pleasure which we could give and get

By bravely overcoming the obstacle we met.

To give up our intention to do a kindly act Because ‘twill cost us trouble, reveals indeed the fact That we are sadly selfish, and lack the loving mind Which prompts to noble actions to benefit mankind.

D. H.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 272.)



Of course, there could be little doubt as to the result of the jury’s deliberations, and therefore there was a lack of that interest which is generally manifested during the time that the twelve men consult.

When the foreman pronounced the word ‘Guilty,’ Mr. Justice Somnus seemed to awake with a start. Then he delivered himself of the sentences in a series of jerks, of which only the following words could be properly caught:—

‘Prisoners at the bar, you have all—found guilty—patient trial—jury, fellow-countrymen—quite concur their finding—you, William—fired shot—



"She doffed her boots and stockings and plunged upon the track."

might have been in dock—charge of wilful murder—ten years' penal servitude. You two—equally involved—most dangerous characters—my duty, sitting here—public servant—Her Majesty's judge—take care for the good of community—exemplary sentence—seven years.' A hurried bob to the bar, and his Lordship disappeared through the crimson curtains.

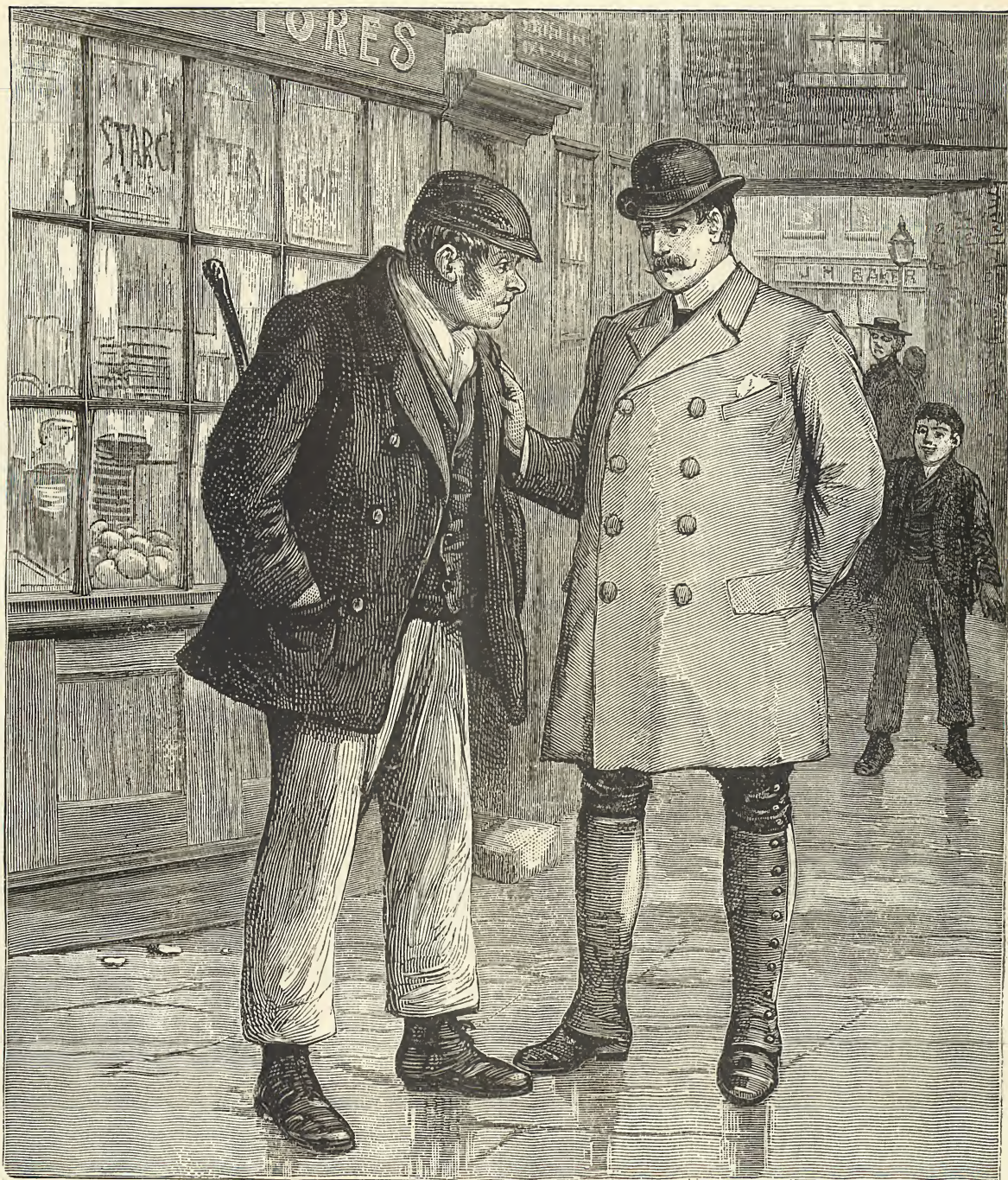
Amongst the most deeply interested of the spectators in the crowded Assize Court, but sitting well at the back and near the door, was Black Tom. He had listened intently to the whole of the proceedings, as may well be imagined when we remember the active share he had had in the burglary. He was fearful that perhaps his 'pals' would 'round on him' and 'peach,' but his curiosity got the better of his

fears, and he resolved to be present at the trial. Having sat it out 'to the bitter end,' he rose with the rest directly after sentence had been pronounced, and the whole crowd filed slowly out of the doors.

Before he had gone a dozen yards down the High Street of the county town some one touched him on the shoulder, and with a guilty start he looked, and his eyes met those of the Honourable James Ogilvie.

Much relieved to find that it was not a policeman in the act of arresting him, but still greatly puzzled to think what Mr. Ogilvie could want with him, he followed that gentleman up a quiet side street whither he had beckoned him.

'Now, my good fellow,' began the Honourable, fixing Black Tom with his eye. 'Perhaps I know a



"Now, my good fellow, what were you doing on the night of the burglary?"

little more about this burglary than most people. What were you doing that night?"

The darkness was welcome, indeed, to Black Tom. His face paled, but his voice did not tremble as he answered, with pretended stupidity, 'What night, sir?'

'Come, come, my man. I have got a train to catch home, and I can assure you I have no intention

of staying cackling here with you half the night. You may have a bad memory, but after I have told you that I saw you bolt out of the Abbey gates at the very time that the burglary was being committed, you may recollect what your little game was. If not, perhaps the sight of a constable may refresh your dull understanding.'

Black Tom's knees knocked together. He saw

plainly that nothing was to be gained by trying to seem ignorant of what the other meant, and the bare mention of the constable filled him with nervous terrors. Speaking slowly, in order to get time to make up his story, he said, 'Mr. Ogilvie, sir, you are making a great mistake. You think I had some hand in that robbery. Well, sir, it is not true. If you believe me—'

'I don't believe you,' replied Mr. Ogilvie, coolly.

'Well, sir, it is truth I am telling you; all solid truth that I am now going to tell you—'

'You had better not, Tom. You might strain yourself,' said the other with a grin on his face as he spoke.

Black Tom was put out, but he recovered himself again in a moment. 'Of course, sir, I am only a poor man, and—'

'Now, cut all that,' exclaimed Mr. Ogilvie; 'we have heard that story before. Whether you are poor or rich makes no difference as to your telling the truth or not, does it?'

'All I was doing that night, sir, was going up to meet a friend of mine in the park, and the reason I run out in such a hurry—' Again came a cool interruption—

'Very well, my man, as you *won't* take the chance I offer you, you will just walk along with me until we meet a policeman, and then—well, you have been in court to-day; you know what you have got to expect.'

'Oh, don't be hard on a poor fellow, Mr. Ogilvie, sir; don't be—'

'Stop that, you fool,' cried Mr. Ogilvie, fiercely, and looking sharply round as he spoke. 'Do you want the whole neighbourhood to hear what we are talking about? Listen to me. I know perfectly well that you were acting in league with the other men who have been convicted here to-day. Now, as it won't do me any good to get you put in prison, I shall keep my tongue still about your share in this business—just so long as you continue to be useful to me and serve my purpose; do you hear? At present I have no use for your services; I may never have any use for them. On the other hand, I might want you at a moment's notice, and then you would have to come; and, moreover, you will be expected to do any—well, we will say, any little service I may require of you. There must be no mistake in this matter, and no hesitation about obeying me without question. Do you understand, or shall I call that constable you see walking along on the opposite side of the street? And the Honourable James glared at the paltry rascal.

'I will do anything you like, sir. You always know where to find me when I am wanted; and touching his slouched felt hat, the fellow walked off slowly in the direction of the railway station, whither Mr. Ogilvie also bent his steps, but at a much quicker pace.

By this time the Admiral and his two young friends were well on their way in the long drive home, and exchanging their impressions on the subject of the day's proceedings.

'Well, Admiral, I shall not be a barrister,' says Geoff, decidedly. 'Fancy having to behave like that man who defended to-day.'

'My dear boy,' laughed Sir Colin, 'all barristers are not like Bragg, I am thankful to say. There are not so many of his sort about as most people suppose. Most of the men at the English bar are gentlemen within the truest meaning of the word. Besides, we ought to make some allowances for a man who has no case at all, as was Mr. Bragg's sad plight to-day. Did you never hear the story told of a well-known counsel, who was about to defend a notorious criminal? When he opened his brief he found that the whole of his instructions consisted of these words: "No case. Abuse the opposite counsel." I fancy that poor Mr. Bragg found it pretty hard to invent anything at all to say for his clients.'

'Admiral, was the judge really asleep, or only shamming, and lying in wait for the counsel to trip?'

'Don't know, my boy, at all. He never seemed to miss a single important point, anyhow, although he did appear to be dozing about half the time. There is one thing that the lawyers of England have a right to feel very proud of, and that is that not even the faintest breath of suspicion has ever fallen upon a judge of the High Court. I don't mean to say but what many an unjust judgment may have been given, which merely proves that judges are like other men—human, and therefore liable to make mistakes. But if anybody tried to buy an English judge he would promptly find himself inside an English prison.'

'Well,' said Paul, 'I should rather like to go to the bar, myself; but I don't think anything is half so good as being a soldier, and as father and grandfather were soldiers before us, I think both Geoff and I ought to follow in their footsteps; don't you?'

'Could not do better, boys; could not do better,' answered the old man, heartily. 'And now, as it will take us quite another hour to drive home, suppose we imitate the excellent example of Mr. Justice Somnus, and take a nap?'

'No, dear old Admiral; tell us a story instead,' cried Paul. 'That will pass the time much better. I am sure sleeping won't do you any good,' he added, laughing.

'Well, once upon a time there were two young monkeys left to plague an old fellow's life out of him. The monkeys' names were Paul and Geoff, and the poor old man's name was Crabbe. That is the end of the story, and now the old Crabbe is off to sleep, and without another word, and heedless of the boys' laughter, the old Admiral settled himself into a corner of the carriage, and ten minutes later was fast asleep.

(Continued at page 282.)

THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP IN COURT.

A Fable.

A LION'S preserves were broken into. A wolf and a sheep were accused of the deed. When brought up in court before the judges—who were the tiger, rhinoceros, and panther—the wolf's countenance betrayed not the least sign of guilt (although between you and me he was the culprit). The poor sheep,

when spoken to by the judge, trembled like an aspen leaf, stammered, and at last was just able to utter that he had never been near the place, and that his food, almost from the time of his birth, had consisted only of grass. Well, how did the trial end? The wolf was set free, and the poor helpless sheep, whose downcast face seemed to tell of guilt, at least in the eyes of the court, was doomed to death. He was thereupon set upon by the judges, and devoured in less time than it takes you to say Jack Robinson.

MORAL.—What is more important than the work of a judge? We ought never to go merely by outside appearances, for hardened criminals are often the most callous and brazen-faced, whereas really innocent persons are bashful, timid, and quite unnerved when accused unjustly of any offence.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

42.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. PART of every human being, and most animals.
2. Found in your kitchen.
3. Necessity.
4. Terminations.
- 2.—1. An island in the Mediterranean.
2. To conduct; a heavy metal.
3. Uncovered; to carry.
4. A seaport in Asia.
- 3.—1. A very valuable grain.
2. White with age.
3. Very earnest, ardent, impetuous.
4. In ancient times a scene of cruelty; an open space.
5. A despotie ruler curtailed.
- 4.—1. The ecclesiastical head of a parish; a substitute.
2. Very angry.
3. A Church dignitary.
4. To make amends for a wrong.
5. To restore, to make again.
- 5.—1. A fragrant tree.
2. To escape from, to avoid.
3. Landmarks of time; fruit.
4. One skilled in any art or employment.
5. Musical signs.

C. C.

43.—METAGRAMS.

- (A.)—1. To imitate maliciously.
2. A safeguard against dishonesty or intrusion.
3. A very early riser.
4. A covering for the foot.
5. A light wine.
6. A danger to those on the sea.
- (B.)—1. Used for concealment or disguise.
2. A wooden vessel to hold liquor.
3. To enjoy the sunshine.
4. An appointed piece of work.
- (C.)—1. An animal possessing a valuable fur.
2. A story intended to teach some truth, or expose some folly.
3. The pointed end of a building.
4. A large strong rope.
5. Seen in every dining-room.

C. C.

[Answers at page 295.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|----------|
| 39.—1. Cold. | 2. Soul. | 3. Back. | 4. Cold. |
| Wold. | Soil. | Bake. | Clad. |
| Word. | Moil. | Bade. | Clam. |
| Ward. | Mild. | Bide. | Camp. |
| Warm. | Mind. | Side. | Damp. |
| 5. Skin. | 6. Care. | 7. Wide. | 8. One. |
| Nibs. | Core. | Wild. | Ton. |
| Nobs. | Cope. | Wold. | Tow. |
| Bone. | Hope. | Gold. | Two. |
| | | Long. | |
| 40.—1. Leith. | 4. Oxford. | 8. Dover. | |
| 2. Sunderland. | 5. Thebes. | 9. Toledo. | |
| 3. Windsor. | 6. Whitehaven. | 10. Yarmouth. | |
| | 7. York. | | |
| | 41.—Esmond. | | |
| 1. Don. | 2. Some. | 5. Dome. | 7. Nod. |
| 2. Mend. | 4. Mode. | 6. Sod. | 8. Dose. |

A SOUTH COAST BEACH.



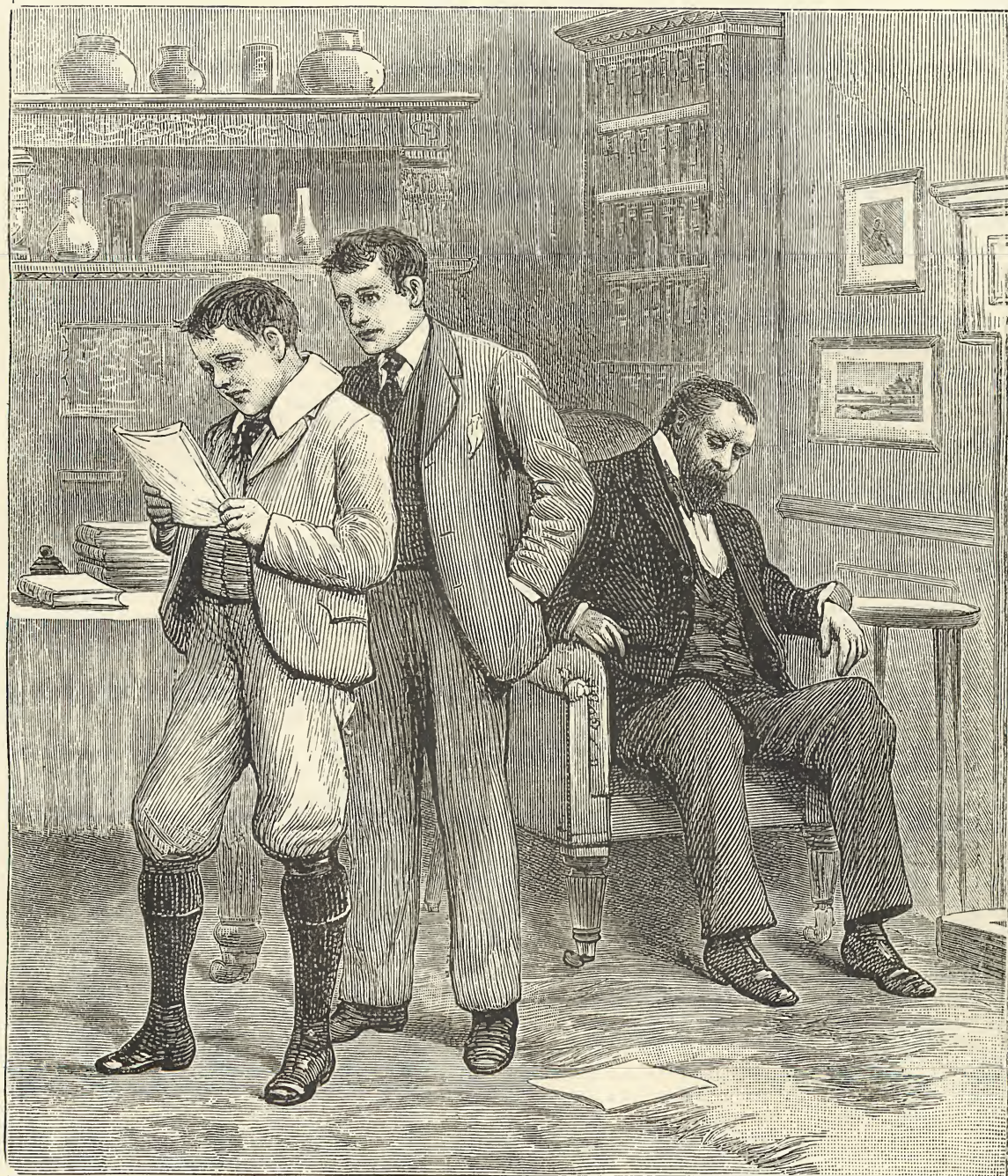
THE scene depicted here is one common to most of the towns and villages of our southern and western coasts which have no harbours. There are many such places where there is no accommodation for boats of any description. The beach has to do duty in such cases, and it is astonishing what an amount of fishing and boating is carried on from the shore. The great drawback is, that should it come on to blow, whilst the vessels are lying hauled up on the beach, they cannot possibly be launched, and on the other hand, if a gale comes on whilst they are at sea, it would be the height of folly to attempt a landing. In such case the little vessels, however rough it is, must shape a course for some other place which has a harbour—to try to land on a lee beach would be to court destruction for the boat and drowning for her crew. Generally speaking, when the weather is moderately fine, the vessels sail slowly in to the shore, reducing their canvas as they get within a few yards of grating their keels on the shingle; then, a long hawser being attached to the front part of the keel, the boat is hauled up the beach by means of a windlass, worked either by a horse or by men with capstan bars.

One of the most curious cases of doing without a harbour, or even a pier, is that of the excursion steamer which touches at Seaton in Devonshire. She runs stem on, on to the steep beach, and then, lowering a gangway over her bows, the passengers are, in this strange way, enabled to get ashore, and are re-embarked in the same manner. Of course, this can only be done where the beach shelves very rapidly into deep water, as it does at Seaton.

F. R.



A South Coast Beach.



"Paul, come here and look at this."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 278.)



ATS flew and owls hooted round the ivied turrets of the castle and over the grey stone walls of the old Abbey one wild, gusty night. It was April's early greeting to a world tired of the long winter and cold, wretched spring. Monsieur Delacour had been searching in the shelves of the library for light literature, and in rummaging a cupboard below the bookstand he lighted upon a small parcel of manuscript, faded and old. The only mark it bore on its outside sheet was a single line, 'The Abbey Legend.' Not finding anything more suitable for passing the time, he took this with him into the morning room, and there, over a bright wood fire, he settled himself into an easy chair, and began to read the manuscript.

But, like many more of his countrymen, M. Delacour preferred a lighter style of literature to family legends of ghosts and goblins, and therefore it came about that before he had read much of the manuscript he dropped his head, nodded, woke with a start, nodded again, and in two minutes more he had gone off to sleep, whilst the manuscript dropped on the floor at his side.

A quarter of an hour later Paul entered the room, shortly followed by Geoff. The latter's quick eye soon caught the old book lying on the floor. He went over to it, picked it up, and attracted by its curious title, he bent over it earnestly. Presently he looked up.

'Paul,' he said, 'come here and look at this. What a queer thing that we should never have heard before of any legend connected with the old Abbey—except that, now that I come to think of it, Mrs. Gubbins said, one day, that if I did something or other, or didn't do something or other—I quite forget which—I should be as bad as the Red Monk; and then she pulled herself up suddenly, as if she had said something she ought not. Come and sit down here; there is room for us both on this chair, and we will read what it says together. It may be a jolly ghost story.'

And without delay the two boys settled themselves down, and with elbows planted on the table and hands supporting their chins, they read this curious narrative:—

'The following lines contain the simple record of an event which took place whilst I, Brother Ignatius, was serving the term of my probation for a monastic life at the Abbey. I am commanded by the good Prior to put in writing the circumstances whilst they are still fresh in the memory of the Brotherhood, and to the best of my belief these are the actual facts:

'Late in the afternoon of one wild, stormy day, when flecks from the sea-foam had driven across the shore from the tops of waves running mountains high,

a loud summons came to the wicket-gate of the Abbey. I, as the (then) lay brother on duty, went to the gate, and ere the great iron bell had ceased its clanging, I opened the trap of the iron grating, and beheld a strange-looking man, clad in a monkish habit, wearing a rope knotted round his waist. But no cross, rosary, or missal was there about him. The cowl had fallen back from his head, disclosing a shock of red hair and a forbidding face. I bade him state his business, and as he spoke his mild accents quickly banished from my mind the first impression which I had formed of him. He told me that he had just returned from a pilgrimage to Canterbury; that he had travelled afar in strange countries, and that he now claimed the hospitality of our Brotherhood, being footsore and weary, for a few days, before again setting forth upon yet another pilgrimage. I opened the wicket and he came in, very slowly, for he limped badly, and one foot was wrapped in bandages. As it was my duty, I at once conducted the stranger into the presence of Father Anselmo, our Prior, and by his orders I remained in the room at the interview which then took place between them. It was short. The Father asked the red-haired monk as to whence he came and whither he was wending his way, and being easily satisfied with the answers which he received, he told him that he was welcome and that our poor hospitality was entirely at his service. I was then told to conduct our guest to the refectory, where the Brothers were even then assembling for their simple evening repast. At first our good monks eyed the stranger askance, but, like myself, they were quickly turned in his favour by the charm of voice and manner which he possessed. He told us of his journeyings, and of the doings of the great world outside our walls. But soon, this worldly chatter coming to Anselmo's ears, he gently reproved the strange monk and bade him cease to tell these things, as not fitting for the Brothers, and especially the younger members of the community, to hear. He feared greatly that such things might unsettle their minds and distract their attention from matters more serious. The stranger bowed most humbly when he was chided, and never more was word heard from his lips when we were in assembly. But amongst us there was one, by name Francis, a goodly youth to look upon, and one of noble birth. It was said that he had entered our Order to expiate, by a life of piety and devotion, a terrible crime committed in his early youth. Madened by rage he had stabbed another to the heart, and then, overcome by feelings of the bitterest remorse, he exchanged his powder and satins for tonsure and a monk's coarse gown. To him did the Red Monk—for so we got in a short time to always think of him—turn his sole attention. By art and wile he got his ear, and although our rules, austere carried out, prevented much intercourse in ordinary daily round, yet a brother might enter a brother's cell after vespers, and there converse. But our good Prior had noticed that Brother Francis seemed unsettled in his mind, and suspecting that our now no longer welcome guest had something to do with it, he bade me watch to see if either entered the other's cell.

'For two nights I obeyed the order given me, and

Father Anselmo grew more and more uneasy on the young brother's account.

"Heard you what they said, Ignatius?" he asked anxiously, after the second night's watching. "Nay, Father, I did but catch a word by chance, here and there," I answered. "I greatly trust it be not foolish talking," he murmured, "but I have great fears within me."

'Upon that I acted. That same night I watched the Red Monk creep cautiously along the stone corridor. A ray from the moon caught his face as he passed close to where I stood in the deep shadow of an arched doorway. May I be forgiven if I did him wrong then, but as he turned to softly grasp the handle of the young Brother Francis's door I thought I saw upon his face an expression of devilish glee. The grasp upon my cross became a tighter one, and as I raised it in my hand a strong shiver shook the frame of the Red Monk. He disappeared into the cell, and then with all my might I listened.

"Well, Francis," said he, "to-night you must decide. Either to go on in this living, breathing death, or else—the world! the grand, glorious world again, with every pleasure laid at your feet. Choose, choose!" he cried, his voice rising, as it seemed to me, in fiendish exultation over his intended victim. "You know my terms: they are easy ones, and you will find I am no hard taskmaster. Of all these monkish riff-raff you alone have shown you still have both head and heart. What are the rest—men? No; a thousand times no! Dull blocks, in whom the life-blood is frozen at its source. Come, Francis, you were never meant for this. Confess, before ever I came here you longed to renounce vows taken in a moment of madness. You did? Ah, yes; I *knew* you did. I only wanted to see if you would *confess* it! You have held out these three days, excellent monk, but to-night, now, come with me, or—to-morrow will be too late." "Oh, an hour! Nay, then, give me but—" began the agonised voice of the young Brother, but his speech was cut short by the almost menacing tones of the tempter, "Not another minute. Now or—" and again the mocking laugh rang out, chilling the blood in my veins as I listened, trembling, at the door.

'Suddenly it was flung back upon its hinges, and the two appeared before me. My duty was to oppose their leaving the monastery, and yet what could I do alone? I tried to shout for help, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Even at that moment of terror I noticed that both men had discarded their monkish garments in favour of the dress of court gallants. The Red Monk advanced upon me.

"Back, Friar!" he said, with withering contempt. "You would try to stop *my* progress!" and as the words rang in my ears his figure seemed suddenly to grow until he towered above me. He put his hand on my throat and hurled me back against the wall.

"Come, Francis," he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, and strode away through the corridor, followed in half hesitating manner by the young monk. They passed out of sight, and I heard the great gates swing back, then shut with sudden clang again. I hastened to the Prior's room as soon as I could collect myself, and told him all. He was about to

give some directions, when suddenly his eye fell upon my neck.

"The Saints preserve us! Ignatius, my son! every finger laid by the Red Monk upon thy throat has left its mark by *scorching*!"

(Continued at page 290.)

MYSTERY OF THE APPLE.

I REMEMBER well, in my early days, seeing upon my grandmother's mantelshelf an apple contained in a phial. This was a great wonder to me. My question was, 'How came the apple to get inside so small a bottle?' The apple was quite as big round as the phial; by what means was it placed within it? Though it was treason to touch the treasure on the mantelpiece, I took down the bottle, and convinced my youthful mind that the apple never passed through its neck; and by means of an attempt to unscrew the bottom, I became equally certain that the apple did not enter from below.

I held to the notion that in some strange way the bottle had been made in two pieces, and afterwards united in so careful a manner that no trace of the joint remained. I was hardly satisfied with the theory, but as no one was at hand to suggest any other explanation, I let the matter rest. One day the next summer I chanced to see upon a bough another phial, the first cousin of my old friend, within which was growing a little apple which had been passed through the neck of the bottle while it was extremely small. The secret was out, and I learnt how it is possible to get apples into a narrow-necked bottle.

SISTERS.

HAPPY little sisters,
Merry Flo and Nell,
They have been together
To the lovely dell,
Where the birds' sweet music,
And the wild bees' hum,
Tell the joyful tidings—
'Summer-tide has come!'

There they gathered blossoms,
Blossoms sweet and fair,
Some, you see, are crowning
Nelly's curly hair;
Some she holds up gaily,
High above her head;
In her lap are others,
Daintily outspread;

To prevent them falling
Flo's left hand is placed,
And her right encircles
Nelly's bonny waist;
And she gazes fondly
At her sister dear—
Ah! they love each other
With a love sincere.



"Happy little sisters,
Merry Flo and Nell."

Flo cannot be happy
Unless all is well
With her precious sister—
Darling little Nell;
Nell cannot be happy,
She is full of woe,
If she sees in trouble
Darling sister Flo.

Ah! and as we watch them
Playing with the flowers,
Which their hands have gathered
In the sunny hours,
We are wishing for them
That, through life's long way,
They may love each other
As they do to-day.

E.



THE MARKHOR.

THIS may be described as the king of the wild goat tribe, and is found in the great ranges of the Himalayan Mountains. Rarely indeed can it be met with in the plains, and the hunter must seek it in steep grassy slopes, or amongst the dwarf pine forests or underwood just below, or actually in the snow regions.

By reason of its wild, shy ways, the animal is very hard to get near, and those who wish to hunt it must be prepared to exercise their patience and skill for many a weary hour before they can get within rifle range. The markhor is second only to the chamois in its wonderful powers of leaping from rock to rock, and is thus, many a time, enabled to

escape its enemy, man, even after having been slightly wounded.

Like very many other wild animals, the markhor changes its coat twice in each year; during the earlier months, the general body of its coat is of a dirty, yellowish white, whilst the legs are dark brown; later on it changes to a mixture of brown and grey. The horns are nearly flat and twisted like a ribbon; the average length of a good specimen pair being about three feet from tip to root. F. R.

HUNTING FUNGI.

AFTER there has been a moist winter, and one not too cold, it is a very pleasant sight in spring to notice amidst the woods, and along the hedgerows, the beautiful fungi of varied forms and colours. Some folk call them toad-stools, a name more usually given to the fungi which grow upon marshes and meadows; it seems an odd name, meant to imply dislike, I suppose. Whether toads ever sit upon any of these fungi I cannot say, but it seems probable they do not. In these days when people make collections of all sorts of objects, there are some who seek for fungi to preserve them as curiosities. When carefully dried, they may sometimes be kept for a time—though not all kinds, many are too perishable. To a boy, perhaps, a large fungus affords delight, if he is able to reach it, and 'squash' it with a stick! But really the colours of several of the species are lovely, and the shape or size of them curious. Very surprising, too, is the rapid rate at which they often grow, and also the strength which they sometimes have, feeble-looking as they are. We have heard of instances where a particular kind of fungus has sprung up in the damp ground under a floor of a house, and has had power enough to heave up a heavy piece of board. It is rather awkward, that some of these fungi are full of a dark liquid, because friends of naturalists now and then send them by post to those who collect such things, and in the journey they are liable to break, with unpleasant results!

Of course there are great differences in these fungi; certain kinds of small size which grow in fields and waste places are nearly as good to eat as are mushrooms, to which they are allied—indeed, they are cooked in other countries. But in Britain we are apt to be suspicious of them, and we chiefly use the true mushrooms for sauces or dishes. Other fungi, however, are dangerous poisons; others, if touched, give out a disagreeable smell. Most of them serve some purpose, no doubt, such as affording food to insects and various small creatures. Few of the fungi can be said to be more beautiful than the *Pezizas*, of which there are several kinds. The *Carmine Peziza* grows upon damp wood, or amongst the moss; the inside of the cup is a deep crimson, the outside being white. During autumn we may discover the *Orange Peziza*, generally on the earth: it is just the colour of a carrot, shaped like the human ear, and has an odd way of firing off its seeds or spores when they are ripe. About woods and orchards we frequently see the *Candle-snuff fungus*, which is dry and corky, white in colour, with a black tip;

sometimes specimens occur which have the shape of a stag's horn. Some fungi which belong to the *Polyporus* tribe grow to a large size, and weigh many pounds. Quite a contrast are the little species which swarm in dead leaves and elsewhere; to admire these properly you must have a magnifying glass. Usually a fungus has a stalk, long or short, and a cap at the top, but there are various shapes, as we have noticed, flat ones, cup-like ones, others which are round. Some of these have been called puff-balls, because when struck the germs or seeds fly out suddenly, almost like a whiff of smoke. Then the *Agarics*, which often flourish in dark places, such as mines and cellars, have the peculiarity that they shine out brilliantly at times, giving light enough to be seen some yards off. Those who collect fungi have to make ventures, such as jumping into a ditch to take specimens from a floating log, or they may have to climb up a tree, or jump down a dirty hole in the ground to see what may be growing at the bottom or sides.

J. R. S. C.

A WINTER IN SWEDISH LAPLAND.

PART II.



SCARCELY were the Lapps snugly settled in their underground quarters, when Mr. Curtis was asked to join a procession, which annually (according to custom) ascended a neighbouring hill, to see the last of the sun for the space of nine months. It was a picturesque and touching sight, for every one went who was at all able to do so: aged men, and feeble crones, many of them leaning on a staff, maidens and young men, mothers and little children, all were there, with a common purpose, to gaze upon the rapidly sinking sun. As the supreme moment came, and, with a plunge, the red sun went down below the horizon, the people broke forth into a low wailing chant of farewell, which moved some of the elder folk to tears. Of what were they thinking, those half-instructed, superstitious people? Perhaps of those who had been with them last year, when the summer sun had disappeared, but who now were gone to the dim and far-off land, to which they in their turn must shortly go!

However that may be, the poor people in perfect silence descended the hill, but not before a heavy twilight had settled over the fair landscape, and an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west.

'It is the snow-wind,' whispered Peter Schein to his guest, who was wrapping his cloak well about him. 'It is the snow-wind; no more fruit or flowers till next year.'

The next morning (if it could be called morning) a shout overhead aroused Mr. Curtis, who, scrambling up to the outer air, found his host, with his small eyes twinkling with humour. 'A pleasant sight, Mr. Englisher,' he said, in his broken Swedish.

'We must now give you a winter suit of furs, lest you should freeze to death while you are with us!'

The pleasant sight to which the queer little man referred, was the snow: the rocks, the black pine forest, the wide-spreading moorlands, all being covered with one dazzling shroud of purest white! But to the visitor's great relief, it was not so dark as he had supposed it would be; a sort of hazy, shimmering light prevailing everywhere, like moonbeams struggling through a misty night. Still, though not quite dark, the outlook was wild in the extreme. The tall pine-trees had such a ghostly appearance as they solemnly waved in the keen and cutting north wind, while, as the Englishman gazed about him, the blinding snow-flakes again came whirling down, as though they would bury the dead summer, not only out of sight, but out of memory. And yet, strange thought! not forty-eight hours ago, the moorland had been covered with beautiful flowers, and in the dark wood there was an abundance of small fruit!

After this snowfall, each member of the tribe laid aside his summer clothing, put on his many wraps of fur and woollen, and betook himself to his allotted winter pursuits. The lamps were never suffered to go out, cooking of some sort seemed to be always going on; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; wooden bowls were carved and horn trinkets cut for sale at the Swedish fairs; while for hours at a time long stories were told by the old men to crowds of gaping young people, who never seemed to weary of listening to tales of desperate encounters with wild animals, and to legends of the past, when the Lapps were a powerful people, able to defy the whole northern world.

And how did Mr. Curtis employ himself during these strange hours of darkness? He could neither carve wood nor cut trinkets, like the men, nor could he dress deer-skins and sew fur garments, as did the women. He could only smoke, and walk about among the busy little folk, like a man in a dream, wondering sometimes how London was going on. He wound his watch for a time, but at length he forgot about time altogether, and laid his time-keeper aside, along with his summer clothing, till daylight returned once more.

After the first novelty had worn away, he felt bound to make himself agreeable to the ladies; therefore, being gifted with a fine voice, he made Peter's cabin resound with our 'National Anthem,' 'Cheer boys, cheer,' 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay,' 'Tom Bowling,' and various other home-like ditties, all of which were received with shouts of delight by a large audience of the little people.

But they were not by any means always underground. In fine weather the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scratched away the snow with their fore feet. Then there were hunting parties, when wolves, hares, ermine, and birds were alike the objects of pursuit, some for the sake of their fur, others, especially the hares, for the sake of their flesh, which proved most acceptable to the Englishman, who could not relish much of the native food. On one occasion there was a grand battle with an old and very large bear, who

had ventured quite close to the settlement, and had robbed the storehouses of the little people. This bear proved to be a terrible fellow; he wounded four of the best hunters in the tribe, killed two dogs, and had very nearly escaped clean away, when a well-aimed shot laid him low. Mr. Curtis did not share in these dangerous amusements, save as an onlooker. He had never been a sportsman, and even if he had, the manner of attack, and the weapons employed, were only suitable to the Lapps themselves, who showed both boldness and dexterity in these encounters. One amusement, however, which helped the Englishman to get through the long winter was the glorious sledge drives! Oh, the joy, the excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow like a whirlwind! every bell jangling, every reindeer tossing its antlered head, and every elf-like and furs-clad driver singing at the pitch of his voice, as he cheered on his team to still greater speed, through the dim and mysterious half-darkness of a Lapland winter! This was indeed an experience never to be forgotten by Mr. Curtis, and even boasted of, though, if the truth must be told in its entirety, he had been twice frost-bitten, once struck with snow-blindness, which lasted for nearly three weeks, while on one other occasion he had been pitched out of the sledge into a snow-drift five feet in depth, out of which he was dug by the good-natured little men, who gathered round him much as the inhabitants of Liliput would have done, if they had found their friend Gulliver in a like unfortunate position.

At length the time of departure came, for the sun had again appeared. The frozen river had melted, and Peter Schein's trusty boat was in readiness to convey the Englishman to the nearest Norwegian settlement. The friendly little people all crowded down to see their visitor go, waving their hands, and begging him never to forget them, but to return at some other time. Whether Mr. Curtis promised to do so or not the writer is unable to say, but it may be safely asserted, that in leaving the Swedish Laplander after a long residence among *them*, he felt that (whatever the tribes further north might be) they had proved themselves a very worthy, kind-hearted people, who had treated him fairly and honestly, and had done their best to make a residence in their far-off and mysterious land agreeable to one whose home and habits were so different from their own.

D. B. McKEAN.

SEEING THE KING.

ONE day, during the harvest, King George III. rode by himself into the country. He saw a woman working alone. His Majesty asked her why she was working alone. She said that her companions had gone to see the King, as they had heard he was in the neighbourhood. Then he asked her why she had not gone to see the King. She said, 'I have five children to provide for, and I cannot afford to lose a day's work.' The King put some money into her hand and said: 'Tell your companions, when they come back, that instead of going to see the King, the King came to see you.'



"Tell your companions the King came to see you."



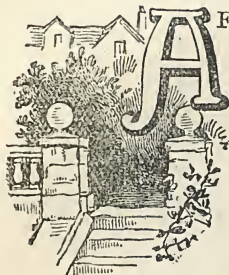
FLAMINGOES FEEDING.



"As soon as she swings round this way, I will drive the stake down."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 283.)



AFTER his mysterious disappearance no man dared to ask who the Red Monk was. None dared name him for many months thereafter, nor venture alone along the cloistered walk at even; but the Brothers heard no more of him for four long years. And then, with a wild March wind blowing and causing the angry breakers to fall with thunderous roar on the distant beach, the monastery bell was rung loudly. A lay Brother answered the summons, and seeing nothing as he opened the wicket and gazed forth into the night, he took a step outwards. There he stumbled across the body of a young gallant, whose velvet and lace garments were stained with blood. The Brother speedily gave an alarm; several of us rushed to his side, one bringing a hanging lantern with him. We bent over the body, and Anselmo, our Prior, taking the lantern, held it down so that its flickering rays fell upon the upturned face.

"It is Francis!" exclaimed three or four in a breath.

'Yes; Francis: Francis, arrayed in finest purple velvet, in doublet and hose, in choicest lace and ruffles, but—with a dagger driven up to the haft in his heart.

'We reverently lifted him, and in solemn silence we carried our burden within those walls which he, regardless of his vows, had quitted four years before. As the gate swung back upon its hinges, a loud mocking laugh rose high above the howling of the wind. And looking quickly up, we—or rather, some of us—saw the figure of the Red Monk sailing high upon the wings of the roaring, howling tempest. Anon it shone bright against the ink-black storm clouds; again, it merged itself within their darkly-folded wings.

'And then . . . the Red Monk went out of the Abbey's history for ever.'

'What an extraordinary story!' exclaimed Geoff, as he rose from the table. 'Is it a fable or is it true? I wonder if the Admiral knows anything about it? We must ask him, Paul.'

'Well,' answered the Viscount, 'the monk who wrote it seems to have believed it, at all events. It is all too matter of fact to have been the invention of his brain; don't you think so?'

'I don't think we are either of us funks, old chap,' said Geoff, after a long pause. 'But if I caught sight of the Red Monk stalking about the Abbey cloisters, I should think the day was too cold for me to stay out any longer.'

'Yes,' said Paul, with a laugh. 'And now let us go to bed, for I am tired right out.'

In some mysterious manner the Honourable James Ogilvie had managed to raise money enough by the

help of Mr. Causton to stave off the pressing attentions of Mr. Nathan, his most urgent creditor, so he remained on at Hawksley Grange. As 'winter lingering in the lap of spring' slowly gave place to warmer and more genial weather, Mr. Ogilvie's thoughts turned on fitting out his steam yacht for the summer months. Not that he could, in the then state of his finances, afford that most costly of luxuries; but James Ogilvie had been for a long time in that peculiar state of living beyond his income in which some men indulge. The 'use' had become 'second nature,' and no thought of retrenchment or self-denial ever seemed to enter into his head. As long as he could get credit given him, just so long would he go on in his wicked extravagance.

Accordingly, and very much to the annoyance of his wife, who strongly disapproved of her husband's yachting absences from home, Mr. Ogilvie ran down to Fishbourne Creek, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where his fine steam yacht, the *Snow Queen*, lay, to see his skipper and give him instructions. He wanted him to fit out for a prolonged time afloat—how long he was quite unable to say; his plans as yet, he said, were quite uncertain, and he could not tie himself to anything. The skipper was to get together a crew as soon as he could, and have everything ready for a start within, at the farthest, six weeks from that date.

Brown, the grizzled old skipper, touched his hat, and promised that his master's instructions should be carried out. He was given a free hand in the matter of finding the men to compose a good crew; but before leaving him, Mr. Ogilvie had said, 'I have a man to whom I wish to give a lift, Brown; his name is Blakesly, and you can ship him as fireman, steward's help, or anything else you like. He has never been to sea, but will come in handy if I go ashore anywhere to shoot, as he understands all about such matters, and is quite at home with guns.'

'Very good, sir.'

It was just at this time that a hint of the desperate state of Mr. Ogilvie's finances came to the Admiral's ear, and it struck him that he might make an offer to hire the *Snow Queen* and send his two charges a yachting trip. At the same time it would give Mr. Ogilvie a helping hand, and enable him to enjoy a season's yachting without expense. Sir Colin also wished very much to have the chance of going to stay a month with an old shipmate with whom he had passed through some lively and dangerous times in the Baltic in the years gone by, and this would be the very time for all these purposes to be carried out. Accordingly, one day, the old sailor suggested to Mr. Ogilvie that he, on behalf of Paul and his brother, should defray the expenses of the coming season, on condition that the boys were taken a long cruise with their uncle. Mr. Ogilvie consented only too gladly, and so it was arranged that soon after the birthday celebrations of the young Viscount, the *Snow Queen* should start from Southampton for an extended trip, carrying our young friends in addition to their uncle.

'Now, Monsieur Delacour, are you ready or are you not?' inquires Paul, and for the fourth time,

as he knocks at the tutor's door. The boys and he are going out fishing on the lake this calm, beautiful evening, and the time slips away as the little Frenchman adorns himself in what he thinks suitable attire for the sport.

'I am coming,' he cries, and then a minute later he comes down in his 'fishing dress,' and, joined by Geoffrey in the hall downstairs, they picked up their fishing-tackle and made for the head of the lake.

'Don't forget the stake, Paul,' called out Geoff, who was unfastening the padlock which secured the flat-bottomed punt to its rusty iron chain.

'All right; I have got it,' answered the Viscount's voice from within the boat-house, whence he presently emerged, laden with bait-cans, a pair of short oars, and a big stake for mooring one end of the boat to; the other being kept from swinging about by means of dropping a mooring-stone overboard from the bow. The rods and all other requisites being at length got safely into the punt, Monsieur, unable any longer to restrain his ardour, took a flying leap into it, which would have capsized anything less barge-like than the old fishing-punt; the boys got in, and they shoved off.

'I think,' said Paul, as he ceased rowing, and looked over his shoulder at a place not more than twenty yards from the opposite bank, 'that this is about as good a spot as any; don't you, Geoff?'

'This is just about where the Admiral caught that big roach, isn't it?' replied Geoff. 'Yes; then I think we could not do better. Shall I heave the stone over?'

Paul nodded. 'And as soon as she swings round this way, I will drive the stake down. It is only about six or seven feet deep, I think.'

Splash! went the stone over from the bow (if one may, indeed, say that there is a bow or a stern to such a shapeless thing as an old-fashioned punt); and then Paul, standing up on the other end of the craft, struck his pole down firmly into the muddy bottom, and made it fast with a piece of line.

Then they baited their hooks, and in silence began to fish.

Half an hour passed without any sign of a bite. Paul kept casting in bread-paste by way of ground-bait, and Monsieur began to wax impatient. He heaved various sighs; then he began to talk, but was promptly silenced by the boys, who told him that any noise would be fatal to their chances of sport. He turned up the whites of his eyes, lit a cigarette, and resigned himself to his fate.

Bob—bob, bob, bob! went Geoff's float; then, without any further warning, it ran suddenly away, partly under water. Geoff struck lightly, and soon landed a good-sized roach. Hardly had he put it in the perforated-topped can when Monsieur, seeing his own float dive beneath the surface, snatched at his rod with such excess of vigour that he tossed right over his head a small fish, which, becoming unhooked in its flight, fell with a splash into the water again, many yards behind the punt. Monsieur looked chagrined, and Geoff whispered to him not to be in such a hurry the next time. It was then Paul's turn

to catch one—a good perch this time. Geoffrey followed with another roach; and so the fun went on, M. Delacour actually succeeding at last in getting a fish all to himself, as he said, and his delight was great.

The shades of night began to draw in after they had been out about two hours, and, with a respectable record of fish—for the lake was well stocked—they began to reel up lines, throw bait overboard, and prepare for a move homewards.

(Continued at page 302.)

RIDING A SEA MONSTER.

FLORIDA boys have one kind of exciting sport which the young folk of more northern lands know little about. It consists in catching the huge sea-turtles which frequent the bay along the southern coast of Florida. The turtles, from which is made the famous green turtle soup, are confined by the fishermen in huge pens, or 'turtle-crawls,' consisting of fences extending from the shore out into the water. When the fisherman needs a turtle for market, one of the boys, whose shiny brown body is stripped bare, stands in the prow of the boat as it is pushed from the shore. He watches intently, and presently he sees one of the big turtles taking a nap on the clear white sand of the bottom. He dives quickly, and, swimming down from behind, seizes the turtle firmly by its shell. Of course the turtle wakes up, and begins to dash and plunge wildly about, seeking to throw its plucky rider. Not succeeding in this, it darts quickly to the surface, where the boy gets his first breath. Then down again it goes, tearing through the water and beating the foam with its flippers. But its rider never lets go for a moment, and presently the great turtle grows exhausted, and the boy, by lifting up the front end of the shell, forces it into the boat, where it is quickly hauled aboard and taken away to market. It is great sport, and the boys enjoy it.

SEVEN AND SEVENTY.

SIDE by side they are sitting, little Seven and dear old Seventy, for as the small maiden remarks, 'It is *both* of our birthdays, and there is a party coming directly.'

What a chatterbox she is to be sure, prattling away to grannie, and bringing many a smile across the placid face! 'Did you have a party when you were seven, grannie? Can you remember it quite well? Did you have a musical box, and a doll that could talk, and a rocking-horse, and oh, *ever* so many things besides? Do you like your birthdays now, grannie dear, or are you tired of getting "happy returns" so often?'

Grannie does her best to answer, and wonders whether those fair locks will ever be snowy like her own, and whether the little heart will be sunshiny to the end, or whether it will be sad and sorrowful when it comes to seventy years? *She* has had her share of this world's troubles, no doubt, but the



Seven and Seventy.

wrinkled face is peaceful enough now. Life's storms are over, and her work is almost finished. Children and grandchildren have been loved and cared for, and she can fold her once busy hands and rest.

'You haven't *much* to do, have you, grannie?' says little Seven; 'so we can play together whenever we like, can't we?'

'Grannie's sunshine' she is, certainly; the golden gleam which casts the beauty of spring-time over the greyneyness of a winter sunset.

H. L. T.

AN UNWILLING GUIDE

DURING the Boer war, one of the South African troopers, fighting on the side of the English, was mounted on a horse which had been taken from the enemy. Whilst on patrol duty, his charger suddenly bolted and carried the trooper right into the Boer camp. The trooper was instantly surrounded and made prisoner, and a guard of three men placed over him to ensure his safe custody.



An Unwilling Guide.

Shortly afterwards, a scout came into camp with news that an engagement was being fought some eight or ten miles away. Great excitement at once prevailed; nearly all the available fighting men were dispatched to the scene of action, and, in the confusion which ensued, the prisoner managed to overpower his guard, and compel him, by means of a

loaded revolver held at his head, to guide him back to his own camp, to the great delight of his commander, by whom he had been given up as lost. Moreover, he brought the Boer in with him; and the captive, who had made a most unwilling guide throughout the journey, was detained by the English until the close of hostilities.

F. R.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

TROUSERS AND WAISTCOATS.



ANCIENT authors disagree in the accounts they give of the first inhabitants of Britain. Some assert that before the descent of the Romans the people wore no clothing at all; other writers, however, state that the old Britons clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals; and, as their mode of life required activity and freedom of limb, loose skins over their bodies, fastened probably with a thorn, would give them the needful warmth, without restraining the liberty of action so necessary to the hardy mountaineer.

Then came a second period in the dress of the warlike Britons. They wore a sort of trousers, which fitted tight to the limbs from the waist to the ankles. Over this was worn a tunic with long sleeves, a cloak, and sandals made of skins tied to the feet.

Diodorus, describing the Belgic Gauls, says they wore dyed tunics, beflowered with all manner of colours. With these, they wore close trousers which they called *braccoe*; these trousers were made by the Gauls and the Britons of their chequered cloth, called *breach* and *brycan*, and by the Irish *breacan*. The word *breae*, in Celtic, signifies anything speckled, spotted, striped, or parti-coloured. The Britons were very fond of red, as a colour for their trousers. It is said that trousers were an article of apparel which distinguished all barbaric nations from the Romans.

In the days of the Saxons we find that frequently long drawers or trousers covered the lower limbs, and leathern stockings or buskins were also used. Drawers reaching half-way down the thigh, and stockings meeting them, occur in most Saxon illuminations, and are alluded to, by writers, under the name of *brech* and *hose*. The *femoralia*, or drawers, of Charlemagne were of linen. The Monk of St. Gall speaks of stockings or drawers of linen of one colour, but ornamented with precious workmanship.

It was not till the sixteenth century that a distinct separation took place between ancient and modern dress. It was then that men adopted clothes closely fitting to the body.

Studying various prints of the sixteenth century, we see that a decided change was introduced, two distinct coverings being given to the lower limbs, and the 'hose' were cut in half as it were: one half, the lower, being worn tight and plain, and the other half puffed out, slashed, and embroidered. The term 'hose' was applied to the upper half, to distinguish it from the lower, which came to be called 'stocking.' Later on in the century, the 'hose' became 'breeches,' and so, as time passed, the old and long-used word 'hose' was applied only to 'stockings.'

In the reign of His Majesty Charles I., the 'trunk-hose' became loose breeches of uniform width and

open at the knee, where they were fringed or had a border of lace, and were fastened with sash-like garters; the stockings were tight. By men of fashion this costume was made to assume a fantastic appearance by the adoption of rich and many-coloured fabrics. They frequently trimmed them with lace, bunches of ribbons, feathers, embroidery, and gold lace, and 'points' or laces to fasten the breeches to the stockings. The boots were long in the foot, having tops of enormous width, which were turned down and lined with lace.

In the reign of His Majesty William III., the 'breeches' were made to fit tolerably close to the lower limbs, and were quite tight at the knees, where tightly fitting stockings, if not gartered ones, were drawn over them in a roll. It was about A.D. 1740 that the breeches were made to fasten over the stockings, with buttons and buckles below the knee. Forty-five years later, strings and buttons took the place of buckles, except for Court dresses.

A writer upon costume says:—'The era of modern dress may be said to begin with the eighteenth century.'

But even yet we have not reached the age of trousers, but then there was no sudden 'taking to trousers.' The tight breeches were gradually prolonged as pantaloons, till they reached the middle of the calf of the leg, where they were met by half-top boots. It is only seventy-five years ago since the British infantry soldier first appeared in trousers instead of other nether garments; until this date, breeches, pantaloons, and leggings were worn. The reform in dress, which took place in A.D. 1823, was announced in a Horse-Guards' order, when the Duke of York was Commander-in-Chief. The order stated that His Majesty had been pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches, leggings, and shoes, as part of the clothing of the infantry soldiers, and of blue-grey cloth trousers and half-boots taking their place.

We first find mention of the waistcoat in the latest inventories of the reign of King Henry VIII. It was worn under the doublet, and had sleeves, and being made of rich materials, such as cloth of silver, quilted with black silk, 'and tufted out with fine camerike' (cambric), must have been often visible, perhaps in consequence of the slashing of the upper garments, which fashion was carried to a great excess at this time.

An old writer tells a pleasant story of a shoemaker of Norwich, named John Drakes, who lived in the time of Henry VIII. Coming to a tailor's, and finding some fine French tawny cloth laying there, which had been sent to be made into a gown for Sir Philip Calthrop, the shoemaker took a fancy to the colour, and ordered the tailor to buy as much of the same stuff for him, and make him a gown of it, precisely of the same fashion as the knight's, whatever that might be. Sir Philip, arriving some time afterwards to be measured, saw the additional cloth, and inquired to whom it belonged. 'To John Drakes,' replied the tailor, 'who will have it made in the self-same fashion as yours is made of.'

'Well,' said the knight, 'in good time be it; I will have mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it,' and both garments were finished according to the

order. The shoemaker, on receiving his gown slashed almost to threads, began to swear at the tailor, but received for answer: 'I have done nothing but what you bade me; for as Sir Philip Calthrop's gown is, even so have I made yours.' 'By my latchet!' growled the shoemaker, 'I will never wear a gentleman's fashion again.'

In the reign of Queen Anne, long flapped waistcoats, with long pockets in them, meeting the stockings—which were still drawn up over the knee so high as to entirely conceal the breeches, but gartered below—were the fashion.

A great variety of modes for securing the trousers in their place have been tried; the braces and the belt are, perhaps, the chief. The history of patents describes many of these fasteners and suspenders.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

44.—WORD PUZZLES.

Terminations.

(A.)—Find from the following definitions, words all ending with the same three letters, which form the name of a small insect.

1. Not near.
2. Belonging to the vegetable kingdom.
3. To give an answer to a request.
4. A country person.
5. Wandering in search of adventures.
6. Agreeable.
7. A despotic ruler.
8. A bird which should dread the month of October.
9. One who entreats with humility.
10. A gorgeous spectacle.
11. To take the place of another.
12. A manner of singing suited to sacred words.
13. Very bright.
14. Beyond restraint.
15. Sweet smelling.
16. One who flogs himself or another.

(B.)—Find words all ending with the same four letters, expressing certainty.

1. Of great value.
2. Satisfaction, delight.
3. To make certain.
4. To ascertain the size of anything.
5. An opening.
6. The act of crushing or squeezing.

(c).—Find words all ending with the same three letters, meaning a mischievous animal.

1. A difficulty; to rub a surface.
2. A narrow cotton material.
3. To avoid a danger.
4. A fruit.
5. To put on clothing with grace and art.
6. A woven material.

C. C.

45.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. A GALE, gun. A means of expressing thoughts.
2. Mail, pray. Two of twelve divisions of time.
3. Larch, so. A learner.
4. Pole, even. A covering ; to cover.

5. Magi, rep. A short, witty poem or sentence.
 6. Heat, pip. In memory of the dead.
 7. Vest, fail. A joyful anniversary.
 8. Nore, fig. Not belonging to our own country.
 9. Noah, pet. An open carriage.
 10. Seem, gas. A communication from one person to another.
 11. Run, rut, fie. No room habitable without it.
 12. Tray, vie. The reverse of sameness or monotony.
 13. Lion, coal. Belonging to the distant possessions of a country.
 14. Lute, cry. Severity, harshness, want of feeling for others.
 15. Tidy, life. Faithfulness; careful and exact discharge of duty.
 16. Give, set. A track or footstep; the remains of anything left in passing.
 17. O! Kent. A sign; a piece of money not coined by authority.
 18. Steam, tent. Last wishes legally expressed in writing.
- C. C.

[Answers at page 307.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------------|
| 42.—1. B O N E | 2. E L B A | 3. W H E A T |
| O V E N | L E A D | H O A R Y |
| N E E D | B A R E | E A G E R |
| E N D S | A D E N | A R E N A |
| | | T Y R A N (T) |
| 4. V I C A R | 5. C E D A R | |
| I R A T E | E V A D E | |
| C A N O N | D A T E S | |
| A T O N E | A D E P T | |
| R E N E W | R E S T S | |
-
- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 43.—(A.)—1. Mock. | (B.)—1. Mask. | (c.)—1. Sable |
| 2. Lock. | 2. Cask. | 2. Fable |
| 3. Cock. | 3. Bask. | 3. Gable |
| 4. Sock. | 4. Task. | 4. Cable |
| 5. Hook. | | 5. Table |
| 6. Rock. | | |

HOW GIRAFFES ARE CAUGHT.

WITH all the opening up of Africa which is now going on, when railways and telegraphs are rapidly pushed forward, mines worked, land tilled and towns are springing into being in so many directions, it is little to be wondered at that wild animals—especially the more timid sort, such as the giraffe—are driven further and further into the interior, and are becoming rarer and more difficult to find every day.

The Samolis, a tribe of hunters living in the eastern part of southern Africa, capture the young giraffe by means of the lasso. Sometimes this is used from the back of a horse, but more often the Somalis lie in ambush for the animals, and then carefully waiting for a favourable chance, they cast the nooses over their heads. The young creatures are then hobbled so that they cannot run, nor stray far away, and in a few days become perfectly tame and docile, though always timid and shy. They are readily sold to dealers in wild animals, always on the look-out to fulfil commissions from the owners of some menagerie, circus, or zoological garden in Europe. F. R.

F. R.



How Giraffes are caught.



The Bull-dog captures the truant Terrier.

A DOG-POLICEMAN.

A GENTLEMAN who lives at Greenock, in Scotland, once received a young Scotch terrier, which he tied up in his office to prevent him from straying. He was absent from his office for a short time, and on his return he found the terrier gone. The youngster from the hills, liking freedom better than being chained to a stool, had quietly gnawed the string through and bolted. But Snider, a bulldog, was also absent, and this was a cause of great surprise, for he was never known to wander from the house without his master. A report was sent round that the dogs were stolen or lost, and the town was scoured in vain.

The search was given up; then, late at night, Snider was seen in the distance making for home, dragging something after him. This was found to be the young terrier that had bolted. Nearer and nearer he drew, dragging him along, in spite of his efforts to go the opposite way, and at last he landed him at the office door. Not content with bringing the truant thus far, he tried to drag him up to the spot where he was tied before he broke away.

TRESPASSERS.

THEY could all read; even little Nellie could spell out the words, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' and Frank and Joe knew that 'trespass' meant 'a going beyond,' and 'prosecution' meant the policeman. There could be no mistake for the two boys as to what the words on the board meant. There stood the wooden fence; on one side of it lay the road, upon which all were free to walk, and upon the other side Farmer Jones's field, and the board with the notice upon it, with such a very forcible meaning, 'To go beyond is to break the law and be punished.'

The sun shone brightly, as it had done on every afternoon during the school-week, and more than half the beauty of the sunshine on that Saturday afternoon lay in the fact that it was a holiday. The birds, and trees, and grass, all seemed to know it, as well as the golden sunshine, and the knowledge of it made them happy, so happy that they might have been laughing together over it.

'What jolly fun it would be,' said Frank, the elder boy, to his brother Joe, 'if we were all to climb the fence and cut across old Jones's field.'

'Yes, wouldn't it just?' replied Joe, who liked to appear as daring as his brother. If there was one word more than another that Joe disliked, it was the word 'kid' when applied to himself. Sooner than run the risk of being laughed at as a 'kid' by Frank, who was two years older than he was, he would have walked up to an uncaged lion. He was a plucky little fellow in one way, but he lacked that true courage which dares to say No. This kind of bravery is called 'moral courage,' and is far rarer than the courage which helps a man to face a regiment of his foes. It was this fear of the word 'kid' that led Joe to reply as he did to Frank's proposal.

'Old Jones is away from home,' said Frank, 'so there's no fear of our being nabbed.'

'Who's afraid of that?' asked Joe; 'not I, for one.'

'Go ahead, then,' answered Frank, 'get over first. I'll help you, and then I'll lift Nell up, and you can get her over. There is a big old trunk just over the fence. You can stand on that, and it will be all as easy as pat.'

Nellie laughed, and clapped her hands. How dearly she loved being out of doors with her brothers.

Joe, assisted by Frank, climbed over quite easily, and then Nellie herself was lifted over, and soon Frank had joined them, and the three young trespassers were the wrong side of the fence. Frank took from his pocket his jack-knife, and cut from a fine old yew a twig for a catapult. He was very fond of target-practice with this instrument; but there was one thing which Frank would not have done, even had he been obliged to fight for it, and that was take aim at the birds. He was a regular boy, daring and full of mischief, but not a spark of cruelty was there in him.

'Just look here, Joe, did you ever see such fine catty twigs?' he exclaimed, as he showed them to his brother.

'Yes, young man, they are very fine twigs, and they are cut from my trees, and without my permission.'

The voice was deep and stern, and the boys stood white and trembling in the presence of Farmer Jones.

'I suppose,' said the farmer, 'that you thought "old Jones" was away, and that it would be fine fun to climb his fence and rob his trees, didn't you, now?'

'Yes, sir, we thought you were away,' replied Joe, boldly, 'but we did not mean to rob your trees.'

'What are those twigs but robbery?' demanded the farmer, gruffly.

There was no reply, and for some moments there was silence. At last the farmer said:

'Now, listen here, you young rascals. There is one of you to be thrashed; which is it to be?'

The boys looked at each other, and then at the farmer. But his face was unmoved.

'Come,' he said, sternly, 'be quick, and say which it is to be. You both deserve it, but I will thrash one this time, and it will be no make-believe either, but a good hard thrashing.'

Farmer Jones walked to the nearest tree, and cut down a long slender stick. He switched it ominously, and the boys felt sure that it was intended for one of them.

'I will take the thrashing, sir,' said Frank. 'I am the elder. Joe would never have thought of trespassing but for me.'

'I am the stronger, sir,' said Joe. 'I would a deal rather you beat me.'

The farmer stood uncertain, but little Nell, a very intelligent child, crept up to him, and, slipping her hand into his, said:

'Don't whip them—kiss Nell.'

At these unexpected words Farmer Jones stooped down and lifted Nellie up in his arms. He coughed once or twice quite huskily, then he kissed her several times, and turning to the boys, said,—

'This time you may go free, thanks to your little sister's petition; but, for fear you should again feel

tempted to trespass, I will give you permission to spend Saturday afternoon this side of the fence, trusting to your honour that you will keep out of mischief.'

The boys thanked the kind-hearted farmer heartily, and little Nellie was sent home, her pinafore filled with rosy apples.

That forbidden trespass in old Jones's field, I am sure you will be glad to know, was the last of which the brothers were guilty. JAMES CASSIDY.

A SURPRISE.

IN Alexandria, in the days of the early Christians, there was an idol temple containing the god Serapis, which had been worshipped for centuries. The Christians, determined on its destruction, entered the great hall where the huge gilded idol sat enthroned, with the basket on his head, and the three-headed monster in his right hand. At the sight of it the people paused in superstitious dread. Heaven and earth would collapse, it was believed, if this image was touched in a rude manner. But one of the soldiers was more brave than the others, and he put a ladder against the statue, and ascended it amid the breathless silence of the multitude, with a battle-axe in his hand. Then he dashed the axe on the face of the image with all his might, and smote off the cheek.

The mob expected to see him struck dead, but no cloud darkened the sky. He smote again and again, while the hall rang with the echo of his blows. In a minute or two the hollow head of the image rolled with a clang on the marble floor, and out sprang a colony of rats, whose home had been thus rudely invaded. No sooner did the mob see the black, shiny creatures scurrying off in every direction, than superstition was changed into angry contempt. The supposed protector of Heaven and earth had not been able to protect his own rats, or protect himself from their invasion!

The people broke into shouts of laughter, swarmed up the pedestal, tore down the image, and dragged the shattered fragments through the mire of the streets, and at last flung them into a large bonfire.

THE CIRCUS HORSE.



TRAVELLING circus visited a dull little country town, and, after remaining there some weeks, the proprietor found that, owing to the poor patronage which his show had received, he was nearly penniless, and must at once move on, and try 'fresh fields and pastures new.' He was compelled to

leave, owing several small debts, amongst them the blacksmith's account.

The smith's services had been required on several occasions, and he was determined that, if he could not get money, he would get money's worth out of the defaulting circus proprietor. So he followed the show to the next town, and there sought an interview with his debtor. The latter answered the smith that there was no money whatever in the treasury, but he offered to give him one of the horses in satisfaction of his claim. The offer was at once accepted, and the smith, although no rider, found the animal so quiet that he mounted him and set out on his journey homewards. All went well, and it being market-day in a neighbouring town, a short time afterwards, the smith determined to sell his horse. He rode the animal quietly along until, just as they were passing a gentleman's mansion, the horse turned sharply in at the gate. In front of the house was a large circular flower-bed, surrounded by a very broad gravel path, on which the gardener was working. The intelligent beast mistook the path for the circus in which he had been accustomed to gallop whilst performing his part in 'John Gilpin's Ride.' In spite of all his owner's tugging at the reins and 'whoa-hoa-ings!' the horse began steadily cantering round and round and round the gravel path, to the furious indignation of the gardener, who rushed at him, spade in hand. The smith was jerked more and more forward, stride by stride, until, in a terrible state of fear, he found himself clinging desperately round the animal's neck. This act had also been done by the rider in 'John Gilpin,' so the horse naturally concluded that all was well, and solemnly proceeded on his course. Before many circuits of the trim gravel path had been completed by the cantering horse, the gardener was in despair at seeing his carefully rolled walk almost cut to pieces.

At last, to the great relief of the unhappy smith, there came a pause in the horse's career. Part of the animal's performance was to stop, after a certain number of circuits of the track had been made, in order to allow of 'John Gilpin's' transfer of his hat and wig, when he began his journey back again. The rider tried to dismount, but before he could do so the horse was off again upon his supposed journey. After another very unpleasant shaking up, the smith at length got a chance to dismount, of which he very quickly availed himself. The intelligent 'performer' had come to the end of the number of times he had been taught to gallop round the circus before pausing for a second time, and therefore pulled up. The unfortunate smith, to his horror, saw the owner of the house looking out of the window at him, having evidently witnessed the whole of the proceedings. The poor man stammered out some excuses and apologies, and offered to make good the damage he had so unwittingly caused to the smart-looking gravel path; but the gentleman cut him short by saying that he had enjoyed the fun immensely. He gave the smith five shillings, and promised to pay him the same every time he would come and repeat the performance. The man bowed his thanks, took the money, and led the horse away. But he had been so shaken up that he felt quite unequal to going on to market, so he put the animal up in a stable close by, fastened the door securely, and pro-



"In a terrible state of fear he found himself clinging desperately round the animal's neck."

ceeded to refresh himself. On returning to the stable he was astonished to find that the horse had gone, although the door was still shut tight. The shattered window, however, quickly told how the runaway had effected his escape. He had jumped right through it!

Upon a search being made for the missing animal, it was very soon found in a neighbouring field, can-

tering round and round an imaginary circus, and almost surrounded by a crowd of admiring spectators. From long habit the horse was aware that when taken from his stable he was expected to make a certain number of revolutions around the ring, and, as he had been interrupted in the performance of his duties, he took the first opportunity which offered of completing them.

F. R.



THE CHERRY.

THERE are a great many varieties of this well-known fruit, all of which have sprung from the wild species, which Pliny says was introduced about 70 B.C. by Lucullus, from Asia, to plant in his magnificent gardens in the suburbs of Rome. About twenty years later eight kinds were known, and in A.D. 1415 the fruit was sold in the streets of London.

The local names of the cherry-tree are Gean, Merries, and Merry tree. It is remarkable for its rapid growth, increasing fifty or sixty feet in as many years; and its timber is inferior only to the oak and larch.

Cherry-trees are much planted in Switzerland and Germany as road-side trees, forming long avenues. In France, cherries, made into soup with bread and a little butter, form the principal food of woodcutters and charcoal-burners in the forest.

R. B.

WAIF.

ONE day a poor little ragged boy, homeless and penniless, was slinking about some docks by the side of the great, dirty-looking River Thames. Barges and lighters of all kinds were being towed up or down stream, and many were to be seen lying alongside the quay, either taking in or discharging cargo, their rough-looking crews working, jostling each other, and slinging their heavy loads from shore to boat, or *vice versa*. The boy looked on wonderingly, taking very good care to keep well out of the way of these big, rough men; he was miserably hungry and, though as timid as a frightened hare, yet, driven by want, he boldly made up his mind to accost one of these bargemen, and ask for help. Awaiting his chance—a time when work had ceased for the day—the poor little fellow went timidly up to a big, hairy-looking man who was carelessly resting one foot on the side of his lumbering craft. He was dressed in a striped jersey, and had a dirty red handkerchief loosely knotted around his neck. But the man's face was not unkindly, and the little waif took heart as he looked up at him and said: 'I am very poor and very hungry, sir; won't you give me a job of work?'

The big man pushed his fur cap half off his head before replying. Then, surveying the small figure in front of him, he laughed good-humouredly and said: 'Work, my lad? Why, what work do you suppose you could do, now, eh?'

The boy had evidently not considered this matter. Holding horses in the street, or carrying small parcels, or running errands, all these things he could do;



"Won't you give me a job of work?"

but the rough work of the ordinary bargee was, of course, far beyond his feeble strength. He stood silent and abashed.

'Now, see here, youngster, you look pretty low down, and pretty hard up, which seems the opposite, but means the same, you know. I tell you what I will do for you. I will take you aboard this barge—she is the *William and Mary*, and hails from Rochester—and give you good square meals, and plenty of them, in return for you keeping the place clean down below, and taking a turn at holding the tiller when I want you to, which won't be very often, as you don't know anything about the job. Is it a bargain?'

Was it a bargain, indeed? Was it likely that the poor starving outcast would refuse anything which promised food for his empty stomach, and shelter from the cold and wet?

'Thank you, sir, thank you!' he exclaimed with earnest gratitude in his tones. 'You shall never be sorry that you helped me.'

The man made no reply, but, as the boy darted down into the dirty, evil-smelling little cabin, the bargee walked over to the side of the vessel, murmuring to himself, 'Poor little beggar; poor little chap.'

And from that very humble beginning the waif made his own way in the world. He became successively steward of a small coaster, then of a great African liner. From this, having saved some money, he took a little farm in the Cape Colony. God was good to him, and the industrious man prospered exceedingly, until now, in middle life, he owns many hundreds of cattle and numerous flocks and herds. In due course he married, and when a baby girl was given him he called it, in memory of that sorrowful time when he himself had been an outcast, Waif.

F. R.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.



ONE day Gertrude was kneading bread in her trough, when our Lord passed by with Peter. She did not know them, for they looked like two poor men. 'Give us of

your dough, for the love of Christ, for we have come from far and have fasted long,' said the Lord.

Gertrude pinched off a small piece for them, but on rolling it in her trough, to get it into shape, it grew and grew, and filled her trough completely. She looked at it in wonder. 'No,' she said, 'that is more than you want,' so she pinched off a smaller piece and rolled it out as before; but the smaller piece filled up the trough just as the other had done, and Gertrude put that aside also, and pinched off a smaller piece still. But the miracle was just the same. Gertrude's heart hardened still more, and she resolved, as soon as the strangers left, to divide all her dough into little bits, and then to roll it out into

great loaves. 'I cannot give you any to-day,' she said; 'go on your journey, and the Lord prosper you, but you must not stop at my house.'

Then the Lord was angry; and her eyes were opened, and she saw Whom she had forbidden to come into her house, and she fell on her knees; but the Lord said, 'I gave you plenty, but that hardened your heart, so plenty was not a blessing to you; I will now try you with the blessing of poverty; you shall henceforth seek your food day by day between the wood and the bark; but, forasmuch as I see your penitence is sincere, this shall not be for ever; as soon as your back is entirely clothed with mourning this shall cease, for by that time you will have learned to use your gifts rightly.'

Gertrude then flew from the presence of the Lord, for she had become a bird, but her feathers were blackened already from her mourning; and from that time forward she and her descendants have all the year round sought their food between the wood and the bark. But the feathers of her back and wings get more mottled with black as they grow older, and when the white is quite covered the Lord Christ takes them for His own again. No Norwegian will ever hurt the Gertrude bird, for she is always under the Lord's protection.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 291.)



YOU shall permit me to assist in getting the boat what you call under the way—no, under way. You will let me to pull up the stick at the end; saying which M. Delacour, delighted after the long spell of inaction, both of tongue and body, to be able to talk and move once more, put his hand lightly on Paul's shoulder, and jumped on to the head of the punt. He loosed the line, and

then set to work to wrestle with the mud which held the pole firmly to the bottom of the lake.

Now, every one who has had any experience of doing this knows that the process is not quite so easy as it seems, and for this reason: the punt from which you work is a floating body, detached from the pole with which you are struggling. You put all your force and weight on to the resisting pole, and, meantime, the punt glides away from you. This was exactly what happened with poor M. Delacour. Ignorant of his danger, he fought and wrestled with the stake, and at last, to his astonishment, he found that the punt had slipped noiselessly away from him, and there he was, clinging to the pole, in the middle of the lake, like a performing bear. The boys, busy with the hauling in of the mooring-stone, had not noticed what had happened, and their first intimation that anything was wrong with their tutor was a dismal yell uttered by him as he found not only

that he had parted company with the boat, but that the pole was slowly sloping into the water. Before the punt could reach him the catastrophe had occurred, and he was 'taking a swimming lesson,' as Paul said.

They soon had the unhappy little man into the boat again, and quickly rowed him ashore, his teeth chattering and his clothes dripping.

'I thought I must die of pressure of laughter on the brain, Geoff, when I saw him subside like a sick monkey on a pole!' exclaimed Paul as soon as the tutor had left them to run home, which the boys advised him to do to keep up the circulation of his blood. 'I dare say it was too bad of us to laugh, but I don't think it would be in human nature not to. Poor little chap! he was terribly frightened, and seems very sorry for himself even now; but it really is not a bit of good going in for sport unless you take it as it comes—the rough with the smooth.'

'Not a bit of it. The man who hunts must not mind a tumble, and the man who fishes must put up sometimes with getting a little wet, and take them both good-naturedly when they come. And now, if you have fastened that padlock safely, I think we may as well be trudging off towards home.'

There were no lessons that evening, for M. Delacour, after sitting with his feet in hot water until he was nearly boiled, had swallowed a dose of water-gruel, stuck on a mustard plaster, and retired to bed. The remedies were effectual, for the tutor awoke next morning perfectly well, and the Admiral took him out such a long ride, by way of a treat, that when he got home again he was too stiff to walk, and could only sit and read in an easy-chair.

Spring wore on, until, towards the close of May, two or three hot days gave warning that summer was close at hand. The boys were busy playing lawn-tennis—at which game the Admiral could still take his own part with many a younger man—and cricket, and riding and driving about the country, now at its most beautiful period. To the lover of nature there is perhaps no time in the whole year which may not be described as beautiful; but surely the most entrancing time of all is late May, which, to the budding glories of spring, adds promise of richest summer loveliness in the near future.

Early in June great preparations were made for the celebration of Paul's sixteenth birthday. There were to be long tents erected in the park near the Abbey gardens, in which first a flower and fruit show would be held for the villagers, and afterwards a great dinner to the tenants on the estate. All sorts of outdoor sports, including a half-day's cricket match, were down on the programme, and an extra good display of fireworks at nine o'clock in the evening would terminate the proceedings in good time.

Every one at the Abbey was astir early in the morning of the eventful day. The Admiral was flying about from place to place, superintending the erection of tents, the laying of tables, the hoisting of flags, and the reception of the exhibits of fruit and flowers. M. Hippolyte Delacour, with a confused idea as to what manner of *fête* this was to be, appeared at the breakfast-table in full evening dress, and was promptly sent back to his room again by the Admiral to change it. Mrs. Gubbins displayed a

talent almost amounting to genius for getting in everybody's way, and mis-hearing all the directions given her.

The Admiral (who was endeavouring to arrange one of the tables in the great tent in his shirt-sleeves, for the day was hot and fine) suddenly roared out at the deaf housekeeper opposite him, who seemed to be carefully trying to undo all that the old gentleman was arranging, 'Mrs. Gubbins! will you kindly cease cruising up and down that table? Bring to—let go your anchor. If you disarrange those grapes any more I shall go mad!'

'Think they are bad? No, no, Sir Colin! you trust me for that. They are not bad.' And she nodded in a self-satisfied way to herself as she again made a dive at the epergne.

Sir Colin pursed up his lips as though to prevent an explosion. He conquered his wrath, and resumed his operations. Mrs. Gubbins then resumed hers.

The Admiral placed a fine dish of gooseberries in the middle of a small table. Mrs. Gubbins followed him up, and promptly removed them to the side.

'Mrs. Gubbins!' shouted the sorely tried gentleman, 'are you the captain of this ship, or am I? I say the gooseberries shall be there!' And he seized the plate and dumped it down in its original position.

This time the housekeeper saw and heard enough to enable her to catch the Admiral's meaning, so she took herself off. As she went, she noticed the old gentleman's coat lying across the back of a chair, where he had put it.

'Spoil his coat next,' she murmured, picking it up, and disappearing with it through the tent doorway in the direction of the house.

Five minutes later, another cart, laden with fruit and flowers, arrived, and one of the footmen came down to help unload it.

'Here, take your coat off, man!' cried the Admiral. 'You can't work in that coat.' And off came the coat accordingly.

'Mr. Jenkins to see you, Sir Colin, about the fireworks,' announced a servant, putting his head into the tent.

'Show him in!' shouted the Admiral without looking up from his task.

'Lady Greatorex has just ridden over and wants a word with you, sir.'

'Show her in,' again says the over-busy man.

'And—and the horse, Sir Colin? Her Ladyship is riding, sir,' stammers the man.

The Admiral rises from a box of cut-flowers, hot, and red in the face. 'No—no. Say I will come to her Ladyship at once.'

And dashing at the chair on which he had laid his coat he rushed out, putting on, not his own, but the livery coat of James the footman. All unconscious of the figure he cut, he held a hurried interview with his fair visitor, who had called to see if she could lend anything for the sports. From her the Admiral hurried off to see the man from London on the important subject of the fireworks. As he hustled off to the latter he muttered to himself, 'Nice woman—nice woman, Lady Greatorex; but what was she giggling about, I wonder? Hate a woman to giggle without cause: seems so silly.'

(Continued at page 310.)



"They soon had M. Delacour into the boat again."



A Hampshire Village.

A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE.



— o —

NESTLING on the side of a long hill, and almost at the foot of the breezy Hampshire downs, lies a little village which looks as though, for a century past, man had almost forgotten its existence. No 'improvements'—and what ruinous things to rustic beauty many of these so-called 'improvements' are!—no innovations, no agricultural machinery, no barbed wire fences, seem to have ever found their way there. The inhabitants—a mere handful of rosy-cheeked men and women with their children—seem perfectly happy and content with their lot, as well they may be, removed from the glare of great cities, the ceaseless toil and unrest which are crushing men's lives out of them to-day. They have what their fathers had before them—enough, and what sensible man wishes for more? 'They rise early and late take their rest,' but their toil is slow, steady, and almost devoid of mental anxiety. 'Each morning sees some task begun; each evening sees its close,' to quote our old friend, 'The Village Blacksmith.' Small wonder that on turning in to the churchyard we read inscribed on many of the tombstones, 'aged ninety-four,' 'aged eighty-nine,' and one case where the tablet recorded the great age of ninety-eight. Happy Hampshire villagers! How many a town-bred heart must yearn for even a week of such healthful rest as your whole lives appear to give!

F. R.

ON KISSING HANDS.

FOLK who read English newspapers will have observed an announcement sometimes, that an individual had been admitted to Her Majesty's presence, and he had 'kissed hands' on his receiving an appointment, or promotion perhaps. It may seem rather a singular custom, but it is now less practised at the English Court than it used to be, as formerly all those attending *levées* and drawing-rooms kissed the monarch's hand; by the present rules they only bow or curtsy.

They say, people kiss *hands*, though in fact they only kiss one—the back of it, not the palm.

There was one of the Georges who had a particular dislike to having his hand kissed, and he gave orders that persons coming for the purpose were not actually to do it—they were to 'make believe,' by kissing the air a little way from his royal hand!

A story is told about a gentleman who had to be presented to King William IV. He had been carefully instructed how to act, and told that he was to kiss hands, and then go backwards till the King was out of sight. Instead of following the directions, he walked past the King's outstretched hand, backed towards the door, and when he reached

it, kissed his own hand—as people say, 'blowing a kiss' to the King, and vanished. This was so comical that William IV. indulged in a hearty burst of laughter, which set all the attendants laughing too.

Yet, though this act was not according to Court etiquette, this person was, after all, doing what, in the olden time, was considered to be an act of reverence or worship. Job, in one of his speeches, refers to the early Eastern custom of saluting the sun, moon, or stars, by kissing the hand, and declares that he had never been guilty of the practice. In 1 Kings, xix. 18, reference is made to the observance of Baal-worship by performing this ceremony. We also read that those who entered the Greek temples always kissed their hands to the gods. Sometimes, it appears, that they kissed the foot of the image or statue. This custom still prevails in India, and from the old custom of pagans probably arose that of kissing the toe of the Pope, and of other dignitaries of the Church. Those who through fear or humility did not venture to touch the hand or foot of some superior, would bow down and kiss the hem of the robe. Amongst the Romans, the custom of kissing hands was very common: people desiring a favour of any one, even if he was an equal, would come near, and thus salute him before making the request; though usually equals gave each other their hands or embraced. Soldiers in the army kissed the hands of their generals to show respect; the same honour was given to the consuls and prætors. In the Christian assemblies of the early time, the ministers kissed the hand of the presiding bishop. Some old author says that kissing hands is a mute language by which people expressed love, reverence or thanks, asked benefits, gave a welcome. Very few nations, indeed, can be pointed out where the custom has never existed in the past. It occurs both in Africa and America, amongst primitive races. When Cortez, the Spanish leader, made an entry into a large Mexican town, he states that about a thousand persons saluted him in the fashion usual there. They went down upon their knees, touched the earth with their hands, and then lifted them to their mouths.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

46.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. SABLE. A canton and city in Switzerland.
2. Oh! spar. A small island in the Mediterranean Sea. It formerly contained a high tower, which was used as a lighthouse for ships at sea.
3. Any cuts. A beautiful country in Italy. The soil is very fertile and highly cultivated; it also contains many salt-pits.
4. Lap more. The chief town of an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
5. C. came. A town in Arabia, celebrated as the birth place of a remarkable man.
6. Lorn team. An island in the river St. Lawrence; also a city in Canada.
7. No clues, Nat. A town in the south-west of England.
8. Men rust. A province in a neighbouring country.
9. I vote T. A river in Scotland joining the Tweed.
10. I name. One of the United States of America; formerly the name of a province in France.

11. An acid. An island in the Mediterranean. It has several mountain ranges, which contain many grottoes and caverns.

12. Nor, chit. A city of Greece, situated in the Morea.

13. Toil, rip. A state in the north of Africa.

14. Dream, trot. A city of Holland. C. C.

47.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

A RANGE of mountains between two large countries in Europe.

1.—8, 6, 7, 3. One who foretells future events.

2.—1, 4, 5. An enclosure for cattle.

3.—1, 4, 5, 5, 2. A coin of small value.

4.—8, 5, 4, 6, 3. To look or speak with contempt.

5.—1, 3, 2. To look with curiosity.

6.—8, 1, 6, 2. A river in Scotland.

7.—2, 6, 8. A word meaning assent.

8.—1, 3, 4, 7, 5. An action performed by birds.

C. C.

[Answers at page 323.]

ANSWERS.

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|----------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| 44.—(A.)—1. Distant. | 6. Pleasant. | 12. Chant. |
| 2. Plant. | 7. Tyrant. | 13. Radiant. |
| 3. Grant. | 8. Pheasant. | 14. Rampant. |
| 4. Peasant. | 9. Suppliant. | 15. Fragrant. |
| 5. Errant. | 10. Pageant. | 16. Flagellant. |
| | 11. Suppliant. | |

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|-------------------|-------------|--------------|
| (B.)—1. Treasure. | 3. Assure. | 5. Fissure. |
| 2. Pleasure. | 4. Measure. | 6. Pressure. |

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|-----------------|------------|-----------|
| (C.)—1. Scrape. | 3. Escape. | 5. Drape. |
| 2. Tape. | 4. Grape. | 6. Crape. |

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|------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 45.—1. Language. | 7. Festival. | 13. Colonial. |
| 2. April, May. | 8. Foreign. | 14. Cruelty. |
| 3. Scholar. | 9. Phaeton. | 15. Fidelity. |
| 4. Envelope. | 10. Message. | 16. Vestige. |
| 5. Epigram. | 11. Furniture. | 17. Token. |
| 6. Epitaph. | 12. Variety. | 18. Testament. |

AN EARLY VISITOR.

IT was only six o'clock one dark winter morning when Donald Hayes knocked at the door of a cottage in the village of Whepstead.

Donald was cold and hungry; he had spent the night in a cart-shed, and he would not have left that shelter so early had he not heard the horse-keepers enter the farm premises, and feared that he would be seen by them.

He had been on the tramp a week, and had found the new experience a very trying one, for until a month ago he had lived in a good home and with kind parents, and had not felt the pangs of hunger, nor slept on a comfortless bed.

But he left that home in a temper; he left because his parents were obliged to tell him plainly that they could not allow him to go on in the wrong way which he had lately stepped into, and that he must give up the bad companion who persuaded him to stay out late at night, and to do such things as would be sure to lead into disgrace and trouble.

Of course Donald knew that what they wished was for his good, but he would not take their advice quietly and make up his mind to follow it; no, he

turned against it, and, to use his own expression, 'cheeked' his father, and Mr. Hayes then sternly told him to go out of the house, and not to return to it until he could behave himself properly.

Then the foolish lad rashly decided to leave home altogether, and he strode off to the nearest railway station, and out of the twelve shillings in his possession he paid four-and-twopence for a ticket to Liverpool Street station, and in the evening he was at Poplar, at the lodgings of a brother of Dick Haward, the companion who had influenced him for evil. Of course he soon found that as he had only a few shillings in his purse he would not long be welcome there unless he could obtain work and earn good wages, and this he was unable to do; so at the end of three miserable weeks he left the East end of London, and began to tramp back into the country.

He did not go on his homeward way, however; he went through Essex, and he made up his mind that if nobody would employ him he would tramp on until he reached the little town of Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, and there enlist, for he knew that young men were being eagerly sought after for the army.

He went a round-about way, and on reaching Whepstead was glad to find himself only three miles from Bury, and as he knocked at Mrs. Grant's door he told himself that he would soon be sheltered in barracks.

Mrs. Grant was, of course, surprised to see a stranger at that early hour, and as it was dark, and she lived alone, and her cottage stood in a lonely place, she might have been expected to be rather alarmed; but the light of her lamp shone upon Donald's face, and she saw that he was cold and hungry and in trouble, and no fear entered her heart, nothing but pity and a great longing to help him, and when he held towards her his last twopence, and asked if she would sell him a cup of tea and a slice of bread, she promptly and kindly answered 'Yes.' Then she invited him inside, and a few minutes later he had washed his face and hands and was sitting by her fireside; and as he ate his breakfast she told him that quite by mistake she had got up that morning an hour earlier than usual. She assured him that for his sake she was glad the mistake had been made, and that she hoped he would look upon her as a friend and tell her exactly what had happened to cause him to be tramping about in that way; and, as she had already proved herself his friend, Donald, after a little more persuasion, told her all.

Well, Mrs. Grant answered him very kindly, and she brought before his mind the thoughts which he had been trying hard to keep away. She made him feel the value of his good parents, and that for a whole month he had cruelly kept them from being able to have an hour's happiness, and had caused them dreadful suspense and sorrow, and when she told him that one of her brothers had so acted, and had returned to find his mother at rest in the churchyard, Donald could no longer keep back his tears, for a terrible fear seized him, the fear of meeting the same awful punishment; and a little later he had promised Mrs. Grant that he would take her advice and give up his intention to enlist, and return home as soon as possible.

'Well, now, the distance from Bury to Cambridge



Donald's Father visits Mrs. Grant.

is twenty-eight miles, and the railway fare is two shillings and fourpence,' said his kind friend, 'and you must let me lend you half-a-crown so that you can go by train this morning. You see, my lad, I trust you,' she added, 'and I shall expect a postal order during the week and a message telling me how you find your parents.'

Donald thankfully accepted the loan, for he was very foot-sore and weary, and when he reached home he received such a loving welcome from both his parents that he wondered more than ever how he could have been so head-strong.

Two days later another stranger called on Mrs.

Grant; this stranger was Donald's father, and his errand was a very pleasant one. He paid that visit on purpose to thank her for her great kindness to his son, and for the good advice and help which led the lad to turn his steps homeward. He repaid the half-crown and insisted upon her acceptance of another, and I need hardly add that during the two years which have followed she has had many little tokens of gratitude from the Hayeses, and since Donald became the possessor of a bicycle he has paid her several visits, but since that memorable first one he has not arrived in time for breakfast.

D. HAMMONDE.



"After a short time there was a clicking sound, and the bed suddenly descended."

WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF A DOG.

MANY years ago, in a western district of England, where the people were few and the houses scattered, there stood beside one of the bye-roads a lonely inn. The master had several surly, burly sons, and a wife who looked timid and unhappy. The neighbouring farmers and villagers

disliked this family, with some reason, for they never showed kindness to any one, and there were strange tales told of travellers who had been seen to enter the inn, but who disappeared mysteriously.

It happened, on a stormy winter's day, that a traveller who was a stranger to the place was fighting his way along through wind and rain. As he approached the inn about sunset, he was glad to see

any house which promised shelter and refreshment. 'I might go farther and fare worse,' said he to himself; though he thought differently the next day.

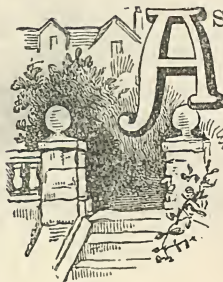
After attending to his horse, he stood and warmed himself by the large fire blazing in the parlour, giving the landlord orders to carry up his supper to a room above which was being got ready for his night's lodging. While in the parlour, he was surprised to find that a terrier dog, lying upon a mat, jumped up, and by his eager joy, evidently claimed him as an old friend. Examining the dog, he remembered that the year before, when stopping at a town some distance off, he had known this dog, and he wondered how the animal had arrived where he now saw it. He told the landlord that he had seen the dog before, and he answered carelessly, that he had bought it of a carrier who passed the inn, and who had probably picked it up in the road.

The traveller went to his room, as people did then, in his jack-boots and cloak, carrying his riding-whip, and followed by the terrier, which sniffed at his heels all the way upstairs. There was a good fire of wood burning, and supper on the table. He ate it and he prepared to go to rest in the well-curtained bed, which stood within a recess of the room. But he was puzzled by the excitement which the dog showed, and the way it watched his movements. What surprised him most was that the terrier ran backwards and forwards to the bed, and as he laid down each article of his clothes, the animal carried it to him again, with a beseeching look. Then he tried sleeping on some of them, and this action seemed to satisfy the animal. He was so puzzled at the dog's conduct that he then dressed himself again. As the dog kept pulling at the bed-clothes, the traveller went to his assistance, and to his horror, under clean sheets and blankets, he discovered a bed which was dark with blood-stains. This told him at once what had befallen other travellers, so, being a man of courage, he locked the door, examined the walls for any secret opening, and drew out the pistols which he always carried, prepared to defend himself if need be. All this was watched by the dog, and then, looking towards the traveller to make sure that he noticed what was being done, he jumped upon the bed, and lay himself down as if about to sleep. In a moment he leaped briskly off, and stood a little way from the bed, watching it with fixed eyes and ears erect. Both the man and dog kept quiet and still, the latter evidently aware that something would happen. After a short time, there was a clicking sound, and the bed suddenly descended through a chasm which opened in the floor of the room, while a strong light flashed from below. Not a moment was to be lost, and, throwing open the window, the traveller leaped out, followed by the faithful animal that had given him warning. He found himself close to the stable, and, at once seizing his unsaddled horse, he galloped off full speed. In a few minutes, two of the landlord's sons had mounted and gave chase; but fortunately he had a good horse, so that he reached the nearest town safely. The landlord and his sons were taken into custody, and proofs were found of the crimes they had committed, and they were hung.

J. R. S. C.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 303.)



AS the Admiral arrived at the tent, which was now, for the nonce, empty except for the man of fireworks, he exclaimed, 'Yes, Mr.—Mr.—I forget your name. About the fireworks. What is it, please? I am very busy this morning.'

'Ah,' began Mr. Jenkins, with a supercilious glance at the Admiral's livery coat, 'ah, no offence to you, but

had I not better see the master? You see, this is a question of extra expense.'

'Well, sir, although I am not the master, I think I will do as well.'

'Oh, of course, if you are empowered to act for him—eh? You are? Oh, then that is all right. Of course, I shan't forget your tip, my man, as soon as I get my cheque from old Pepper-pot, up at the Abbey.'

The Admiral was speechless with fiery indignation. What! had he, Admiral Sir Colin Crabbe, K.C.B., lived to be addressed by this vulgar cockney, nay, to be winked at, and told he was going to be given a tip, and—that he should be alluded to as 'Old Pepper-pot,' indeed!

At that moment, and just as the fireworks man thought that the person he was addressing was surely mad, the Admiral's eye fell upon the laced cuff of the livery coat. He saw the whole situation at a glance, and bolted out of the tent to the Abbey.

Just at the same moment, the butler, having calmed his feelings, entered the tent by another door. To him the fireworks man addressed himself: 'I say, is your fellow-servant—the one with the yellow braid—is he mad, or what is the matter with him?'

The butler stared, open-mouthed, at the man. 'We don't keep madmen at Courtland Abbey, young man!' he replied, severely.

'Well, if he is not out of his mind, I don't know what has happened to him,' exclaimed Mr. Jenkins. 'I merely told him that if he got his master to consent to a little extra expense over these fireworks, I should not forget his tip when I got my cheque from old Pepper-pot up at the Abbey; and then he stares at me a minute, looks at his own coat, and bolts! Stupid old, red-faced —.'

'Pardon me, young man; none of our servants here are stupid. They are all young, and they are not red-faced. You are making some mistake.'

'No mistake at all. And I am quite sure he was a good sixty-five—though it is true that is not so very old—a good sixty-five,' he repeated, 'if he was a day.'

The horrible truth was now dawning slowly on the butler. 'And—and you spoke to him of the Admiral—Admiral Sir Colin Crabbe—as—as Old Pepper-pot!' he gasped.

The cockney nodded. 'Why not?' he asked.

'Oh, nothing,' said the butler, 'except that when you said that, it *was* old Pepper-pot, as you call him, that you were addressing—that is all!'

Mr. Jenkins did not wait for more. He climbed up into the fly which had brought him over from the railway station, and drove off, without more ado, took the first train back to London, and hid his blushes in his employer's back parlour.

Fireworks were let off that night at the Abbey, but they were not presided over by Mr. Jenkins. Another and more circumspect young man attended in his place, and the Admiral, for one, quite understood that Mr. Jenkins' absence was dictated by feelings of wisdom and good taste.

At two o'clock the park gates were thrown open, and a few minutes later the visitors began to arrive. At three the two waggons containing the bandmen belonging to the 131st regiment, then stationed at Betteringham, drove up, and at once began to 'unlimber' their musical instruments. Then came people in carriages, people on horseback, people on foot. The Abbey boys were running about from one group to another, shaking hands and receiving their guests. These latter walked through the show-tents, admired (or did not admire) the exhibits, lounged about outside—for the day was simply perfect—and listened to the strains of the finest 'marching-regiment' band in the service. Then Paul got the cricketers started on their match, around which many of the spectators gathered. Geoff set to work with the lawn-tennis players, and the Admiral seemed to be trying to be in two, or even more, places at once.

Little Mary Rayne looked upon the scene as though gazing into fairyland. She was in charge of her nurse. Mrs. Ogilvie was far too much occupied to take her, as she was correcting proofs of the never-to-be-read book. Busy as he was in doing host's duty, the kindly old Admiral yet found time to spare in order to take the little lonely maiden round the grounds, and show her all the pretty and amusing sights. Then he handed her over to Paul, who good-naturedly took her for a little row in the punt which had proved so fatal to Monsieur Delacour, and then, after getting her some refreshments, he restored her to her nurse.

On went the fun, without pause or break: running matches, a donkey race, rustic games and dances, including the time-honoured Sir Roger de Coverley, wherein the Admiral played a very leading part.

At seven o'clock, in response to the ringing of a loud-tongued bell, most of those assembled gathered into the second of the large marquees, where a cold supper was laid out, to which all comers were heartily welcomed. Amid the clatter of the plates and dishes, jingling of knives and forks, and the hum of chattering talk, the repast went merrily on. There was no particular order of sitting, but the Abbey party and their more intimate friends occupied positions at the top end of one of the tables, according to the fitness of things; at the foot of the principal 'hospitable board' sat grey-headed old Merryweather, the oldest tenant-farmer on the estate. In response to various nudges, pushings, and knockings of knife-

handles on the table, the old fellow, looking as though he wished himself very well out of the business, rose to his feet, and, amid a storm of cheers, stood gasping nervously and waiting for the noise to subside.

Then, silence being at length obtained, he began: 'Muster Admiral, my Lord, and ladies and gentlemen,—It seems to be the wish of all the tenants and servants on the estate that I should rise to propose the young Lord's health' (tremendous applause), 'which I do—which I do,' he repeated, mopping his heated brow with a flowered-silk handkerchief. 'I only speak as the oldest tenant on this estate; if it wasn't for that, there is several of them could do it a sight better, for I am no o-rater. He is a right good sportsman, a right good landlord, and, what is better than everything else in this world, he is a right good-hearted one, if he will excuse me so speaking of him. He is not like a lord at all; he is just like a human being. When he comes down to my farm, he is always that friendly, he will slap me on the back, go into the dairy and drink half-a-pint of cream, pick the cat up by her tail, let off crackers just behind the missus —;' but the further recital of the Viscount's exploits was, fortunately for him, cut short and drowned in the laughter which ensued, and under cover of which the old fellow sat down again, very pleased to be done with his dreaded task.

After a suitable interval Paul replied: 'Ladies and gentlemen,—I thank you very much for the kind way in which you have received this toast, and you, Mr. Merryweather, for the hearty way in which you have proposed it. Next time I come down to Shorncliffe Farm to visit you, lock up the dairy, send the cat away, and search my pockets for crackers! In that way I trust that there may never be a repetition of the calamities you have just been describing.'

And amid loud laughter from the old tenant-farmer and those around him, the Viscount resumed his seat.

By nine o'clock every one had taken up his or her position for witnessing the display of fireworks, with which the day's festivities were to conclude. For over half an hour did ascending rockets, showering golden spray, revolving Catherine-wheel, with sprightly squib and crispy cracker, continue to astonish and delight the onlookers. Then came a pause, as dark figures were seen moving down to the edge of the lake. The great 'set-piece,' with coloured fires—blue, red, and green—was about to be ignited; then the band was to play the National Anthem, by way of telling all and sundry that the birthday rejoicings were over.

Fired in several different places at once, the set-piece went off with excellent effect. The people cheered to the echo. Then old Merryweather called for a renewal of the cheers for the Viscount. They were heartily given, with a three times three and 'one more' to wind up with.

Then our grand old National Anthem, played by the band and voiced by the people, was given by the crowd, and they filed away to their homes, tired, but happy, and thoroughly contented with their day's outing.

(Continued at page 318.)



Mary Rane with her Nurse at the Flower Show.



"The ostrich shot her beak over the railing and swallowed the watch."

ANECDOTE OF AN OSTRICH.

A FEW years ago an old gentleman took his watch out to look at it while his family were watching some ostriches in the pen near at hand. The watch was not attached to any chain, and in a second an old hen, which saw the shining timepiece, shot her beak over the railing and gulped it down her throat. You never saw a more astonished man in all your life as he looked up. Fortunately, the watch was a cheap one.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.



GLOVES.

THE word glove is derived from the old Anglo-Saxon word *glōf*.

'Among the remains or fossils which recent discoveries have brought to light in France, Belgium, and Switzerland, are gloves reaching to the elbows, and made from roughly dressed skins with needles of bone. These are supposed to have been worn by a race of men who lived ages ago in the south of France, known as cave-men.' Again, we are told in the *Odyssey* that Laërtes, the farmer-king, wore gloves to protect his hands from the thorns. We read that Xenophon sneers at the Persians for wearing gloves for keeping their hands warm.

In the early days of Greece and Rome, when the Greeks and Romans were among the most robust of men, they scorned the use of gloves; but, in later times, becoming fond of luxuries, they assumed these hand-coverings.

From very ancient times the glove possessed a legal significance in Eastern countries in connexion with the transfer of property. It was customary for the seller to hand to the purchaser his glove, as a token that the right of possession had passed from the one to the other. Some say that the word translated 'shoe' in Ruth, iv. 7, should be read glove; the verse would then stand: 'Now this was the manner in former time in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his glove, and gave it to his neighbour.'

The casting down of a glove was, in feudal times, the challenge to single combat. You may have heard of an ancient and pleasing ceremonial still observed in our own land, which consists in the presentation of a pair of white gloves to a judge presiding over an assize at which no cases come up for trial.

Five hundred years ago the glove became a well-known article of dress in England, and we find that a powerful guild or corporation of glovers was in existence about the fifteenth century.

It is said that Queen Bess wore gloves; in her reign they were made with gauntlets, which were generally richly embroidered.

But now we pass to write of modern gloves. These fall into two distinct classes: (1) woven and knitted gloves; and (2) those made of leather.

The manufacture of knitted or woven gloves is an industry allied to the hosiery trade, about which you have already read in the pages of *Chatterbox*. All the fibres used in hosiery are also used in this branch of the glove industry, though the most important materials are silk and wool.

Some of these woven and knitted gloves are entirely finished by knitting, but in the best gloves of the kind the pieces are separately fashioned and afterwards sewn together, just as in 'leather' gloves. 'The manufacture is widespread' says an authority upon the matter; 'but the head-quarters of the thread and cloth glove are now Berlin and Saxony.'

The leather gloves are also made from several materials, more or less of a like nature. These materials are chiefly the skins of deer, sheep and lambs, goats and kids. Many so-called 'kid' gloves are made of sheep leather rather than kid leather. Doe-skin or buck-leather gloves are made from leather tanned in the ordinary way; such are technically known as heavy gloves. The skins prepared for what are known as dressed kid gloves are not tanned in the ordinary way; but by heat, and treatment with a mixture of flour, yellow of egg, and alum, the skin is rendered soft and flexible.

Now take a kid glove and lay it before you, and try and follow carefully as we describe the cutting-out process, and here we quote a practical glover. 'After the leather has been properly prepared,' he writes, 'it is cut into pieces of the required size, then folded over somewhat unequally, as the back should be larger than the front. Three cuts are then made through the double piece to produce the four fingers; an oblong hole is cut at the bending of the fold for the insertion of the thumb-piece; the cutting of this of the exact shape and size requires much skill. The first and fourth fingers are completed by gussets or strips, sewed only on their inner side (examine your kid glove), while the second and third fingers require gussets on each side to complete them. Besides these, small pieces of a diamond shape are sewed in at the base of the fingers, towards the palm of the hand.'

The stitching together of these pieces is not work that every one can do; it requires both skill and care, as the junction must be made as closely as possible to the edge of each piece, and yet the seam must be secure. All the best gloves are stitched by hand.

The ornamental stitching on the back is done by the sewing-machine. Machines are also used for the sewing of cheaper and heavier gloves. The portion of the glove requiring the most special skill and management is the putting in of the thumb-piece. It is at this part that badly made gloves commonly give way, while the best English and French gloves are adapted to the structure of the hand, giving additional size where the hand requires it.

Modern kid gloves may be classed in one of two divisions—glacé and suède. The difference is due to the way in which the leather is dressed and finished. Glacé gloves are those dressed, dyed, and polished on

the hair or outer side of the skin. The *suède*, on the contrary, are carefully pared, smoothed, and dyed on the inner side of the skin, and when finished have the appearance of fine *chamois*.

French kid gloves are made in Paris and Grenoble; military gloves at Niort and Vendôme. Many gloves are also made in Brussels and Copenhagen. In England, Worcester is famous for its glove industry; here 'kid' gloves, military gloves, and 'dog-skin' gloves—made from tanned skins of Cape sheep—are turned out in large quantities.

In days gone by gloves were given as 'New-year's gifts'; they were then far more expensive than they are now. Sometimes, instead of gloves, a sum of money was given, and this substitute came to be called 'glove-money.' Magistrates and judges, and those in high places, were too often willing to accept presents when favours were granted by them.

When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor he decided a cause in favour of a lady, and on the New-year's day following she sent him a pair of gloves, with forty gold coins, called an angel, in them. Sir Thomas returned the gold with a note, saying, 'Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your "New-year's gift," I am content to take your gloves, but as for the *living*, I utterly refuse it.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

PRINCIPLE.

A YOUNG man became clerk in a house of business. After having served several months acceptably, he hinted to his employer that he ought to be paid as much as a certain other clerk received.

'If you will do what he does you shall be paid as much,' replied his employer.

'And what is that?' the young man inquired.

'He takes customers to the theatre, and gives them a drink now and then, that he may sell them goods.'

Straightening himself up to his full height, and with the fire of indignation flashing in his eyes, our young hero answered, 'I thank God that there is a workhouse in my native town, and I will go there and die before I will do such dirty work.' And he left the store. That was principle.

BEN'S SISTER.

OH, Ben, you look quite handsome!' said merry little Kate. When Ben was dressed and ready to start out to the *fête*.

'Dear mother says she will take me this evening to the Glen To sit upon the stile, and watch for you, dear Ben.'

'All right,' laughed he. 'At seven, mind, I guess I shall be there.'

What shall I bring you home, eh? A ribbon for your hair?'

'Oh, no! you have but sixpence,' she said, 'so, let me see:

Please buy yourself some chocolates, and save a few for me.'

He promised, then he added, 'You know how fast I run?'

Well, there are to be races, and will it not be fun If I can win some money? Ah, if I do, Miss Kate, I'll shout "Hurrah" the moment I reach the hill-top gate.

'And you can hear quite plainly if you are down below, So mind you listen, Katie. Now I must go, you know.'

'Good-bye, dear Ben,' she answered, her blue eyes full of fun;

'Come home again at seven, mind, and shout because you've won!'

Well, there were sports in plenty, and Ben did splendidly,

He ran in two long races, and half-a-crown won he; In jumping he won sixpence, and in a tug-of-war— Which proved a mighty struggle—he won a shilling more!

'I say, Ben, you are lucky!' declared his chum, John Lee,

'And now the sports are over you ought to have a spree;

You can afford a good one, and, see, just over there Are swing-boats and steam-horses—in fact, a jolly fair!'

Ben went and spent a shilling amongst his chums, and they

Were puzzled when, soon after, he said he could not stay.

'I guess that you are going from here into the town To spend your lucky money,' laughed one, Augustus Brown.

Augustus guessed correctly. Into the town Ben went,

And there quite two-and-sixpence he very gladly spent;

He bought his little sister a volume of the *Prize*, He bought some bright blue ribbon, the colour of her eyes!

He bought a box of chocolates, which he freely shared with all,

And thus he started homeward with quite a tempting haul.

'Hurrah! Hurrah!' he shouted beside the hill-top gate:

The sound was heard with gladness by eager little Kate.

She could not run to meet him—a cripple child was she—

But, oh, her smile of welcome was very sweet to see! And Ben will never, never forget her joyous look When he held up before her the often wished-for book.

And Ben felt very happy, and when he was in bed His mother went up to him, and this is what she said:

'My boy, I know the value of your kind deed to-day, Your thought has been of others, and self was put away.'



Watching for Ben.

'The pleasure you have given to little Kate, dear lad, Will come back to your memory, and often make you glad. When we deny ourselves, Ben, and do a kindly deed, We sow for our own reaping a very precious seed.'

And when a few months later the little sister Kate Was called by God to enter the Everlasting Gate, A thought which gave great comfort came into Ben's sad mind, It was this—that he to Katie had *never* been unkind.

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.

'WHAT'S SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE —'

A MISCHIEVOUS boy, walking down the street one day, threw a stone at a pigeon, and knocked it over. The bird fell in the mud, but quickly recovered itself, got up, and flew out of reach before the boy could manage to capture it. A woman who was passing by at the time caught hold of the offender by the ear and gave him a sound drubbing with her umbrella, accompanying this exercise by loud cries against the cruelty of his conduct to poor dumb creatures. 'If I were your mother,' she said, as she treated him to a parting cuff on the side of his head, 'I would whin you to within

an inch of your life! and if I had my way, I would pass a law making it possible to send every boy to prison who threw stones at poor innocent birds!' and she walked off down the street in a state of virtuous indignation. As she went, a bystander remarked that she had upon her hat a stuffed swallow and the wings of a couple of sea-birds—beautiful creatures, whose lives had been taken because a passing fashion called for the sacrifice; and this philosopher said to himself that there are some folk who fail to see that 'what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.'

F. R.

THE HERON.

THE Heron is one of the handsomest and largest of British birds, and was once very numerous in the country; but since the fens and other similar swampy districts have been drained, it has become less common. In districts which offer a supply of suitable food and an undisturbed retreat, the heron may still be found in small numbers. Even in the neighbourhood of London, one may now and again be seen wending its way to some secluded spot where it may feed in security. When flying, the bird is easily known by those with good eye-sight, as the long bill and legs project in a straight line from between the large waving wings which carry it swiftly along.



A Heronry.

Not more than two or three herons are generally seen together, except in the breeding season, when many assemble, and build their large untidy nests close to one another, on the tops of some high trees, forming what is known as a heronry. There are many of these scattered through the country to which the birds resort yearly. The heron was formerly called the Hernshaw.

THE BUNS OF OLD CHELSEA.

IF you have ever been in the place called Chelsea, not far from the Thames, you will say it looks like a part of great London. Yet not so very many years ago it was a village, and the residence of nobles and courtiers, who had handsome palaces there. At one time it was famous for its china, its custards,

and its buns. You may still buy what are called Chelsea buns, made square, with sugary tops, but they do not come from Chelsea. Probably the famous buns at Old Chelsea could be had all the year, but it was on Good Friday and in the Easter season that there came crowds of customers to the bun-houses of Chelsea. Some of the old bags in which the buns were sold have been kept as curiosities: you find on them that they are called 'bunns,' and the name of the village is 'Chelsey.'

During the summer months, Old Chelsea had many visitors, who came to stroll about its green meadows, and watch the barges and boats passing along the Thames. Most of them, either going or returning, would make a call at a bun-house, to get buns, cakes, and other refreshments. That singular man, Dean Swift, mentions the Chelsea buns which attracted him when he was stopping there. He used to buy one in his walk, and watched the 'boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops.' Also he tells us that some of these shops, on holidays, had long tables outside, upon which were cakes frothed with sugar, and having on them streamers of tinsel. A local poet years ago wrote the praises of Chelsea buns. We quote a few of his lines about them:

'Ye flower of the ovens, a zephyr in paste,
Fragrant as honey, and sweeter in taste;
There's a charm in the sound which nobody shuns,
Of smoking hot, piping hot, fine Chelsea buns!'

The chief bun-house was in Grosvenor Row, near the Chelsea Hospital for old soldiers, and close to it was a place of entertainment, with gardens, called Stromboli House. Several authors have described the scenes which were to be seen at the Chelsea bun-house and about the Five Fields, which people crossed to reach the famous spot. It was especially on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday that Londoners, and persons from villages around, flocked to Chelsea by tens of thousands, and the neighbourhood was like a fair with its booths and stalls. Great was the number shoving, scrambling, and even fighting outside the favourite bun-house in the time of the Georges. Even as recently as A.D. 1829, it is said that 240,000 buns were sold upon a Good Friday, and about ten years afterwards, the old house was pulled down, though other bun-houses continued the trade.

The bun-house of Old Chelsea was a low, one-storied place, built, most likely, about the end of the seventeenth century. It had a long front to the road, and over the foot-path there was what is called a colonnade to shelter customers from the weather. Behind the house was a garden, about which visitors were allowed to walk, and in it were some grottoes, those curious retreats which were once very fashionable; but when we look at a few which are still left elsewhere, we are surprised how people could ever have admired them. The old bun-house was occupied by a family named Hands for four generations. One of them used to be called jocosely Captain Bun; he was an officer of the militia. He boasted of having received from George III. a half-gallon silver mug as a present, with five guineas inside. It seems that he had early visits on fine mornings from the children of that king, when they were young, as they were fond of Chelsea buns.

J. R. S. C.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 311.)



AS though to emphasise the extreme good fortune which had attended Paul's birthday celebration in the way of weather, the day following it saw the whole face of nature changed. From early morn, dull, leaden clouds drifted in flying scud across the heavens, and the ceaseless plashing of big rain-drops made a mournful sound throughout the whole Abbey. But, instead of any useless repinings at the sweeping away of all outdoor schemes, previously made, our young friends took the much more sensible course of expressing to each other and to all around their thankfulness that the rain had refrained from spoiling their great festival of the previous day. Full of contentment for their happy lot, they worked well at their studies all the morning, and, after early dinner, they wrapped themselves in mackintoshes and went down to the lake-side to fish.

Here they passed an hour or more singly sitting on an old billet of wood beneath the overhanging branches of a venerable elm-tree. They found that, in the rain, the fish were rising and biting freely, and, after thoroughly enjoying the sport, they strung their fish by the gills on some long blades of the tough sedge-grass growing at the water's edge and tramped back again to the house.

As they entered the hall the Admiral was just emerging from his sitting-room. 'Hallo, boys! caught a shark, eh?' he cried, in his cheery tones. 'When you go on your uncle's yacht you must do some deep-sea fishing. Troll for mackerel, and all that sort of fun. I used to be mad upon it when I first went to sea.'

'That will be jolly! But, oh, how I wish Uncle James had asked you to come too, dear old Admiral!' replied Paul.

'Bah! Yachtsmen do not want a lot of yarning old sailors with them.'

'"Yarning old sailors!" I wish you *would* yarn, Admiral; but you know you won't. That just reminds me, as it is so wet and there is nothing to do after tea, you will tell us a sea story—a yarn, I mean—won't you?'

'I—I—you know, boys, I am not good at spinning yarns. I—I—ab, well, some other day—some other day,' and the Admiral hurriedly retreated into his own room again and locked the door, for there was nothing he dreaded so much as having to tell a story.

'Oh, all right, young man!' called Geoff through the keyhole. 'You think you will be let off like this, do you? Oh dear no, Sir Admiral! Had you not better surrender at discretion, or do you intend to nail your colours to the mast and keep this door locked? If so, we shall find some means of storming the fort.'

No answer from within.

The boys held a hurried consultation, as the result of which Geoff was left to keep watch at the door, whilst Paul quietly retreated to the garden. Getting a short ladder from the gardener's boy, he gently placed it against the open window of the Admiral's room, and, heedless of the steadily pouring rain, he climbed up and looked in.

Sir Colin, under the fond impression that he had achieved a victory and kept the enemy at bay, had lit a cigar and was thoroughly settled in his armchair to a perusal of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Tobias Bucktrout's letter, in the *Times*, upon armour-plating, when Paul's merry laugh at the open window caused him no small startle.

'You young villain!' he exclaimed. 'So this is your game for storming the citadel, is it? Well, well, it is all my own fault, I suppose, for ever undertaking the charge of such a pair of hair-brained young powder-monkeys as you two. The worry of it will cut me off in the flower of my youth yet, I expect.'

By this time Paul had made good his entrance to the interior of the room and, turning the key of the door, admitted Geoff.

'Now, Admiral,' exclaimed Paul, with a great show of bravado, 'in the words of the noble Roman, is it to be peace or war between us? If you consent to tell us the Crimean story we wish for, all shall be well, and you shall be permitted to leave here afterwards with all the honours of war—plus a large supply of tea and muffins, which Geoff and I will bring in to you, here, so that you can finish your cigar in peace.'

'And what if I refuse to surrender and agree to your terms?' asked the enemy.

'In that case, Sir Colin Crabbe, it will be our unpleasant duty to open fire upon you without any further delay,' and Paul armed himself with a large sofa cushion.

'Well, then, I surrender. Let us all have tea together in here, boys, and I will tell you a little story as we eat and drink.'

The tea being brought, the Admiral, after a few hems and haws, began his recital:—

'My ship—I was commander of a little gunboat at that time—was ordered to the Straits of Genitchi, not long after the Crimean War broke out. I don't suppose a horrid little ignoramus like Paul' (a thump on the arm from Paul), 'or such a know-nothing as Geoff' (a pull of the Admiral's whiskers from the younger boy) 'have the slightest idea that the Straits of Genitchi form the only entrance into the Senish from the Sea of Azov. Well, to tell the truth, I did not know it myself till I got sent up there. On the right hand, going up, stands the fortified town of Genitchi, and a very strong place it is, too. It stands on the top of a big hill. Running along the left side is the Spit of Arabat—a long strip of low-lying, marshy land, varying from half a mile to three or four miles broad. It is opposite Genitchi town. The spit is three miles in width, full of water-holes and small lakes, where no end of water-fowl shelter in the sedgy grass. Along the whole extent of the spit there were Russian troops, mostly Cossacks, posted, with sentries placed thickly all round. In fact, it was a current joke in the service at the time,

that you could not throw a stone on the Spit without bringing down a Russian sentry! This was the place which chiefly enabled Russia to get her supplies into the Crimea, and thus carry on the war; so you may guess what great importance we all attached to forcing the passage and cutting those supplies off. The supplies came over from the mainland by the Chingan Bridge, and it was this same bridge which we were so anxious to destroy; but it was a difficult business, and we could not get any information whatever as to the position of the forts and of the gunboats anchored in the Straits. How to do this, then, became the burning question in our small fleet.

'Well, it was not until we had captured Sevastopol that the idea struck me to try and get this information by myself. There was no senior officer on the station, and so no one to consult. That was one great point in my scheme, and another was that I intended to do the business alone, and therefore was in no difficulty as to finding suitable companions. Directly after sunset one night I ordered a boat and was rowed silently to the shore. I had a small compass and a revolver in my pockets, and you may guess I was pretty cautious in my movements. I told the men to shove off and lay on their oars till I came back to the beach and whistled to them. If I had not turned up by dawn they were to conclude that I was either shot or taken, and they were at once to return to the ship. I had not gone half a mile when I tumbled into a slushy pool, of no depth, but it wetted me through to the skin, and, as the temperature was very low, it did not add to my comfort. I floundered on in the dark, and, of course, if it had not been a very dark night, I should not have been able to risk the experiment at all. Presently I passed through a line of the enemy's pickets. Once within their lines I had to creep slowly all the rest of the way, sometimes crouching in the deepest shadows I could find, sometimes even going along for a bit on all fours. However, at last, and chiefly guided by the lights of the ships lying in the Straits, I succeeded in reaching the other side of the Spit without having been seen. From there I made out the Russian gunboats, anchored close in shore, and came to the conclusion that, as far as they were concerned, we might be able to cut them out with our armed boats; but, then, there were the forts to settle with, and also the troops—horse, foot, and artillery—which were all around me on the Spit. I sorrowfully came to the conclusion that, with our then small force, it would be little short of suicide to attempt to force the passage, or try a night surprise either. The information which I had so gained was, of course, very valuable, because without it we might easily have given way to the natural feelings of impatience exhibited by the ships' companies, and make an attack which would have cost us many lives, and which could only have ended in utter failure and disaster.

'Then I started on the homeward journey. The darkness bothered me very much from the first, and I had not been travelling more than half an hour when the unpleasant feeling came upon me that I had got off the track somehow or other, and, in fact, that I had lost my way!'

(Continued at page 326.)



"Paul's merry laugh at the open window caused Sir Colin no small startle."



UNLOOKED-FOR DANGER.



Bedouin Arabs at their Sports.

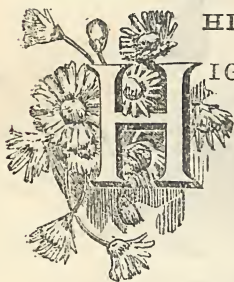
BEDOUIN ARABS.

A VERY spirited idea is given by the artist in his illustration of the Bedouin Arabs at their sports. Almost living on horseback as he does, the Arab has his pleasures, as well as his duties, in the saddle. Riding his desert-bred Arab horse, the Bedouin is skilled in wonderful evolutions. He fires his long rifle over his head, he flings his weapon into the air, and catches it whilst going at full gallop. Tent-pegging also is a very favourite amusement, and one in which these wild and superb horsemen are very clever. This game consists of placing wooden tent-pegs at set distances, the pegs being hammered into the ground, whilst the horsemen, charging down at full speed, lance in rest, strike, and pick them up with the sharp, bright points of their weapons. Their extraordinary accuracy in this pursuit is very attractive, and the sport has been introduced with much effect into other countries at the military centres.

Another favourite trick of the Bedouins is to gallop at top speed up to a group of onlookers, or to a range of tents, and then suddenly rein in their horses in a single stride. As equestrians, the Arabs are little short of marvellous; certainly they are the finest in the world, and probably this is, in great part, accounted for by the fact that horse and rider are in such constant association, the animal constantly browsing around and about his owner's tent, and being fed from his master's hand. Out of these wild, lawless tribes, are made troops of irregular cavalry, called Bashi-Bazouks, who have earned for themselves a name of very evil omen. They know no regular military tactics, and are chiefly useful as scouts: 'the eyes and ears of an army,' as they are called. To carry on a guerilla warfare is much to their taste, but for fighting in the open, or to charge masses of the enemy, they are of small value.

F. R.

SWEARING ON THE HORNS AT HIGHGATE.



IGHGATE is one of the prettiest and pleasantest suburbs of London, famous for its beautiful wood, a remnant of the old forest of Middlesex. In the coaching days, it was also remarkable for a curious custom, which has now been dropped. Many of the travellers who passed through the village, coming from the North, or going to it, were asked to be sworn upon the horns at Highgate. It was, however, well known all over England, so that, at one time, in any county you might be asked the question, 'Have you ever been sworn at Highgate?' No doubt the landlords of several of the Highgate inns favoured this custom, because the persons sworn were expected to spend money in

giving refreshments to the lookers-on. No one knows exactly what was the origin of this custom; some have said it arose from travellers, who stopped at the Gatehouse Tavern, making strangers they met there give a pledge that they would behave themselves properly. Other people have thought this swearing persons upon horns had somehow to do with Highgate being in Hornsey parish. One old author has preserved four lines, which referred to this odd ceremony:

"'Tis a custom in* Highgate, that all who go through,
Must be sworn on the horns there—and so, sir, must you!
Bring the horns! shut the door; now, sir, take off your hat!
When you come here again, don't forget to mind *that!*"

There was a special meaning in these last words, because the question used to be put to those who had been sworn, whether they remembered the first word of the oath. It began with 'that,' and if the person did not remember it, he was said to be liable to go through a second ceremony.

At the Red Lion Inn, in the reign of George III., very often sixty or seventy coaches stopped every day, and it was reckoned that about half of the travellers would be sworn. But many were also sworn at the Gatehouse, the Crown Inn, and the Fox-under-the-Hill, all of which had many callers or visitors. Indeed, at one time, every inn near Highgate, which was of importance, had a pair of horns put up outside, to let people know that they could be sworn inside if they liked. They did not all use the horns of one animal, for at different inns they had different sorts of horns, mostly those of the ram or stag. One old inhabitant of Highgate said that he had sworn in as many as a hundred in a day: parties of officers of the guards and their regiments came down, bringing their friends, and then the party had a dinner. Tailors, too, and various tradesmen used to take a holiday for the purpose of bringing new shop-mates to be sworn.

Accounts of the ceremony do not agree, but it was generally like this. The door of the room was shut, every one was called upon to stand up; the swearer-in, clothed in a gown, wearing a wig and mask, read the words from a book. Another person, often an old villager, acted as clerk, calling aloud *Amen!* after every sentence. It was also his business to hold the horns, which were fixed upon a pole about five feet high. The repetition over, the person sworn was told to kiss the horns, and he was declared to be then a freeman of Highgate.

This old oath, written or composed by some unknown person, was a good deal of it nonsense, yet it had also some words of advice that might be useful. There was a caution against trusting to false friends, who had never been tried in time of trouble, and another against going into bad company, at Highgate or anywhere. Then he was told not to buy things he could not pay for, nor to borrow from friends if he could help it. At the end, the swearer-in wished the new freeman a good journey through life, and told him the special pri-

village he was now to have whenever he went through Highgate. If he wanted to take a rest, and saw a pig lying under a stack, he might make the pig get up, and lie down in the animal's place. But, supposing there were three pigs lying together, he must only kick out the middle one, and sit down between the other two!

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

48.—PUZZLES.

FIND geographical names hidden in the following sentences.

1. Do you like lemon ices? A town in Italy.
2. It is not always prudent to act on first impressions. A village in Middlesex.
3. Did you see which way the organ-grinder went after leaving the square? A river in Cumberland.
4. You may tell Thomas I am not going out this morning. A country in Asia.
5. The concert began by the performance of a very grand overture. A town in Hampshire.
6. I think your theme will do very well now you have corrected it. A town in Kent.
7. Now we have reached such a climax we will leave off. A city in South America.
8. You will find her the same at her own house as in company. A county in Leinster.
9. You can see the clock at that distance, but I can't. A city in Africa.
10. The children are going to a juvenile party to-morrow. A river in Africa.
11. Have you seen that pretty little church in a wood? A country in Asia.
12. What has made you so dismal again? An hour ago you were quite cheerful. A city in Spain.

C. C.

49.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHEN is an original idea like a clock?
2. When is a silver cup most likely to run?
3. When does a cow become landed property?
4. Why do pianos usually bear noble characters?
5. Why is a hen on a fence like a penny?
6. How would you stir a fire during a musical performance without interrupting?
7. Who wrote most—Warren, Bulwer, or Dickens?
8. When should an innkeeper visit an iron foundry?
9. When does a caterpillar improve in character?
10. When is a boy in a pantry like a poacher?
11. What is taken from you before you can get it?
12. Who was the most successful surveyor on record?

C. C.

50.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

A town in an eastern county of England. It has a church with a lofty spire, which is useful as a sea-mark. Also the capital of one of the United States of America. An important war was begun in this town.

- 1.—3, 5, 1. An audible token of grief.
- 2.—1, 5, 2, 6. A gift, a great favour.
- 3.—6, 2, 4. A negation.
- 4.—1, 2, 5, 4. Uncomfortable if too tight.
- 5.—3, 5, 2, 6. Before long.
- 6.—4, 5, 6. A heavy weight.
- 7.—4, 2, 5. Superfluity.

C. C.

[Answers at page 334.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|
| 46.—1. Basle. | 6. Montreal. | 11. Candia. |
| 2. Pharos. | 7. Launceston. | 12. Corinth. |
| 3. Tuscany. | 8. Munster. | 13. Tripoli. |
| 4. Palermo. | 9. Teviot. | 14. Rotterdam. |
| 5. Mecca. | 10. Maine. | |

47.—Pyrenees.

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Seer. | 4. Sneer. | 7. Yes. |
| 2. Pen. | 5. Pry. | 8. Preen. |
| 3. Penny. | 6. Spey. | |

THE CHESIL BEACH.



THE Chesil Beach or Bank, as it is sometimes called, stretching in a vast curve for eight miles from Portland to Bridport, is one of the most remarkable natural formations on the English coast. Its peculiarity consists in its great height—nearly forty feet—and in the nature of the pebbles of which it is formed. Those at Portland measure several inches in diameter, and then by degrees get smaller and smaller, until at Bridport they are scarcely larger than coarse sand. So regular is this reduction in size that the local fishermen are said to be able to tell their whereabouts at night by examining a handful of the stones.

Large quantities of mackerel are caught here in the summer, and it is an interesting scene when the fishermen are watching for the shoals to make their appearance in the bay. When a shoal is seen by the ripples caused by the fish moving near the surface, a boat, locally called a *lerrit*, is launched, and a very long sieve net is cast round the mackerel, and slowly hauled to land by the ropes attached to its two ends. Some five or six men pull on each rope, whilst those in the boat beat the water with their oars in order to frighten the fish, and prevent them from jumping over the edge of the net.

No fish is more beautiful than the mackerel when fresh from the sea; but it dies quickly on leaving the water, and its lovely brilliancy and gleaming colouring rapidly fade. To see mackerel freshly caught, and then as they appear in a London shop, one would hardly recognise them to be the same.

Other fish are now and then entangled in the sieve, and sometimes some of large size; for instance, the writer once saw a huge sun-fish taken near Portland, weighing about a ton and a half. It took many men a long time to get it on shore, as great care had to be exercised so as to avoid damaging the net, and it was then carted over to Weymouth and exhibited as a curiosity in a tent on the sands.



The Chesil Beach.

There is always more or less surf breaking on the bank, and at times it is very difficult to launch a boat, the boatmen having to wait for what they call the 'smooth' before this can be done. No boat could put off when a westerly gale is blowing. Then is the time to see the enormous waves which break with a deafening roar as they draw back the pebbles into their clutches and then cast them back on to

the beach. One can scarcely see many yards on either side for the fog of spray.

For the greater part of its length the Chesil Beach is divided from the mainland by a narrow stretch of tidal water, called the Fleet, which runs up to Abbotsbury, where there is a large swannery. Numbers of swans are also bred and reared in the backwater at Weymouth.



A BABY MOOR-HEN.

IT is likely that some folk who only know this bird by name suppose that the moor-hen is not to be seen or heard unless we visit the moors. Certainly it is upon moors and extensive marshes that the moor-hens occur in parties, with other birds fond of an aquatic life, but they are found far away from moors, and even near to large towns. As a boy, I can remember being much amused by them when wandering along the river Lee, in Hertfordshire, where they had their nests on the reedy islets or grassy banks. Moor-hens have also made visits to the ponds about Hampstead Heath, near London

and sometimes to one or other of the lakes in the suburban parks. Wild birds they are, yet not very shy, as they have been known, if they happen to have a nest near a farm, to run into the yard and take some of the food thrown out to the poultry.

It may seem odd that this species should be called the *moor-hen*. Of course there are both male and female birds, but probably this arose from the fact that the mother bird, with her young brood, is most frequently noticed. Her companion is sometimes heard when he is not seen, though he takes his share of the work of looking after and feeding the

little chicks. Another name this bird has in some countries is 'mot-hen' or moat-ben, reminding us of the olden times, when so many country houses, for protection, had moats or ditches round them, which supplied plenty of resting-places to aquatic birds.

Our illustration shows a juvenile moor-hen. It may appear somewhat lanky, but the long legs are useful, not only enabling it to straddle amongst the herbage, but by their means it can by degrees become a good swimmer and diver. At first the young birds are of lighter colour than the old moor-hen, and they are very quiet and cautious in their movements—rather a contrast to the lively dabchicks, not uncommon, too, about marshes and other watery places which are the home of moor-hens, wild ducks, dippers, and their kinsfolk. Curious are the loud and mingled cries that come to our ears from the haunts of water-fowl; hardly musical, one would say, yet the sound is not unpleasant when listened to in a broad open space. There is the croak of the wild duck, the strange call of the curlew, the scream of the heron, the shrill cry of the sandpiper, and the moor-hen comes in now and then with its harsh notes, but it is rather a silent bird. One species, now and then mistaken for the moor-hen, is the coot. It is rather larger, and may be known by the bald patch upon its forehead, whilst the smaller bird has a scarlet face, contrasting with the dusky feathers of the body and wings. Its legs are greenish and white, set far back. When flying, the legs hang down. The feet, though not webbed, have a sort of flap along the edge of each toe, so that they can act as paddles.

Usually the nest of a moor-hen is hidden amongst rushes or in a clump of osiers. It is very firmly built of long grasses and bulrush leaves, some sticks being twisted in. The lining is of soft grass and roots. The eggs are seven or eight, reddish-white, having brown markings. A pair of the birds have been seen busily feeding their young with the flowers of water-daisies; they also eat buds of plants, various insects, and worms from the mud. J. R. S. C.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 319.)



AT to do I did not know," said the Admiral. "So close was I to the enemy that I could hear a sentry cough distinctly as I stood in the darkness and piercing cold. I moved gently a few yards forward, then I pulled up suddenly and as though by some instinct, just in time to save falling into a quagmire. I circled round the edge of it and then resumed the uncertain journey. Was I going right and shaping for the beach, or was I not? Soon I got a little assistance from one or two stars, which came out, pale and cold-looking above. I struck out a little faster and began to get a bit more confident

that I was going the right way, though I could not by any means make sure. Then, I suppose, I must have travelled in a circle, for, after an hour or more of walking, lo and behold! I came in sight of the gunboats again.

"I was bitterly discouraged. Still, "onwards and forwards" was the motto. Nothing to gain by sitting down and howling. Nobody on earth could save me except Commander Crabbe himself, thought I. So I prayed to God to grant that my strength might hold out, and started on my journey once more.

"Before I had been going a quarter of an hour, imagine my delight when I struck the same beaten footpath (as near as I could guess from indications in the ground and in the darkness then prevailing) which I had travelled on my outward journey. With a very much lighter heart I trudged thankfully along for a couple of miles or thereabouts; then, without the slightest warning, I ran right into a grey-coated Russian sentry!

"For the first moment he was as astonished as I was. Then, quick as thought, he made an ugly thrust at me with his fixed bayonet. I sprang aside, at the same moment hitting him with all my might in the face. In those days my clenched fist was an awkward thing to run one's nose against, and the sentry went down as if he had been shot; but as he fell his rifle went off, whether by accident or not I never knew. What I did know, however, was that I had better make myself scarce in rather less than no time, unless I wished to convert myself into a target for Russian troops to practise upon. I took to my heels and ran. Yes, boys, I have never been in such a hurry before or since as I was that night on the Spit of Arabat. There could not have been fewer than a dozen Russians after me, and we ran for nearly a mile—it seemed like five miles to me!—straight to the beach. I cannot tell you how thankful I was to hear the waves tumbling gently in and to see the dark-looking water ahead of me. I just shouted once, to let my men in the boat know that I was coming, as I got to the water's edge, then I plunged in and started swimming to the boat.

"Grand, hard soldiers as the Russians most undoubtedly are, it cannot be denied that the average private in the Czar's army does not appreciate the beauties of cold water "for outward application only," and they all stopped short on the beach; but they were quick enough to make my swim to the boat a very lively one, for the bullets fell round me just like a heavy shower of rain; but it is a difficult thing to hit a man swimming so low in the sea that only his head is visible, and not always that. It was still very dark, too, and really the boat's crew were always in far more danger than I was. I was hauled—oh, so stiff and cold!—over the side of the boat, and then the men gave way with a will. A quarter of an hour later and I was safe on board again, after having had a pretty exciting night of it. If I were thirty years younger I would like those jolly old times to come all over again," concluded the Admiral, with an old man's fond dwelling upon the glories and honourable adventures of the past.

That night, at their usual hour of half-past nine, Paul and Geoff, their arms round each other's necks, were passing along the lonely upstairs corridor, whence a glimpse of the gardens could be obtained at each long, narrow window which they passed. The pale moon threw weird shadows of the oak and elm across the lawns and terraces below, whilst the greater part of the space was brilliantly lit up by her cold rays. Suddenly Geoff paused in his walk, then, gripping his brother's arm tightly, he directed his attention to a dark figure standing motionless upon the lawn.

'What is that, Paul?' he said, breathlessly, as he gazed spell-bound at it.

'What?' asked Paul, stolidly.

'That, look! Look where I am pointing.'

Paul gazed at the figure in silence. It seemed to be draped from head to foot in some dark robe. Just then it moved from the shadow of a tree, which had partly concealed it, and the moonlight fell upon its rough and shaggy-looking head; there was no mistaking the colour of the hair.

'The Red Monk!' exclaimed both boys in a breath.

The figure continued to approach the house and, finally, stood just beneath Paul's window. Fearfully, and as though drawn by some horrible fascination, the brothers, grasping each the other's hand, went on into the Viscount's room and approached the open window, half expecting to see the sinister, gleaming eyes and face of the Red Monk appear at it. At last Paul, conquering his feelings of horror at the dread of seeing something supernatural, resolutely put aside his fears and thrust his head out.

A moment of breathless suspense for both followed and then, 'Please, Muster Paul, I come up here to tell ye yer ferret has got out of his cage, and he have got hold of our bantam cock, and I pulled he off that, and he bit my finger, and I told keeper and he says to I —'

But a peal of laughter from the two boys above checked the flow of eloquence, and the speaker stopped short, open-mouthed, at the unexpected interruption.

'It is Carrots!' shouted Paul, with a hearty burst of laughter. 'What a couple of boobies we must have been, Geoff, to let that old yarn about the Red Monk get hold of us and put such stuff and nonsense into our heads!'

Carrots it was, who had run up, bare-headed, to give Paul his news. The Viscount very quickly told him to go to Smithson, one of the stable boys, who always looked after the ferret, and inform him of its escape. Then, throwing a shilling to the 'Red Monk,' he closed the window, and the two boys, with another hearty good laugh, turned in for the night.

'I say, old chap, where have you put my trousers?' called out Geoff through the open door of their communicating rooms, next morning.

'Your what?' shouted Paul back again, pausing, sponge in hand, just as he was about plunging into his cold tub.

'My trousers! Come, now, it is no good saying

you have not hidden them! Out with it! where are they?'

'Where you put them when you took them off. I should say. Trousers don't walk without legs inside them,' was the answer, and the next moment a loud splashing and 'pouffing' announced that the cold water was doing its work.

A minute later Geoff, very slenderly attired, came into his brother's room and, coolly walking up to his clothes, picked up his trousers and was striding off with them.

'Put those things down, you villain!' cried the bather, at the same moment deftly hurling his wet sponge and catching Geoff neatly on the back of the head with it.

It was the gage of battle. At it they went. Water splashed all over the room; pillows were seized and most vigorously wielded on both sides; then these were at length dropped and the contending forces closed in one great struggle for victory. At the most critical moment a sidelong movement brought their legs against the edge of the bath, and they both tumbled half in, half on the side of it. Over went the bath, shooting the whole of its contents on to the carpet.

For a full minute they could do nothing. Helpless with laughter, they sat on the floor. At last Paul exclaimed, 'Come on, old chap, and help mop up this mess, or else it will go through the ceiling and drown the poor old Admiral below,' and, between them, they managed, with the aid of sponges and thick rough bath towels, to absorb most part of the small lake which lay on the carpet. 'And now about these precious trousers of yours, Geoff. I have really not seen them.'

Geoff was staggered. From the moment he had missed them, he had ascribed their loss to a trick of his brother's—such sort of fun as they were always playing on each other. No one had access to the room where they were but Paul; no one else could have taken them; and there was Paul saying that he had not done so.

To doubt the other's word, when spoken seriously, would never have occurred to either for a moment. Geoff could see that Paul was speaking seriously, and so there need be little wonder that the younger boy both looked and felt utterly at a loss.

However, the breakfast bell was ringing, and he hurried off, dressed himself quickly in another suit, and hastened down, closely followed by Paul.

That day they rode nearly fifteen miles out to luncheon, in company with the Admiral, and when they got back all thought of the missing articles of apparel had gone out of their heads, nor did they think of the loss of them again until early next morning, when, to the Viscount's blank astonishment, his brother burst into his room with, 'My boy, they have gone again.'

'What have gone again?'

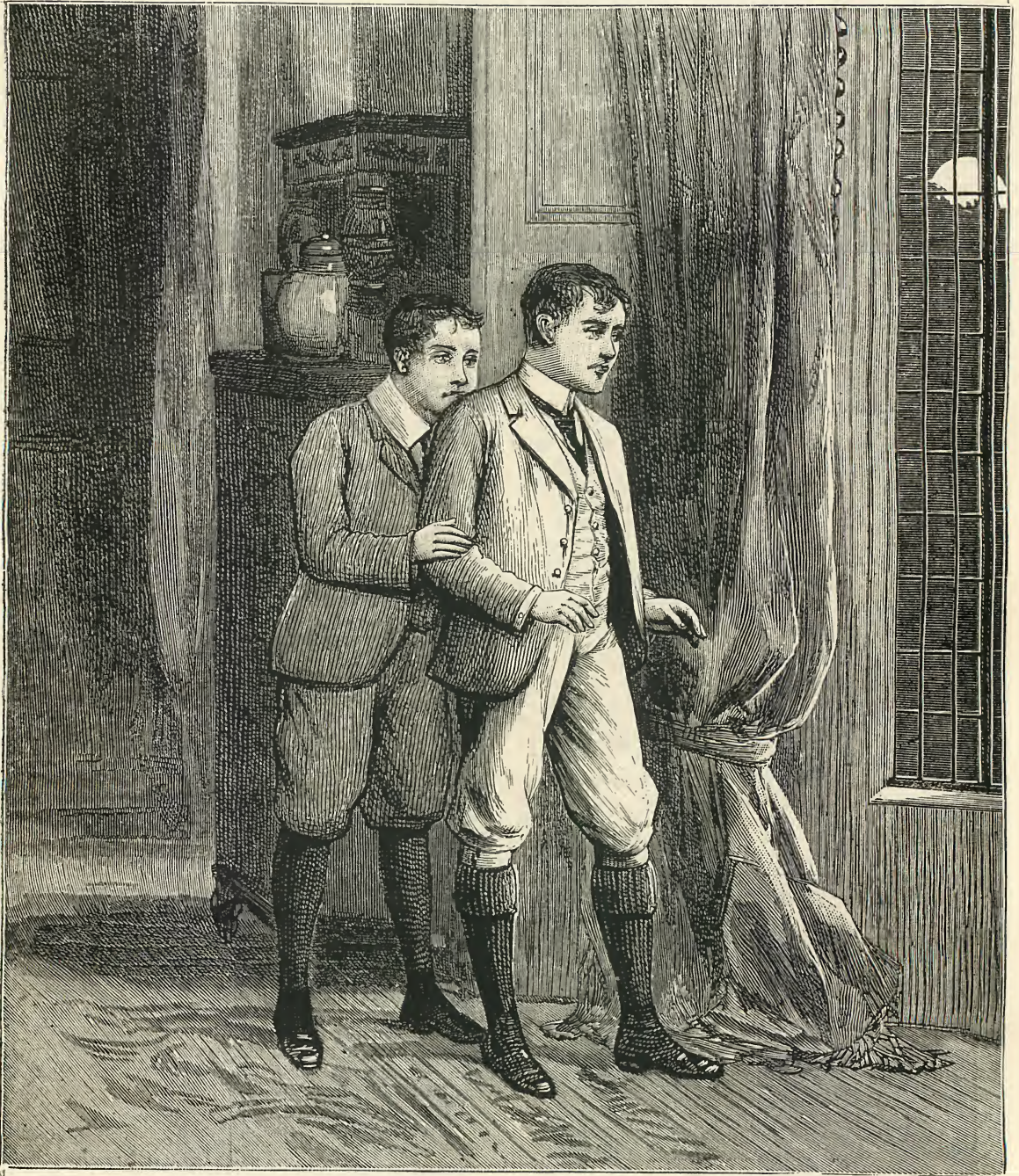
'My trousers!'

'What, another pair do you mean?'

'Yes, the ones I was wearing yesterday.'

'Well, I never knew anything so funny! Wait till after breakfast, and we will say nothing to anybody and both have a good hunt for them.'

(Continued at page 334.)



"What is that, Paul?"



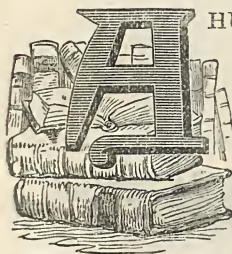
Lynmouth.

LYNMOUTH.

THIS pretty village, one of the most picturesque spots in the whole of western England, lies at the foot of the beautiful little river Lyn, which, rising on the high moors above, rushes down through the valley of the Lyn to the sea. The river teems with fine trout, and its banks delight the eye of the artist. Following the course of the rushing stream in an upward direction, one of the most beautiful spots encountered is Watersmeet, where another stream joins it in its course towards the sea. All around Lynmouth and Lynton—which may also be said to overhang Lynmouth—the walks and drives are beautiful beyond compare. The Valley of Rocks, in especial, is a scene of picturesque grandeur which it would be indeed hard to match throughout the British Isles, and a few miles' tramp from Lynmouth brings one across the glorious expanse of moorland to Brendon. It is all about here that the hunting of the wild red deer is carried on—the only place in England where wild deer are hunted.

F. R.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



A HUNDRED and fifty years ago there lived and worked in Chelsea a physician named Sloane. In his spare hours nothing delighted him so much as to get together objects of natural history and works of art, unless it was adding to and arranging his books; for he had gathered a remarkable library, including at last many thousands of volumes and manuscripts. It was by his wish and direction that, upon his death, all these treasures were offered to the nation at a certain price—a sum very much indeed below what they had cost Sir Hans Sloane. This generous offer was accepted, and the wonderful library was purchased. Two other famous collections of rare books were also bought about the same time, and His Majesty King George III. added another library—the whole forming one general collection. This was really the beginning of what is now known as the British Museum.

Having come into possession of such a mass of literature, what was the nation to do with it? It was necessary to find a building which could be hired or bought to contain these books and manuscripts. Now, there stood in Great Russell Street, in the centre of London, a mansion known as Montagu House, the property of a wealthy and noble family named Montagu. The two heiresses of this family offered to sell their mansion for a very moderate sum of money on condition that it was used as a store-house for the literary bequests. Alterations in the building were necessary, but it was very quickly ready to receive the books and other treasures. After a time, and when the collection had grown very much larger, Montagu House, as it then was, was found

unsuitable, and it was by degrees pulled down, and a new edifice, the present building, was reared.

Look, for a moment, at the front of the British Museum: is it not a magnificent sight? It is constructed of 800 massive stones, each from five to nine tons in weight.

Let us now suppose that you are over twenty-one years of age and wish to visit the Reading-room. Crossing the threshold, you find yourself in a large circular apartment (notice the fact that it is circular), crowned with a dome. The *diameter* of the dome is 140 feet; that is to say, the dome measures across it as much as would the height of four or five ordinary houses. It is 106 feet high—the height of three or four houses piled one on top of the other. There is only one other dome in the whole world that is slightly larger, that is the dome of the Pantheon at Rome. Turn your eyes all round the room; you will see that the dome presents the sight of a continuous circular wall of books. These can be reached either from the floor, or from low galleries running around. Now, from looking round, look up at the dome. Beautifully decorated, is it not? Light colours and pure gildings give it a very bright and ornate appearance; down it run moulded ribs dividing it into twenty compartments; these ribs are gilded with leaf prepared from pure gold, and the gilding shows ornamental patterns and scalloped edges. In each of the compartments of the dome is a fine circular-headed window. Notice the arrangement of the room. Upon the floor stand thirty-five tables; nineteen of these are large and sixteen small. Down the centre of the larger tables run partitions, which hide from view one's opposite neighbour, and so secure privacy to each worker. All the tables converge towards the centre of the room, like the spokes of a wheel to its 'hub.' The 'hub,' so to say, is formed of two ranges of stands for the gigantic catalogue. This catalogue is all in manuscript, and fills upwards of 300 large volumes. In the very centre of the catalogue-stands is the 'quarter-deck' of the chief superintendent; and from that position he commands a view of all the tables and every occupant. There are between two and three hundred readers seated at the various tables, or walking about the room on tiptoe; but perfect silence prevails.

The great General Catalogue constantly grows, for a number of scribes add to it daily the names of all the new books which reach the museum. Each book is entered under its author's name, and to the title of each is affixed a press-mark. Every reader who wants a book must give in writing its full title and press-mark, in order to enable the attendants to bring it to him when seated at his table. But not a tithe of the books are kept in the Reading-room. The Library, with its numerous departments, contains the bulk of the books. This library is fitted up in a remarkable manner. Its shelves are formed of galvanised iron plates, edged with vainscot and covered with leather, and are supported by iron supports. The row of book-cases nearest the outer walls are single, but all the rest are double, a lattice of iron-work separating the volumes. So you will understand that there are no walls throughout the whole interior of the library buildings, but books—double

ranges of books—form the walls. If all the book-cases in the British Museum were ranged end to end in a straight line, that line would extend a distance of three miles, and the height of the cases would be eight feet all along the line. Now, supposing we were to fill them with books—say of the ordinary size of Henty's Tales—we should have space to pack a million; and were we to arrange the book-shelves in a line, as we did the cases, we could extend our line to a distance of twenty-five miles. In this reckoning we have not included the space in the Reading-room, where 60,000 volumes are kept, besides the catalogues.

Every visitor to the British Museum knows that it contains an immense number of objects of interest other than books. Its contents may be classified under eleven different headings, and are arranged in departments. Here is a table of the departments:—

- I. Printed Books and Maps.
- II. Manuscripts.
- III. Prints and Drawings.
- IV. Oriental Antiquities.
- V. Greek and Roman Antiquities.
- VI. Coins and Medals.
- VII. British and Mediæval Antiquities and Ethnography.
- VIII. Zoology.
- IX. Botany.
- X. Geology.
- XI. Mineralogy.

We cannot now visit all these departments. We must remain contented with peeping into one or two.

We enter one of the rooms which go to make up the Manuscripts Department—for these ancient writings require a great deal of space, and occupy several rooms. Here we notice an historical deed, a faded-looking parchment which has been carefully and neatly spread out upon canvas. Every intelligent reader of *Chatterbox* will have heard of the 'deed.' It is an early original copy of Magna Charta, bearing the signature of King John and several of the Barons. Look at it well, for the Charter has been rightly described as 'the bulwark of English liberty.' In this department there are as many as 47,000 charters and rolls, and 50,000 volumes, besides nearly 10,000 detached seals and casts of seals.

The collection of prints and drawings contains examples, in all English and foreign schools, of original drawings, etchings and engravings, and many fine prints from pictures of well-known masters. A large number of valuable drawings and paintings have quite recently been acquired.

In another department—that devoted to the storing of Oriental antiquities—we look with wonder upon Egyptian monuments dating back two thousand years before the Christian Era. Many of these treasures fell into the hands of the British army at the capitulation of Alexandria. The sculptures are formed of granite and basalt—a greyish-black mineral, 'trap-rock.' There are also several beautiful sculptured sarcophagi—stone coffins. In the centre of the gallery stands the celebrated Rosetta Stone, which furnished the key to the Hieroglyphics, or sacred writings of the Ancients.

In a gallery on the upper floor are exhibited the smaller Egyptian remains. Here may be seen sacred animals in wood, metal, stone, and porcelain; objects relating to domestic life, such as personal adornments, household furniture, artistic and writing implements; also armour and weapons of war. Here, too, are mummies, and curious old coffins, and sacred beetles and charms found within the coffins.

Perhaps the department in which some readers would take the most interest, if they were visiting the museum, is that containing the splendid collection of coins and medals. They are carefully and skilfully arranged according to date under five great divisions, namely: (1) Greek, (2) Roman, (3) Mediæval and Modern, (4) English, (5) Oriental, and each of these divisions is worth a long and close study.

Sixteen years ago a new building at South Kensington received the valuable collection of Natural History specimens from the British Museum, and here, as there is plenty of room and every convenience, the treasures are well and carefully arranged.

The real usefulness of the British Museum can only be measured by the help it renders to earnest students, but at the same time casual visitors may here find numerous objects—brought from every corner of the world—to instruct and astonish them. To every article exhibited is attached a label, giving its name and often something of its history. In the departments where it is impossible to display the bulk of the treasures, selections are placed in show-cases. Among the most interesting objects are the autographs of celebrated people; ancient Oriental and illuminated manuscripts; books illustrating the history of printing in various countries, and rare and beautiful bindings.

JAMES CASSIDY.

MABEL'S THRUSH.

THIS Thrush has such a happy home,
He does not wish from it to roam;
He loves his mistress, yes, so well
That near her he prefers to dwell.

On sunny days she sets him free
Beneath a fine old chestnut-tree;
But then he never takes his flight
Beyond the little maiden's sight.

And when she calls, 'Come back, dear Jim,'
And stretches out her hand to him,
He instantly obeys her word;
He is indeed a charming bird!

All pets as tame as Jim we find
Belong to people who are kind,
And gentle in their words and ways,
And never slow to utter praise.

Rough speech and actions always make
The hearts of timid creatures quake;
And they will only trustful be
To those who treat them tenderly. D. H.



"And when she calls, 'Come back, dear Jim,'
He instantly obeys her word."

OTTER versus SALMON.

WE all know how long a matter a law-suit can be made. Those of us who have read Dickens can always call to mind the almost endless case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*. But no law-suit, however long, has lasted anything like the length of time which the contest referred to in our title has done, for, from the beginning of the world, the otter has been plaguing the salmon's life out of him, and has been what the Scotchmen call 'the pursuer' in the suit. And so dainty a rascal is the otter, that when he has caught a salmon, he will only condescend to bite a piece out of the prime portion of the back, leaving the rest to rot away upon the

bank. In one night, an otter will work most serious mischief upon a salmon river, and so the sportsman, who, at great expense, keeps up preserved water for his own amusement, has to hunt this animal out of the place, or he would soon find his stock of fish disappear.

The picture shows a singular incident. A sportsman, having hooked a salmon, plays it until it is partially exhausted, and when about to bring it to land is astounded to see a large otter, closely followed by two of its young—which bear a sort of resemblance to kittens—rush out and seize the salmon, quickly plunging into the water with it. The fine line very soon snaps, and the otter gets safely away with its prize.



Hooked, but not landed.

In many parts of England are packs of otter hounds established for hunting and killing these creatures. Otter-hunting, of course, is conducted on foot, and one must not be too particular about getting wet or spoiling one's clothes, as a dash into the river is often necessary in the course of the pursuit. To hunt up a good river, strike on an otter,

and run him down, is exciting sport, and when, to use legal phrase, one thinks that the otter is the perpetual plaintiff in the case of *Otter versus Salmon*, and that the poor salmon, the defendant, has no natural protection against his merciless foe, one cannot much regret the otter's death in fair fight with the hounds.

F. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

51.—CHANGED WORDS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. CHANGE Elbe to Avon. | 5. Change Sark to Bute. |
| 2. " Stork to Crane. | 6. " Bark to Bite. |
| 3. " Ned to Bob. | 7. " Slow to Fast. |
| 4. " Jane to Dora. | 8. " Need to Want. |

C. C.

[Answers at page 351.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| 48.—1. Nice. | 5. Andover. | 9. Utica. |
| 2. Acton. | 6. Dover. | 10. Nile. |
| 3. Derwent. | 7. Lima. | 11. China. |
| 4. Siam. | 8. Meath. | 12. Malaga. |
- 49.—1. When it strikes one.
 2. When it is chased.
 3. When she is turned into a field.
 4. Because they are grand, upright, or square.
 5. Because she has the head on one side and the tail on the other.
 6. Stir it between the bars.
 7. Warren wrote *Now and Then*; Bulwer, *Night and Morning*; but Dickens wrote *All the Year Round*.
 8. When he wants a bar-maid (bar made).
 9. When he turns over a new leaf.
 10. When he walks into the preserves.
 11. Your portrait.
 12. Alexander Selkirk, because he was 'monarch of all he surveyed.'

50.—Boston.

- | | | |
|----------|----------|---------|
| 1. Sob. | 4. Boot. | 6. Ton. |
| 2. Boon. | 5. Soon. | 7. Too. |
| 3. Not. | | |

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 327.)



AS soon as the morning meal was over, up went the two boys to Geoff's room, their minds thoroughly made up to the solving of the trousers mystery. They shut the door, and then, with patience and care, they turned out every drawer, cupboard, and wardrobe in the room in search of the missing articles. Their labour, however, was all in vain, and, after spending the

best part of an hour at the work, they sat down to rest, looking at one another in blank bewilderment.

Upon the following morning Geoff made the same announcement to his brother, and he, Geoff, was now reduced to appearing at the breakfast-table in a pair of riding breeches and gaiters, and matters were becoming desperate. That day the boys appealed to the Admiral for aid. The old gentleman was extremely puzzled. He could not make it out at

all. That afternoon he was going away for a week's visit to an old comrade in arms living in the north of England, and so was unable to give much thought to the mysterious disappearance of the trousers. Before starting, however, he took occasion to give the boys a kind of quarter-deck oration upon their duties in his, the Admiral's, absence.

'Look here, my lads; I am going to be absent from the ship—I mean the Abbey—for about a week. During that time I shall expect that you will neither break your own nor anybody else's necks; that you will neither drown yourselves in the lake, shoot the keepers, lame the horses, nor burn the house down. But I must say that if you did the whole lot of these things before I came back, it would not greatly astonish your unhappy guardian,' whereupon he was assaulted by both boys and had to beat a retreat into his own sitting-room.

After Sir Colin had started upon his long journey north, and the boys had returned from the railway station, whither they had accompanied him, their thoughts naturally reverted to the 'trousers mystery,' as they now called it. Why was not the Viscount a sufferer, as well as Geoff? What was there particularly fascinating about the nether garments of one above the other? Why should—but there, all speculations were in vain. The whole thing was most mysterious and uncanny.

That night Geoff could get little sleep for thinking over the problem. He lay tossing about on his bed very wide awake indeed, and heard the old clock above the stables chime the hour of midnight before closing his eyes in a troubled, wakeful doze. Ten minutes later he started up again, as little inclined for sleep as ever.

He turned his pillow over, punched it severely with his fist, then again courted the drowsy god. All in vain, however, and again he sat up in bed, wondering if ever he should sleep that night, or rather morning.

Just then, to his great surprise, the door which communicated with his brother's room creaked, and, by the light of the moon streaming in through the blinds, he was astonished to see Paul walk slowly in.

'What is the matter, old chap? Are you ill?' exclaimed Geoff, in anxious tones to him.

Paul never moved his lips in answer, but came steadily on. Geoff continued to stare in silence at his brother's curious movements. And now the Viscount approached the chair upon which a pile of clothes were carelessly laid. He stooped over them, quickly selected the riding breeches from the pile, threw them over his arm, and gently walked back again to his own room.

'Oh, Paul!' cried out his brother, in tones of deep reproach. 'It was you, then, after all, who have been taking the trousers!—and you told me, in earnest, too, that you had not!' and Geoffrey could have cried with vexation as he felt that his own beloved Paul had told him a lie. He could not bring himself to believe it, though here it was before his very eyes.

But meantime Paul had reached his own room again, and Geoff, springing out of bed, followed him. As he crossed the threshold of his brother's bed-chamber he paused, spell-bound at the sight that met his gaze.

Paul was standing on a chair and reaching up above his head to the top of a large oak wardrobe. With most deliberate movements he stooped down, picked up the riding breeches, and placed them flat on the top of the wardrobe; then, heaving a deep sigh of satisfaction, he came down off the chair again, put that article back into its ordinary place, and then, for the first time, turned and faced his brother.

In a moment, the mystery was a mystery no longer. The Viscount was fast asleep!

Geoff, not knowing the possible danger of such a proceeding, caught him by the arm, and called, 'Paul, Paul! wake up, old chap!' and, with a tremendous start of surprise, the sleep-walker recovered his wakeful senses.

'Where am I? what am I doing here? what has happened?' were the questions which followed each other in rapid succession, and without any pause for an answer.

'It is all right, old boy. You have been walking in your sleep, and it is you who has been bagging all my trousers. I have no doubt we will find the whole lot of them to-morrow on the top of your wardrobe. But now you must get back to bed, and we will talk about it all to-morrow morning.'

Paul, still very drowsy, and not fully taking in the meaning of his brother's words, let himself be led back to his bed, turned in, and slept soundly until morning.

The shock of the overnight awakening did Paul no harm, and seemed to have cured his sleep-walking. A turn-out of the top of the wardrobe revealed the whole stock of the much-sought-for garments, and there the incident ended.

The two boys found time hanging rather heavily on their hands with the Admiral away. The old man was always such a companion to them that they missed him terribly, and the Abbey seemed quite dull without his breezy presence. Under these circumstances the Viscount cast about for something to do, and then struck upon a novel idea.

'Geoff,' said he, 'the weather is hot and fine; would it not be fun to rig up our little tent down by the side of the lake, and live there till the Admiral comes back?—I mean, live on nothing (except bread-and-butter, tea and sugar, you know) but what we shoot and fish for. Shall we?'

'Won't we!' exclaimed Geoffrey. 'What a lovely idea, old fellow!—a regular sort of nineteenth-century Robinson Crusoe notion, without the discomforts. Let us pack a hamper and start this morning.'

No sooner said than done. Mrs. Gubbins entered her most solemn protest against the whole expedition, and especially did she implore them not to sleep out. They were quite determined, however, and the good lady had to beat a retreat, and pack a hamper of provisions. This she did with so lavish a hand that certainly there would have arisen no necessity for the boys to either shoot or fish in order to satisfy their wants for the ensuing month. So they unpacked, and left at home everything the old housekeeper had put in, except a big loaf of bread, a half-pound of butter, some tea and sugar, salt, and a bottle of milk. They each took a large rug and a mackintosh

by way of bedding, some knives and forks, and a couple of tin platters. With their guns and fishing-tackle, they then started off in triumph to select a good camping-ground near the lake.

The hamper and tent were carried down to the lake-side by two of the gardeners, who were highly amused at the novel proceedings. They wanted to erect the tent and make all comfortable, but this the boys would not hear of. They were going to do the whole business by their own exertions, and not to pitch the tent would be to lose half the fun. So, as soon as they had chosen a dry spot, well away from the moist edges of the water, and partly sheltered by some pine-trees, they both set to work to drag the confused heap of canvas, poles, and ropes up to the site, and untie the fastenings and cords.

'Now, I will heave the middle pole on end, while you get the guy-ropes clear. If we can get the roof-part of the thing right, the rest is easy,' said Paul, struggling with the tent-pole.

'Now,' he continued, 'now is your time; catch hold of——' But the rest of the sentence was lost in the folds of canvas, which overwhelmed the speaker and brought him to the ground, half smothered.

Roars of laughter followed this first attempt, as Geoff dragged his brother by the leg from under the confused mass of ropes, poles, and canvas. Half an hour's steady work overcame all their difficulties, and they got their temporary dwelling safely erected.

When this had been managed to their satisfaction, they divided forces, Paul going to collect dead wood and make a fire, whilst Geoff went down to the lake to set some fish-lines. Paul flung down his load; then, taking their guns, they went for a walk round the park, to see if they could shoot anything for next day's dinner.

They were soon attracted by the sight of some wood-pigeons. But, as they well knew, wood-pigeons were very wary. So they carefully hid amongst some trees, and waited patiently for them. After three-quarters of an hour's waiting had well-nigh tired them out, a couple of pigeons flew from the top of an adjacent tree down on to the ground to feed, within easy shot. The boys fired together. Geoff missed his, but Paul's bird fell. They picked it up, and, after trying one or two other places in vain, they returned to their camp.

Paul suggested tea; so a fire was lighted, which soon burnt up splendidly. Geoff ran down to the lake, for the double purpose of filling the kettle at a spring which emptied itself into the water there and to visit the fish-lines. Two good roach were securely hooked on them; these he took, and then re-baited the lines, and, having filled his kettle, he returned.

The kettle was put on to boil; then the two roach, being duly cleaned, were put into the hot wood ashes to cook. These, with a plentiful supply of bread-and-butter and tea, formed a meal which they thoroughly enjoyed. In the evening they went down to the lake with their fishing-rods, and had some very good sport with the tench and carp. They also took three or four roach and perch. Then they returned to make preparations for passing their first night in camp.

(Continued at page 338.)



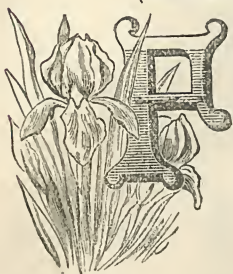
"It is all right, old boy; you have been walking in your sleep."



"Oh, my gracious! the beggar is stuffed with sand, I believe!"

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 335.)



FIRST of all, a fresh supply of wood was fetched for fuel. A good fire was kindled, which made everything look cheerful that came within its ruddy glare. The kettle was suspended on a tripod, formed out of stakes cut from a little copse near at hand. Then came a difficulty. They wanted to cook the pigeon they had killed, but neither of them knew how. Geoff carefully plucked it, and then a serious consultation was held as to whether the bird should be cooked as it was, or the inside of it taken out. After considerable discussion, they finally resolved upon adopting the latter course (luckily for them!), and, having cleaned it, they spitted it on a sharp-pointed stick, and Paul leisurely proceeded to toast it. Whilst he was thus engaged, Geoff 'laid the cloth,' or, to speak more accurately, spread out a newspaper, and placed thereon the two tin plates, knives, forks, and salt. Then he turned his attention to making the tea. At length Paul, as cook, announced that the pigeon 'seemed' to be ready. It was put on one of the plates, split in half, and they fell to with a sharp appetite.

'Splendid!' exclaimed Geoff, after the first mouthful.

'A bit gritty, though, isn't it?' said his brother, with a doubtful expression on his face.

'Not a bit of it! Why— Oh, my gracious! the beggar is stuffed with sand, I believe!' shrieked the Viscount, making a grab at the water-bottle to rinse his mouth out.

They had forgotten to wash out the bird's crop!

'Well, never mind. We have got plenty of roach. Let us cook two or three in the wood-ashes again, and make up with bread-and-butter. To-morrow we will go up to the fowl-house and get some eggs. We can always boil them in the kettle, you know.'

'I am content. Some more tea? No? Well, then, let us turn in and go to sleep.'

And, with a 'Good night, old fellow,' and an 'Isn't this jolly fun, eh?' they got out their mackintoshes and rugs, laid the former on the ground beneath their canvas roof, and, rolling themselves in the rugs, were soon sound asleep, the scent of the pine-trees, with which the air was redolent, proving a gentle aid to slumber.

Now, it so happened that the redoubtable Carrots, having been sent up to the Abbey with a message for the Viscount that afternoon, had heard from the butler of the boys' project of camping out. Whereupon Master Carrots had gone away, grinning hugely at a thought which had just pumped itself up in his own stupid brain. What a game he would have with them; that very night, too, down at their tent. He reckoned 'they would be afeared to stop another night out of the house, that they would, after he

had played his little trick on them.' And, immensely pleased at the thought of his own cleverness, the clumsy fellow went off back to the village.

The boys had brought a spade with which to dig a narrow trench around their tent in the event of its coming on to rain heavily. This spade was destined to play a leading part in the little drama then being arranged by Carrots. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when that crafty youth, creeping silently and with cat-like step through the pine-copse, saw the first glimpse of the little white canvas tent. He stole up to the back of it, and then, taking a bundle from beneath his arm, he began to array himself for his ill-natured trick.

First, he draped himself in a long white sheet, which reached from head to foot. Then, taking out a small quantity of phosphor-paste from a coat-pocket, he smeared the stuff on a hideous mask. He adjusted this latter over his face, and then prepared for action.

But the cleverest of people sometimes over-reach themselves. Carrots was in strong hopes that the two boys, terrified, as they well might be, at the sight of the made-up apparition, would take to flight, and leave some very pleasant pickings behind them. Unfortunately for both scheme and schemer, the brothers had been wide-awake and highly amused witnesses of the whole of Master Carrots' procedure through a hole in the back of the tent!

Holding up his hand to Geoff for silence, the Viscount, without waiting to dress, grasped the spade and crept noiselessly outside. He skirted the tent closely, keeping well behind the 'ghost.' Carrots, without the slightest suspicion of danger, sneaked round until he got just by the entrance. Then he stooped down, bending low in a listening attitude. At that moment Paul crept up behind him, and, with the flat of the spade, he administered one such telling bang, that, with a yell which a Red Indian might have envied, Carrots fled as though pursued by something uncanny, and hardly knowing whether he was suffering more from fright or from the tingling sensation which seemed to pervade his whole being. In his terror—for, imagining the boys to have been fast asleep at the time, he ascribed the blow to some unknown assailant—he looked not where he was going, and tumbled neck and crop into a small pond with marshy sides, much frequented by snipe and wild duck. From this he emerged dripping, and thus arrived ingloriously at his home.

For the rest of the time the boys were in bivouac, no more night alarms disturbed their slumbers.

About eight o'clock next morning they turned out, and, grasping a bath-towel apiece, they ran down to the lake, got out the punt, and, pulling well into the middle, where the water was deep and clear, they plunged overboard, and then rose spluttering to the surface. Both were good swimmers, as all English boys ought to be, and, the weather being warm and genial, they thoroughly enjoyed their bathe. Geoff dived, swam a few strokes under water, and then suddenly gripped Paul's ankle, Paul returning the compliment by splashing Geoff liberally with water as soon as he rose to the surface again. Then they climbed back into the punt, dried and dressed themselves, and pulled ashore, feeling splendidly refreshed!

from the dip. Geoff returned to the camp to fetch wood and kindle the fire. Paul went to visit the night-line which he had set—a shocking poaching contrivance!—in a small trout-stream which emptied itself into the lake.

‘Hooray!’ he shouted, as, steadily drawing in the line, he felt several small tugs at the other end of it, and then, to his delight, he hauled out a fine, brown speckled trout.

Grasping his treasure by the gills, and without waiting to reset the line, he hastened back to camp. Arrived there, the fish was quickly gutted and cleaned, and, being cooked in the hot embers, made them a capital breakfast. When they had washed up—this they found the least interesting part of their lives in camp—they took their guns and went off in search of a dinner.

Rabbits there were in plenty, but rabbits in June are rather out of season, so they let them go, but after a time a water-hen and a wild duck fell to their prowess as marksmen. As they made it a wholesome rule never to kill what they did not want to eat, they then returned to their temporary habitation to rest and pluck their trophies whilst they were still fresh and warm.

In this way, and steadily refusing all Mrs. Gubbin’s offers of provisions from the house, except the bread which was daily brought to them by a servant, they went on for five or six days. Then, one afternoon about five o’clock, the weather broke, and a deluge of rain began to fall. They withdrew to the shelter of their tent, and, crouching down at the entrance, watched the progress of the storm. It raged hour after hour, and at last so heavy was the downpour, that the tent no longer resisted the rain. At first in drips, then in little trickles, and finally in heavy streams, the rain came through the canvas. In a short space of time the boys and everything belonging to them were soaked through.

‘I say, Geoff, what do you think of this? I vote for making the best of our way back to the Abbey, and sleeping in dry sheets to-night. What do you say?’

‘Well, I didn’t really like to be the first to suggest it, but it *does* strike me as being the most comfortable thing to do. Let us put on the mackintoshes, take the guns—there is nothing else much to hurt—and start at once. It is no good getting any wetter.’

‘I couldn’t, if I tried,’ answered Paul, making preparations for a start.

An hour later, Paul, having emerged from a hot bath and turned into bed, called out through the open door of his and his brother’s rooms—

‘Geoff, old chap, camping out is good enough sport in fine weather, but give me this billet to-night. What do you think?’

‘Right you are, my Lord Duke!’ shouted Geoff back from under the bed-clothes.

Soon after the Admiral returned from his visit, Mr. James Ogilvie came up to the Abbey, in order to talk over final arrangements for the boys joining him on his steam yacht. He proposed that they should come down to Southampton Water on the first day

of the following month. They would then cruise about the Solent for a time, until they had got their ‘sea-legs;’ after which they would start away, and the Admiral (so said the Honourable James, laughing quite pleasantly for him) was not to expect them back till he saw them.

(Continued at page 346.)

THE DISPATCH RIDER.



HE post of bearer of dispatches through a hostile country is at no time an easy one; but when that country is thickly wooded and infested by small wandering bands of murderous marauders, the dispatch rider has an exciting and dangerous task always before him. In the late prolonged struggle between the

Spanish troops and the insurgents in the Island of Cuba, a curious incident took place.

One of the best and boldest dispatch riders was a man bearing the ‘nick-name’ of ‘Navarejo’—probably from the long knife which he carried at his side. One day, galloping from the front with news of a fresh engagement having just been fought, to the Spanish commander at the base of operations, the insurgents fired upon him from behind some trees. Stooping swiftly, the rider escaped the rain of bullets which fell all around him, and sped on his way unhurt, shaking his fist at his disappointed foes. But hardly had he gone another two miles on his perilous journey when his horse gave a violent plunge, half-a-dozen shots were fired in quick succession from a thicket, and ‘Navarejo’ found himself surrounded by Cuban insurgents. He was dragged off his horse, brutally struck in the face and over the head, and his dispatches quickly taken from him. Without trial of any sort, he was condemned, out of hand, to be shot on the following morning, a decision which his captors pleasantly informed him would be carried out in order to deter other ‘spies’ from bearing news in the future.

‘Navarejo,’ who did not deign any reply to this, was conducted to a tent, his hands and feet tied with thongs of leather, and he was left alone, with the exception of a sentry placed over him at the tent doorway. The Spaniard begged for some food, but the sentry only jeeringly remarked, ‘No! Hanging is best taken on an empty stomach!’

‘Well, you ought to know!’ said ‘Navarejo.’

The sentry growled something savagely in reply, but gave the hungry man nothing, even refusing his request for a drink of water.

An hour later, the Spaniard fancied he saw a chance for his life. In any case, they could do no worse than hang him, he thought. Quietly working his fastened wrists together, he managed to loosen the thongs which held him, until he was able to reach his trusty navarejo—the long, sharp Spanish



"The horse gave a violent plunge; half-a-dozen shots were fired in quick succession."

knife. With this he gradually sawed his bonds, first of hands and then of feet, asunder. He waited some little time, until darkness fell upon the camp, before taking the next step, and then, on hands and knees, carrying his knife in his teeth, he stole to the door of the tent. The sentry was standing with his back turned towards the Spaniard. 'Navarejo' at once clapped his hands over the fellow's mouth, to prevent

his calling for help; then, putting his knee in the sentry's back, he threw him heavily, intending to gag him. But here fortune favoured the prisoner, for, striking his head severely in the fall, the Cuban lay motionless and insensible. This was 'Navarejo's' chance. He stole silently out, passed two men, soldiers of the insurgent forces, who mistook him, in the darkness, for one of themselves; and then



Polish Fowls.

actually had the good fortune to come across his own horse, tethered with eight others, saddled, and evidently waiting for their riders. There was only one Cuban in charge of them. 'Navarejo' leisurely took hold of his own horse's bridle, and put his foot in the stirrup before the man suspected anything; then, with a curse, the insurgent sprang at the daring Spaniard, calling on him to surrender. 'Navarejo's'

answer was a slash at the man's head with his long knife, and, striking his horse with his spurs, he was galloping down the steep road in the darkness like a flash.

'When a man is to be hanged at dawn,' said 'Navarejo,' grimly, to his own commander afterwards, 'he does not stop to pick and choose his way, however rough the road is!'

F. R.

POLISH FOWLS.

POLISH fowls have nothing to do with Poland. The birds represented by our illustration are not specially known in that country more than in other localities. It is thought that the name was given from the peculiar *pole* or crest of these birds.

The varieties of Polish fowl known to fanciers are numerous, but only three are generally seen at shows: the white-crested black, which has wattles, but no beard; and the gold and silver spangled varieties, which are now exhibited at poultry shows without wattles—the vacancy being supplied by a full beard or muff under the throat.

The bearded birds have a very much finer appearance than the unbearded.

‘There used to be varieties without beards,’ writes an authority, ‘both of golden and silver Polish. These had long been known in England, but were deficient in size of crest. It is supposed that the bearded birds were first imported from France. The white-crested black Polish, such as our picture shows, never had any beard. This variety is, perhaps, one of the prettiest known, the white crest forming a striking contrast to the black feathers of the body. The shape of the bird is compact and neat, while its disposition is tame and confiding, but so is that of the whole Polish family.’

The Polands are, beyond question, of very ancient origin, for in many of the pictures by the old masters—and especially those by the Dutch and Flemish painters—the birds in their rural scenes are plainly Polish fowls.

At poultry shows up and down the country, Polish fowls are marked favourites with the ladies. ‘They are especially adapted for a gentleman’s residence,’ says an expert, ‘as they bear confinement well.’ Of course, they require to be kept clean, and provided with a dry, covered-in run, for they must be protected from the wet. If there is not a small grass-run, they must be otherwise well supplied with green food.

But enough has now been written about Polish fowls; if our readers would know more they should keep them for themselves, and observe well their habits.

J. C.

A COMPACT WITH A LION.

AN EPISODE OF THE CHASE IN ALGIERS.

(From the French of General Margueritte.)

THE old man, El-Arbi, was a famous story-teller. When we visited him, he was delighted to have the chance of giving us his favourite story about his adventure with a lion.

‘It happened many years ago, my children,’ said he, ‘in the time of the Bey Mohammed-el-Kebir. I was young then, the hair had scarcely begun to grow upon my face. Although it does not become me to boast, I may say that I was already reckoned to ride well, and I had exchanged shots with our neighbours the Khobbayas and the Bethyas; they had learned by experience that my bullet seldom went astray, although they, on the other hand, had made some

holes in my skin. See this wound on my left leg, and this other on my neck!’

‘One year, we had set up our encampment for the winter at the Hill of Acorns, under Kef-el-Siga. The spot is close to the forest and the haunts of wild beasts, but as we were then at war with the Beni-Chaib and others, it would not have been prudent to remain on the plain, exposed to their attacks. We preferred to run the risk of losing some of our cattle rather than that of being destroyed by our enemies.’

‘In a fortnight’s time, three bullocks had been torn to pieces and six sheep carried off by a lion from the very midst of our village, in spite of the girdle of trees which environed us.’

‘One morning, after we had watched, yelled, flung forth lighted fire-brands, and nevertheless had beheld from our enclosure yet another sheep carried off, my blood boiled within me, and I said to myself that we could no longer live thus.’

‘I stirred up my father, uncles, and cousins. “It is a disgrace,” I exclaimed to them, “to put up with these impudent thefts! It is cowardice upon our part! We must dispute the matter with this lion. By the help of Sidi-Boutouchent we may perhaps succeed in either killing him or driving him away.”’

‘At first I had some difficulty in persuading my father and my uncles, who had never meddled with lions, for fear of bringing down upon themselves the vengeance of those fierce animals. But I saw no especial reason for sparing lions any more than other robbers, and, moreover, the women sided with me.’

“Our life has become a misery to us,” said they; “our little ones are perishing with terror. Either hunt the lion, or let us leave this encampment!”

‘These words of the women turned the scale; every one was now of their opinion. It was decided that an attack should be made upon the lion.’

‘Friends from neighbouring villages, hearing of our intention, volunteered to join us. When we were assembled we numbered twenty-six men, all armed with guns. The more active of the women determined to follow us, in order to assist at the combat, and to encourage us if need were.’

‘Forth then we marched, invoking as we went the aid of the Marabout Sidi-Boutouchent, to whom, in the event of our success, I vowed a costly offering. The lion which had devoured our beasts lay in the thicket of Fernanes, and thither we went in search of him.’

‘Our plan was to arrange ourselves in two ranks, and so to approach within twenty feet of the thicket—having previously left our women upon a rock in the rear—then to excite the lion by our taunts to come out, when we would all fire upon him, and kill him on the spot.’

‘In pursuance of this plan, we approached the lion’s lair. In the foremost row were the strongest men, and those who could shoot the best. We paused at the spot agreed upon, and made ready our guns. Then I shouted to the lion these words: “O devourer of oxen! come forth from thy retreat! Come and meet men face to face! The day of reckoning is come!”’

‘He made no reply.

‘I repeated my invitation, adding thereto the following exhortation: “Do not behave like a dog! Play the man, and come forth.” And in order to give the more effect to my words, I, with several of my companions, flung stones into that part of the thicket where we believed the lion to be.

‘Ah! then, my children, the thunder broke forth from the lion’s mouth, and, like a lightning-flash he leaped out upon us. Off went our guns, but he did not deign to notice them. He rushed into our midst, and in a moment he had laid low three of our number. These were my cousin Ben-Meftah, whose head was broken, the son of Ben-Smail, whose chest was horribly lacerated, and my uncle Rabah, who, thanks to the Prophet’s protection, was not seriously wounded, and who, finding himself beneath the paws of the lion, cried out to us: “O my brothers! save me! Save me from this peril!”

‘But every one would have fled in a panic had it not been for the women—especially the relatives of the lion’s victims, who shamed us out of our cowardice. My cousin Aïcha, who was to be my wife, wept and tore her hair when she saw her father, Rabah, in such a terrible position. “El-Arbi!” she cried to me, “rescue him, or I will never look at thee again!”

“I will try!” I exclaimed, and I advanced upon the lion, in order to shoot him at close quarters, for by firing from a distance I feared that I might wound the three men in his grasp. He allowed me to come within three paces of him, but at the moment that I took aim he stood erect, and, with one blow of his paw, he wrested from me my gun, which he twisted into the shape of a sickle. Finding myself thus disarmed, I made a desperate backward leap, and would have fled; but the fearsome beast was already upon me. Catching sight of a huge cedar which had been cut down, and lay prone upon the ground, I threw myself beneath it at the moment that the lion put forth his paws to seize me. But he grasped only my clothes, which he rent off, and began to bite with his teeth and tear with his claws as if they had been my flesh and bones.

‘My position was no enviable one, was it, my children? My friends thought it was I who was being torn to pieces, and I could hear their lamentations over my fate.

‘Meanwhile the lion was sprawling astride the tree beneath which I lay. His fore paws hung down upon one side, while his hind paws touched the ground upon the other side. Terrific roars, foam, and an evil odour issued from his mouth. I could feel the hot panting of his breast, as if a tempest were imprisoned therein.

‘What was to be the end of this? I knew that I could not count upon the help of my companions, who were too terror-stricken to afford me any. I remembered to have heard it said that the lion understands the language of men, and that he is not always relentless. I therefore appealed to my victor after this fashion: “O Sultan of the animals! as thou art the strongest, so be thou generous towards thy vanquished foe! If thou wilt spare my life, I take Heaven to witness that never again will I molest either thee or any of thy race!”

‘The lion, as if he understood my words and accepted the compact, quitted his position upon the tree, and retreated slowly towards the forest, casting a look upon me from time to time as he went.

‘You will easily believe that I was glad enough to see him depart, but I dared not stir from my tree so long as he was in sight. When he had at length gone into the wood, I crept out, and rejoined my comrades as speedily as though I had had wings.

‘I was received with exclamations of surprise and joy. But I had not been the lion’s only captive, and we now turned our attention to the three prostrate men. Oh! it was a fearful spectacle! Ben-Meftah was dead; Ben-Smail still breathed, but his chest had been torn open, and he was evidently dying. My uncle, although, happily, only bruised, had been somewhat crushed beneath the lion’s heavy chest, and was in a fainting condition.

‘We carried the three to our tents, and our lamentations over the dead lasted for eight days.

‘That, my children, is the history of my interview with the king of beasts. It pained me to reflect that, through my proposal to hunt the lion, two good men had met their death. Ever since that day I have faithfully kept my promise. I have never again offered to fight a lion, however many of my oxen and sheep he may have eaten. It was a compact between us—and one should always hold to his word.

‘I am aware,’ added El-Arbi, ‘that there are men who slay the lion as if he were no more than a dog. But it is only by the special permission of Allah that they can do so.’

We had been greatly interested in the old Arab’s story, and told him so. He concluded his recital, and broke up our gathering with his accustomed moral: ‘In fact, my children, apart from God there exists no strength or power. Everything in this world passes away; He alone is eternal. Now go in peace, and His blessing be upon you!’ E. D.

A NOON-DAY REST.

FOR a thoroughly peaceful scene, the wide world might be searched in vain without finding any place better than a village in rural England. In our illustration we see a couple of well-fed, sleek-looking horses, their chain harness still on, lazily flicking the flies away with their tails, whilst the friendly nose-bag affords them their mid-day meal. The bag has fallen from the off-side horse, and the carter is going indoors without having seen it, so the horse will have to wait for his dinner till the man returns. Fowls peck up eagerly the bright yellow oats which fall from the horses’ feed. The carter goes into the house for his bread and cheese, or slice of fat bacon, leaving his horses. But they will not stray far; they are not like horses of a lighter build, employed in faster work. Things which would startle a ‘light’ horse would have no effect on the heavy cart-horse, and would not disturb his noon-day rest. F. R.



A Noon-day Rest.



"The brothers remained on deck, delighted with all they saw."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 339.)



HE Admiral demurred to this lack of tidings. 'You are not dependent on the wind, as you would be in a sailing vessel. You can always steam, unless there is a regular hurricane or you get short of coal. Don't you think you could say when you are likely to get back?'

Mr. Ogilvie shrugged his shoulders. 'Impossible, my dear Sir Colin, quite impossible, I assure you. You see, a yacht is not like a big ocean-going vessel, such as you have always been accustomed to. We are not built to withstand every wind which blows, nor face the worst of the big seas either. We must take our time, and wait our chance. I should really like to take the boys and show them some foreign seas and countries—much more interesting than confining our cruise to merely running down west to the Land's End, or even over to Scilly. Don't you agree with me?'

'I thought I might be told somewhere about the time when they are likely to return.'

'Very naturally, Sir Colin, very naturally,' returned Mr. Ogilvie, with a bland smile on his face. 'But, you see, we cruise for pleasure; and it would be small pleasure, indeed, if we were to bind ourselves to be at this or that place on a certain day—now, would it not?—and, if we felt disposed to go ashore at any interesting place along, say, the Spanish or Portuguese coast, it would surely be a pity that we should be debarred from so doing just because we had previously named a time for our return to England?'

'Very well, then; I only wished that some time should be suggested at which I might expect them back. But, if you say you cannot pledge yourself, well, then, I suppose that an old man's fidgety wishes must be suppressed. I will see that the lads are properly rigged out—blue serge suits, yachting caps, all luggage in small trunks that can be stowed handily in the cabins. Trust me for all that; and they shall write you by what train they will arrive at Southampton, so that you will know what time to pipe the gig away—beg pardon, send your boat ashore—to fetch them off.'

And so the matter was settled, and the Honourable James took his departure.

In due course, the two lads found themselves in the South-Western train, speeding onwards to the town of Southampton. Here they were met at the station by their uncle and two of his yacht's crew. The latter at once seized upon the luggage, and the whole party hastened to the water-side, where a smartly manned boat was in waiting at the steps. They embarked, and were quickly rowed on board the *Snow Queen*, which lay at her anchorage about half a mile down Southampton Water.

As they caught hold of the freshly pipe-clayed hand-ropes, and swung themselves on board, the boy's eyes were delighted with the cleanliness and order of everything they saw. Ropes stowed neatly away in coils, every patch of brass polished like a mirror, hand-rails and tiller-head shining as burnished gold. They were taken below, and shown the after cabin, with its two shelf-like berths and curious little lockers. This apartment was, they found, reserved for their own use; and they straightway began to instal themselves and their belongings. Then it was that they saw the advantage of having brought small portmanteaux, through the old Admiral's forethought, for the first consideration always, in a yacht's cabin, is 'room.' They got out clothes, boots, caps, writing materials, and all the odds and ends one brings on a journey, useful and otherwise, and stowed them away into the little drawers and lockers, afterwards turning their trunks out of the door, where they were received and quickly conveyed away by the attentive steward. After making the little place quite homelike and comfortable according to their own ideas, the two lads again went on deck.

The sight around them—for they were now gently steaming down Southampton Water—was an interesting one to the eyes of English boys. Great ships and small, at anchor, steaming or sailing, met their eyes from every point of the compass. Here lay the Union Liner *Scot*, her white-painted hull concealing from their sight some of the fastest-moving and most powerful maritime engines in the world; there, at anchor, the *Durban*, a former flyer of the ocean, but then degraded to the rank of a cargo boat. They passed the magnificent hospital of Netley, haven of rest for our sick and wounded soldiers; then, looming up in all her majesty, the massive hulk of the North German Lloyd's ill-fated steamship *Elbe*, soon to meet a watery grave in the pitiless North Sea. The *Snow Queen* held on her course into the Solent, glittering, calm and beautiful, under the soft summer skies. Now that she had cleared Southampton Water there was a little more motion in her, but nothing to cause unpleasantness. So the two brothers feared not the horrors of the terrible sea-sickness, and remained on the deck, delighted at all they saw—the ships, the great turret-like armoured forts at Spithead, the blue dancing water, the piers of Stokes Bay and Southsea. From the pavilion of the latter the stirring strains of a military band might just be faintly heard, and the hundred other matters which go to make the peculiar charm of the Solent. The yacht steamed round the forts, and thence down past Fishhouse to Cowes, dropping anchor in the roads just below Norris Castle and Osborne, the marine residence of our beloved Queen. A fleet of white-winged yachts was there, in anticipation of the annual 'Cowes Week,' when the ever-popular regatta draws scores of the little pleasure vessels to the contests.

Mr. Ogilvie was a man who could, when he chose, make himself extremely pleasant, and he now did his best to make his nephews well pleased with their surroundings, and his efforts met with entire success. This was their first acquaintance with life afloat, and they experienced all its subtle charm to the full. And here we may pause for a moment to ask, What

is that charm? Why should men delight to court its dangers, and, worse still, its discomforts—and they are manifold—when they could remain safely and happily ashore? Well, it is a hard question to answer. There are some pleasures in life which one cannot explain in words or in print, but they are none the less real, for all that. Of such a kind is the charm held out by the mighty Mother Ocean. We see her, feel her subtle influence stealing over us, luring us on—many, alas! to their doom, for she is exacting and cruel in her angry moods; and yet how few of us there are who have once been ‘bitten’ with the charm of passing a few days, weeks, or it may be months, at sea, who do not, sooner or later, desire to repeat the experience, always provided that we are not of the unhappy band of sufferers from sea-sickness! That is a radical cure for those who wish to wander away from home and country.

Naturally, the first thing for Paul and Geoff to do, on awaking from their sound slumbers of the first night, was to bathe. In the lake at Courtland Park both the boys had learned to swim like eels, and now, after a night in the hot, small cabin, they were eager to plunge overboard into the calm blue waters. With a joyous shout of ‘Hooray! now for it!’ Paul flung back the bed-clothing, and tumbled off the top berth, putting his foot accidentally on to Geoff’s head as the latter stretched himself and looked out from the berth below. Then they rushed up the companion, rough towel in hand, to the deck, where they found the short rope bathing-ladder already lowered and fastened from the open gangway. Disdaining this, they flung down their towels and sleeping suits in a heap, scrambled on to the top of the bulwarks, and then, counting in loud tones, ‘One, two!’ they shouted, ‘Three!’ as they dived cleverly off, shot head-foremost through the air, and disappeared with a splash and splutter beneath the surface of the dancing waves.

‘This is simply lovely!’ cries Geoff, as he comes to the top again, and sees his brother’s plastered-down head of hair rise a yard off him.

‘Gorgeous!’ murmurs Paul, as he turns over on his back and floats along so low in the water that nothing but his nose and his toes are seen above the surface.

A few minutes later and eight bells is struck on board the *Snow Queen*, the strain being taken up and repeated from many of the other yachts lying there around them at anchor. Then our friends scramble up the bathing ladder, and, trotting up and down the snow-white planks of the deck in the bright, early morning sunshine, very soon dry themselves and go below to dress for breakfast, the savoury odours of fried ham and eggs warning them not to delay over-long at their toilettes.

In the main cabin, or, to speak more in accord with modern yachting phrase, ‘the saloon,’ a smoking-dish of eggs and ham, fried soles, fresh butter, bread and milk, brought off from the shore that morning in the dinghy by the steward, met their gaze, and, with appetite sharpened by their early swim, it is hardly needful to say that they fell to with a hearty good will. Whilst they feasted below, the *Snow Queen* lay gently straining at her anchor, rising and falling to the swell. Mr. Ogilvie

was in great spirits, and, when breakfast was nearly finished, he observed, ‘I think that on a day like this we cannot do better than take a run round the Isle of Wight. You two, I know, have never yet seen it all round from the sea, which, I may tell you, is to my mind the most attractive sight of it. As it is a run of some sixty odd miles, we will make an early start. Come with me, and we will see the engine-room, and tell the engineer our wishes.’

(Continued at page 358.)

A CHINESE PRESENT.

HAVE you ever noticed the twists of a common whelk-shell? If you have, you will know that they almost always wind the same way round the shell. If you find one that is turned the other way it will be quite an exception. In China the Emperor gives his great ministers one of these ‘left-handed’ shells, if they have to travel much by sea. His present is much valued, for the Chinese believe that if you blow into the shell the sea will grow calm at once. I wonder if they have ever tried!

W. B.

SALUTING THE COLOURS.



AMONGST the finest of our troops in England we must certainly reckon the Grenadier Guards. England has a small army, we know; Continental armies can count their thousands, where we only have hundreds to deal with, and furthermore, our army has to be spread over the whole face of the globe, in protecting our commercial and imperial interests.

But, in spite of this, there is no army so well paid, no army so well fed, none so clean, smart, and altogether soldierly as our own; and that is a thing of which British men and British boys may well be honestly proud. In this country, all service with the colours is voluntary; not a man in the British army has been forced to serve. In practically every other country—France, Russia, Germany, Spain, Italy—the dreaded conscription is in force, and every man between certain ages, rich and poor alike, so long as he is sound in health and not deformed, is liable to be taken to fill up the ranks of their enormous armies. No man can be the worse for a short course of drill and discipline, but let us hope that the youth of England will always willingly respond smartly to the call of duty, and be ready to serve their Queen and country without being compelled to do so. And whilst speaking of the youth of our nation, let us not forget the veterans, those grim old fellows who have served their time in the ranks, and whose lion hearts are just as bold, just as fearless, as they were twenty years ago. Many of them are aged and past work, many more wounded or sick; but



Saluting the Colours.

there still would be, in the event of an invasion, some lines of old fellows who would fight bravely. For the love of Queen and country is hard to root out in the man who has once served under the old flag, and in our picture the artist has happily caught the spirit of the British veteran, who lovingly salutes the colours as they are borne past him by a detachment of the Grenadier Guards. For that flag how many, think

you, would die?—how many hurl themselves into the thickest of the fighting line to save the colours from being captured? It is but 'an old rag,' as I once heard a man call it. Yes, only an old rag. But God grant that there are few indeed who wear Her Majesty's uniform, who would not risk their lives, without a second thought, to save or defend the ensign of a country on which the sun never sets. F. R.



An Important Message.

STOPPING A HUNTSMAN.

GO where we may, it is not possible for us to escape from the Post Office and its servants; they pursue us everywhere: no matter which way we go, they will discover us, should an important message be sent for delivery. Here is an instance in our illustration. A telegraphic dispatch has been sent after a huntsman, who has stopped an instant amongst some trees near a farmhouse; he has been obliged to read it, and the contents may cause him to turn his horse's head homeward, leaving his companions to follow the hunt without him. Such a thing could not have happened to a huntsman of the olden time because telegrams and postmen were unknown; still, we read in the Middle Ages of letters being sent by trusty messengers who had to ride day and night till they found the person to whom the contents were written.

Often these missives were most carefully sealed and tied. Sometimes, as a reminder to the carrier, there might be inscribed the words, 'Haste, haste!' Delay was dangerous, no doubt, and a tardy messenger, if found out, would be in peril of being hung or stabbed.

History tells us, however, of hunting expeditions which were suddenly stopped, if not by a letter, yet

by news which obliged the hunters to return home, and be at readiness to defend their houses against the attacks of expected enemies. Then, again, it might happen that a hunting party, eager in its pursuit of game, entered the land of some foe, and, an alarm being given, lest they should be overwhelmed by a strong force, with all speed they galloped homeward, leaving their sport to save their own lives. Also, it seems in some of the wild districts to have been a common practice for parties to go out pretending to hunt, while it was really their design to steal what they could from the fields and farms they passed.

Hunting is now simply an amusement, though it is a cruel one. Deer, foxes, and hares are the animals which are usually hunted; otters and badgers, which were formerly sought after as injurious or mischievous, have become very scarce. But to the ancient Britons, to the Saxons, and even the Normans, hunting was an almost daily and important business; upon it they largely depended for their meals; also it was necessary to protect themselves and their flocks or poultry from the attacks of wild beasts. It would seem that the Britons did not follow the chase on horseback, they hunted with the help of dogs, and when they had seized some animal it was killed by spear-thrusts. The wild boars, common in the extensive forests of

early history, furnished a dainty dish, probably one relished even more than that of the flesh of deer. Hares abounded then, but the Britons did not eat them. By diligent hunting the wolves and foxes were kept under, or else they would have rapidly increased, having plenty of hiding-places and many chances of getting food. When the Saxons came they made new laws about hunting, and it became the privilege of kings and nobles; also they introduced the pursuit of hawking for game. We are told that Alfred the Great, before he was fourteen years old, learnt all the branches of hunting, and excelled most of the young nobles in his skill and success. They thought a great deal of the stag-hounds. On some estates hundreds of these dogs were kept for hunting, especially after the Norman Conquest. Many of the ladies and knights who went on these hunting excursions wore splendid dresses of scarlet or blue. J. R. S. C.

COMBAT BETWEEN A MUNGOOSE AND A COBRA.



THE Ichneumon, known in India as the Mongoose, is widely spread all over that land. It is also found in Egypt, as well as many other tropical countries.

It is an animal of the weasel kind (though a good deal larger than that animal), with a long low body, sharp muzzle, and very bushy tail. It is easily tamed, and often becomes a very amusing pet; but if its owner keeps a poultry yard, he will find that his chickens will disappear, as there is nothing which the mongoose likes better for dinner than the dainty flesh and liver of a young fowl.

The creature, however, has its uses too. A house may be swarming with rats, but give the mongoose time, and it will kill every one of them. Towards vermin of this kind, it is a fierce, blood-thirsty, destructive little creature; and as rats are one of the plagues of India, the natives never like to see a mongoose destroyed. Another good quality of the mongoose is that it fearlessly attacks snakes of every description, even the dreaded cobra, one bite from which is nearly always fatal to man. As cobras are often found lurking about Indian bungalows, folk who live in those houses are always glad to have a tame mongoose at hand, for, sooner or later, it will ferret out and destroy all such unpleasant creatures.

On one occasion a British officer, Captain Adams, residing in India, discovered a nest of young Ichneumons in one of his out-houses. The little ones seemed to have been deserted, for they were found half famished, while their curious squeaking cries were quite pitiful to hear. One of the little orphans was adopted and reared by the children of the family, who named it Jerry, and soon found it to be a lively and amusing pet. It was very restless and inquisitive, but it endeared itself to every one by its

playful gambols and tricks. It was fond of warmth, and would frolic on the sofa, and on more than one occasion it was found curled up and asleep on Captain Adams' bed. But all this time the pet mongoose, though it had killed many a rat, had never once encountered a cobra. The day was coming, however, when the little furry favourite was to meet with and overcome this venomous reptile. It happened thus. Captain Adams having returned to his home one day, very wearied with a long and toilsome march, was imprudent enough to lie down to rest on some dry, crisp spear-grass not far from his own bungalow. Of course he fell asleep, and must have slept for some time, when he suddenly awoke with the feeling that there was a something creeping over his breast, while on his legs there lay the heavy coils of—what? A large cobra, the most dreaded of all the poisonous snakes. Almost paralysed with terror, Captain Adams lay perfectly still, trying hard to control his thoughts so as to arrange calmly what he ought to do in this terrible emergency. And yet, what could he do? If he moved at all, the snake would be down upon him in a moment, and then nothing earthly could save him. His best chance, probably, was to lie perfectly still and wait the possible appearance of some of his servants. At this moment he heard a curious purring sound, which caused the snake to get on the alert. Then with a shrill cry something sprang upon Captain Adams' body, the cry being answered by a loud and angry hiss from the serpent. For one instant they seemed to wrestle together on his body, then they slid off him and fell on the turf. In another moment the two combatants were a few paces off, struggling, twisting, and fighting furiously. Captain Adams was now able to get up and see what was going on. And now what did he behold? A large cobra and good little Jerry, his children's pet-mongoose, engaged together in desperate combat! The battle was not long of being decided, for although the mongoose seemed to have been bitten, as it paused and panted, yet the poison of the cobra does not affect it, and so, after a few moments' rest, the captain's deliverer returned with fresh vigour to the attack. After a long struggle, the cobra, torn and maimed, lay lifeless on the ground; while brave little Jerry, purring and spitting like an enraged cat, jumped upon its body and began to tear its flesh and to devour it with evident relish. MCKEAN.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

52.—WORD PUZZLES.

'Youngsters from Popular Tales.'

- 1.—9, 3, 2. Not many.
- 2.—6, 7, 8, 4. A waggon.
- 3.—4, 1, 2. At the present time.
- 4.—6, 1, 4. Not lost.
- 5.—9, 8, 4, 3. A delicate texture; a noble appearance.
- 6.—4, 3, 2. Not old.
- 7.—5, 2, 3. A feeling of fear and reverence.
- 8.—9, 7, 4, 3. A building for religious purposes.
- 9.—6, 8, 4, 3. Made from a fruit; a friend or an enemy.
- 10.—9, 5, 3, 4. A young deer. C. C.

53.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

A CURRENT of water or other fluid.

- 1.—2, 3, 5, 6. A modern means of locomotion.
- 2.—1, 5, 6, 4. With no difference.
- 3.—6, 5, 2, 4. A companion in work or play.
- 4.—2, 5, 6, 4. Not wild.
- 5.—3, 4, 1, 2. Pleasant after toil.
- 6.—1, 2, 5, 3, 4. To look fixedly.
- 7.—2, 4, 5, 3. A sign of sorrow or emotion.
- 8.—6, 5, 1, 2, 4, 3. One who has power over others.

C. C.

54.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. Hot drug. A condition of the atmosphere causing often great inconvenience and trouble.
2. Go! rue. A very disreputable character.
3. Dice? fie! A building.
4. Ten rave. A person of great age and experience in any employment, particularly in war.
5. Four times, N. What all wish to avoid.
6. Ned fed. To protect from, and in, danger.
7. No, sire. Older.
8. I ran to O. A formal, set speech.
9. I feed, sir. A very pleasant place in winter.
10. E. in groves. The ruler of a nation; a gold coin.
11. Tin pate. Bearing suffering without complaining; welcome to one of a learned profession.
12. We sin. A part of the body.
13. Daunt ever. A strange event; a bold undertaking.
14. E. wins. Found in a farm-yard.
15. My gyp. A person of very small size.
16. O do rant. A very violent storm of wind.
17. T. rules. Brightness, distinction; a period of a certain number of years.
18. Grant me. A covering.
19. Get man. Possessing very attractive properties.
20. Chain me. A complicated engine which helps and sometimes supersedes human labour.

C. C.

[Answers at page 367.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|----------|----------|
| 51.—1. Elbe. | 2. Stork. | 3. Ned. | 4. Jane. |
| Bale. | Stark. | Nod. | Dane. |
| Vale. | Stare. | Nob. | Done. |
| Vane. | Crate. | Bob. | Doer. |
| Avon. | Crane. | | Dora. |
| 5. Sark. | 6. Bark. | 7. Slow. | 8. Need. |
| Bark. | Bare. | Flow. | Weed. |
| Bake. | Beat. | Flaw. | Wade. |
| Beat. | Bite. | Flat. | Wand. |
| Bute. | | Fast. | Want. |

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

WHEN Napoleon I., in the early years of this century, was compelled to give up all idea of invading England, owing to the strength of the British fleet, he turned his attention to Russia, and resolved to invade that immense country. His army for this vast enterprise numbered about 600,000 men, including French, Germans, and Italians; but this host appears to have been hard to manage, for many disasters befell him on his way. He reached Moscow, however, on the 14th September, A.D. 1812. The next night a terrible conflagration broke out in the city,

great part of which was burned to the ground. The Russians continued to retire as Napoleon advanced, ravaging their own country as they went, in order that the French might not be able to find any corn or other food, and so be compelled to leave Russia.

This plan was successful, and the lack of provisions, besides the fact that winter was coming on earlier than usual, compelled Napoleon to retreat, as long as retreat was possible, and he left Moscow again on the 18th of October, gloomily turning his face once more in the direction of France. But he did not remain long with the main body of the disheartened and suffering army. No, he very soon left them to struggle onwards as they best could, while he, with a few personal friends and followers whom he thought he could trust, hurried on that he might reach Paris as soon as possible, and give his own explanation as to all that had taken place.

But it is not of Napoleon that we wish to speak now, but of the poor deserted men whom he left behind. Who has not heard of the horrors of that awful retreat, the lack of provisions both for men and horses, the fearful cold, the deep darkness, the smothering snow on which night after night sick and wounded men sank down to breathe their last, their thoughts, no doubt, all the time wandering away to their cottage homes on the vine-clad slopes of sunny France. The retreat from Moscow is one of the blackest and most mournful pages of history; but one part of the retreat was more marked by disaster and horror than the rest, and this was the passage across the river Beresina. When the weary, ragged, and starving remnant of the once great army reached this river, they well knew that the Russians were not far behind them. They, therefore, amid terrible hardships, constructed two bridges over the river, and soon the passage of the French began, and went on the whole day. The rear-guard of 7000 men were, however, cut off by the Russians, and had to yield themselves as prisoners. The next day, a vigorous attack was made by the Russians upon the French on both sides of the river; they also set up a battery of twelve pieces to command the bridge. The panic and confusion of the French now became dreadful. One bridge broke, and all rushing to the other, it was soon choked; multitudes were hurled into the stream, while the Russian cannon played upon the struggling mass. On the 29th, a large number of sick and wounded soldiers, besides women and a number of little children, still remained behind until the Russians completed their preparations for burning the bridge. This was the supreme moment, and a fearful rush took place, and as the fire seized the timbers, men, women, and children threw themselves in despair into the flames, or the river.

When the ice thawed, and that miserable winter drew to an end, 12,000 dead bodies were found on the shores, the Russians had taken 16,000 prisoners, while all that remained of the once grand army had melted away into a few diseased and starving men, who with wasted frames and hollow eyes had struggled back to their native land.

And all this agony, this slaughter, was undergone to satisfy the boundless ambition of one man, perhaps the most hard-hearted and callous that the world has ever seen!

B. M.



THE MUSHROOM GIRL.

IT is not for the dewy mead
I leave my soft repose,
Where daisies bloom and lambkins feed,
But where the mushroom grows,
And that my widowed mother knows.

No toadstool in my basket found;
My mushrooms when I sell,
I'll buy some bread, our labour crowned;
Then let our neighbours tell
That you and I live well.



IN A FIX.



"What! is this the Abbot of Reading, whose appetite is so keen?"

THE KING AND THE ABBOT.

KING HENRY VIII. was once out hunting when he stopped at the Abbey of Reading, and was entertained at dinner by the Abbot. A splendid leg of mutton stood upon the table, to which his Majesty did ample justice. The Abbot, however, did not eat much, and remarked that he would willingly give five hundred crowns if his appetite were as good as that of his guest.

'Do you really mean what you say?' inquired the King.

'Of course,' said the Abbot.

A few days after this the King sent messengers to seize the Abbot, with secret orders to bring him to London and confine him in the Tower. The Abbot was accordingly brought to the Tower of London and fed on prisoner's spare diet in one of the cells. Very soon the Abbot became less plump in the face, and living on bread and water gave him an appetite which he never possessed before. One day he was informed that before very long, owing to the King's birthday, a good dinner of roast mutton would be given to the prisoners.

On the day fixed, therefore, a large leg of mutton was brought into the Abbot's cell, and very soon the Abbot began to enjoy his dinner. Presently the door opens, and King Henry himself enters, saying, 'What! is this my friend the Abbot of Reading whose appetite is so keen? Pay me the five hundred crowns, Sir Abbot, which you promised me when I dined at your Abbey at Reading, the condition being "that your appetite equalled mine."'

The Abbot laughed, and seeing now the reason of his seizure and imprisonment, gladly promised the money, after which he was set free.

THE FIEND'S FISHPOND.

An Incident of the Civil War in Spain, 1835.



THEN you really think, Castello, that it would be possible for me to visit my parents this evening?'

'Certainly, señor! As I have already told you, the Christino troops are never allowed outside the gates after sunset upon any pretext.'

'Well! You ought to know, Castello! I will take your word for it.'

The speakers were a pleasant-looking young Carlist officer, and a by no means pleasant-looking soldier of the officer's battalion. Lieutenant Pedro Sagrista was anxious to visit his father and mother, whom he had not seen since he had obtained his commission in the Carlist army. Duty had now brought him close to his old home, and he felt that he must not lose this chance. His father, Don Alfredo Sagrista, resided near Bilbao, which at this time (June, 1835) was held by a strong garrison of

the Christinos, and besieged by the Carlists under Tomas Zumalacarregui.

The siege had now lasted for about ten days. The besieging force laboured under great disadvantages. The provisions were scanty, and its general, Zumalacarregui, had been severely wounded in the second day of the siege. The Queen's troops, on the other hand, were well supplied both with the necessities of life and the munitions of war; and had, moreover, by means of the river Nervion, communication with the sea, little more than four miles distant.

Don Alfredo's residence was situated on the enemy's side of the river. Nevertheless, the lieutenant, as we have seen, was assured by Castello that he might visit it after night-fall without running any great risk.

The young officer never dreamed of doubting the man's sincerity, although a little reflection might well have prevented him from relying too fully on the word of a deserter. Castello had deserted from the Christino to the Carlist camp at the beginning of the siege. But he now made a great show of zeal for the cause which he had so recently espoused, and Pedro Sagrista's intense desire to see his parents made him too trustful.

That evening Lieutenant Sagrista got himself ferried across the river by a fisherman, and was soon in his mother's fond embrace.

His father, Don Alfredo, was equally delighted to see him. Hours flew by, as hours—and more especially *happy* hours—always do. So much had Pedro and his parents to talk about, that they did not note the flight of time until midnight was long past. Suddenly, Pedro started up, exclaiming, 'I must be off, before day dawns!' As he uttered the words, a faint, tinkling sound was heard in the distance. Pedro threw open the casement, which opened upon the lawn in front of the mansion.

'What is it?' cried the others.

'Hush! hark!' said he.

A moment of breathless suspense followed. Then the sound was repeated, and this time it was nearer and more distinct. The soldier's practised ear knew it to be the ringing of hoofs and clanking of swords. In another minute appeared the shakos of a squadron of Christino cavalry, sharply defined against the moonlit sky. The soldiers were entering Don Alfredo's grounds. Their object was evident; it was the arrest of the Carlist officer. Some one must have betrayed him!

There was no time for flight. Yet some attempt at escape or concealment must be made, for arrest under such circumstances meant certain death. For a few seconds the little group stood as if paralysed. Pedro was the first to regain presence of mind. 'Let me hide in the Fiend's Fishpond,' said he. 'You can easily get me up after the Christinos have gone.'

'The Fiend's Fishpond' was the name given to a pit in the garden behind the house. This frightful hole, about twenty feet in diameter, and similar in form to a draw-well, owed its existence to some ancient convulsion of nature, and its gruesome name to some wild legend of the peasantry. There was evidently a subterranean communication between it

and the river, for the water in the 'Fishpond' rose and fell with the tide. For some distance below the surface of the earth, the sides of the pit were straight and smooth as a wall; but it had been discovered that, at some depth, a projecting ledge of rock ran around the entire circumference. This ledge was left perfectly bare at low water, when one might sit or stand on it in safety for some hours, but was again submerged by the rising of the tide. The young officer knew that it was now low water, and, assisted by his trembling parents, he prepared at once for the descent. This was a task of no great difficulty or danger. As a boy, Pedro had often performed the feat. In less time than we have taken to describe the spot, he stood with his father beside the chasm, from which ascended the roar of the torrent below. With a stout rope fastened around his waist, the young man swung himself cautiously over the edge, the remainder of the cord being wound around a fruit-tree, whilst Don Alfredo firmly grasped the end, 'paying it out' by degrees. As soon as Pedro was safely landed upon the ledge, his father hastened back to the house, to receive his unwelcome visitors.

Fortunately, the only approach for horsemen was a very circuitous one. Thus, by the time that a Christino officer, attended by twelve soldiers, dismounted and knocked loudly at the door, Don Alfredo was seated in his drawing-room, with every outward appearance of the calm which he did *not* feel.

The servants had long ago been sent off to bed, in ignorance of Pedro's presence in the house, of which it was deemed unwise to inform them. So the Don himself answered the summons. The officer knew him at once as the owner of the mansion.

'You keep late hours, Don Alfredo,' said he. 'May I take the liberty of inquiring whether you have had a visitor to-night?'

'During this disturbed time,' replied the Don, trying to disguise his anxiety with a faint smile, 'we prefer to have as few visitors as possible. We may sometimes receive a relative, but very seldom, for my family is a small one.'

'You have a son, I believe, among the rebels. May I, without offence, ask when you last heard from him?'

'His last letter is dated some months back.'

'Indeed! It is strange that *I* should know more about him than *you* appear to know! In my humble opinion, he is at the present moment beneath this roof!'

Don Alfredo's protestations that his son was not *under that roof* were discredited. A guard was placed over him and his lady; the terrified servants, aroused from their sleep, were also placed in custody; then the house was searched by the Christinos from roof to basement.

Failing to find the fugitive in house, outhouse, or garden, the baffled commander informed the Don and his wife that as their son—of whose visit to them he had certain information—had evidently left the house before the arrival of the troops, it became his duty to convey them both as prisoners to Bilbao, upon the charge of having harboured and connived

at the escape of a rebel. This announcement was a terrible shock to the poor parents. For, if they were taken away, who would rescue their son? They were not allowed speech with their servants; it was impossible, therefore, to confide the secret of Pedro's retreat to any one of them. They two, alone, were in possession of the secret. If they were forced to go, what would become of their son?

The mother's shrieks of anguish aroused the further suspicions of the Christino commander, who, now fully convinced of the existence of some mystery, was confirmed in his intention of taking his prisoners to Bilbao.

Torn by conflicting impulses, the unhappy pair were led away. At one moment, they would almost resolve to reveal their secret; at the next, a glance at the cruel faces of their captors sealed their lips. So terrible was that time of suspense that when, towards the close of the following day—the charge against them having broken down through lack of sufficient evidence—they were released from their Bilbao prison, Don Alfredo's hair was perfectly white, and the poor mother had lost her reason.

What, meanwhile, had become of Pedro?

(Concluded at page 366.)

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

JEWELS.

FROM very early times men and women have liked to adorn themselves with jewels. In some of the ancient Egyptian tombs opened in our time, remarkable collections of jewellery have been discovered. Taken from the coffin of Queen Aah-hotep is a gold chain, formed of wires closely plaited and very flexible, the ends terminating in the heads of water-fowl, and having small rings to secure it behind. From the centre is suspended by a small ring a scarabeus (sacred beetle) of solid gold, inlaid with lapis lazuli—a pale blue stone of great value.

You would like to watch a native working jeweller in Hindustan. His mode of travelling is very much after the style of a tinker in England. His 'budget' contains tools, materials, fire-pots, and all the requisites of his handicraft. The gold to be used is generally supplied to the workman by his employer, and it is often in gold coin, which the travelling jeweller undertakes to convert into the ornaments required.

'He squats down,' writes one familiar with the sight, 'in the corner of a court-yard, or under cover of a verandah, lights his fire, cuts up the gold pieces intrusted to him, hammers, cuts, shapes, drills, solders with the blow-pipe, files, scrapes, and burnishes until he has produced the desired effect. If he has stones to set, or coloured enamels to introduce, he never seems to make a mistake; his instinct for harmony of colour, like that of his brother-craftsman, the weaver, is as unerring as that of the bird in the construction of its nest. Whether the materials are common, or rich and rare, he always uses them to the best advantage, according to native ideas of beauty in design and combination.

It was very much in this manner that the jewellers of this country worked in olden days. Now, most of the gold chains are manufactured by machinery. Eighteen 'carat' gold is usually the standard employed for gold chains; but this is only gold in the proportion of eighteen to twenty-four, pure gold being represented by twenty-four. The gold coin of the realm is twenty-two carat; that is, it contains one twelfth of alloy to harden it to stand wear and tear. So you will understand that 'eighteen carat' gold has one fourth of alloy—a metal of less value—and so on with lower qualities down to twelve, which is in reality only gold by courtesy.

Let us now suppose that we have gone to one of the workshops of a practical hand-worker in English jewellery, and let us put to him a few questions such as we imagine some of our schoolboys would like to ask.

'What is a watchmaker's chief tool?' we inquire. 'His lathe. See, here is a complete set of tools, two hundred and thirty in all, used by a watchmaker in making the various "movements" of various watches.' 'How many tools would be used in making one first-class watch, besides the lathe?' 'Seventy-five,' is the quick reply.

We then accept the jeweller's invitation to examine a mainspring. 'The mainspring,' he says, 'is the "soul" of the watch. It is of the finest steel wire, hardened and tempered into as perfect a condition as care, skill, and experience can get it. When finished, the mainspring is placed in a little brass case, termed the "barrel." A piece of mechanism, demanding the most marked skill and great steadiness of hand and eye in forming it, is the "escapement." The "compensation escapement" is only found in the very best English-made watches. The action of this escapement is to fit the watch to any temperature.' We notice a pair of earnest eyes watching the number of revolutions made by a tiny watch-wheel as it comes into contact with that minute and fine portion of the 'movement' known as a 'hair-spring.' The rotation of the wheel, when held by the spring, regulates the speed. Should the motion of the wheel be too rapid when compared with the standard, a longer spring is substituted, or a shorter spring if the motion be too slow. The accurate fitting together of the various sections of the watch is, perhaps, the chief test of the skill of the watchmaker.

In another workshop, under different management, we see the operations that go to chain-making. The metal is melted in the crucible, poured into moulds—technically known as 'skillits'—rolled to the required thickness, drawn out to the fineness previously determined on, and then put together, soldered, and the ornamentation pierced out, or cut out with a fine fret-saw.

We watch with interest the making of a gold brooch, and inspect the cuttle-fish moulds for rings. The cuttle-fish, it seems, is an invaluable substance for mould-forming, and it retains its shape long enough for the molten metal poured into it to set. The cuttle-fish ring mould is made in halves—counterparts—and these are held in place by pins. Singularly enough the cuttle-fish used by jewellers is imported from the African Gold Coast.

And now we notice that the floor of the workshop

is not level, but grooved, the idea being that the precious gold dust is less likely to be carried about on the soles of the workmen's shoes, than if the floor were level. Each day's dust is swept into the grooves, to be afterwards collected and burnt, the gold, of course, being melted and run out, and sold at its market value. Every scrap of paper and rag is saved for burning. Each workman is required to wash his hands before leaving, and the water in which the operation is performed is saved and filtered.

'Look at this curious old board,' says the foreman. 'It does not look much, does it?' And we admit that we should not care to see it in use at home as a washing-stool. 'Well, discoloured and cut about as it is, it is worth twenty pounds or more, for it has in it a lot of gold dust,' he replies. So much for appearances!

We conclude with a few hints which we hope may be useful to any of *Chatterbox* readers who intend to buy watches. First, we would suggest, it is always wise to go to a jeweller of honesty and experience. Do not choose too thin or too small a watch; the parts in small thin watches have not sufficient space to work well. Watches the size and thickness of a penny are to be avoided. So, also, those that point the days of the month and so forth, as these extra pieces require additional parts, which cause friction and encumber space already too limited.

A watch bought for usefulness should be as plain as possible, and this plainness itself is, as a rule, a mark of its good quality.

To keep your watch in good condition, wind it up every day; avoid putting it on a marble slab, or near anything excessively cold; when laying it aside be sure that it rests on its case, as, by suspending it free, the works may be upset. If the watch is not a keyless one take care that the key fits, and remember that it is always better to turn the hands forward only, when setting the time. JAMES CASSIDY.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE Duke had the simplicity which often goes with genius. On one occasion he advised a lady to see a certain model of the battle of Waterloo, saying: 'It is a very exact model of the battle to my knowledge, for *I was there myself*.'

GLORY.

'Some Frenchman,' wrote Wellington, 'has said that the word *duty* is to be found in every page of my despatches, and the word *glory* not once. This is meant, I am told, as a reproach; but the foolish fellow does not see that, if mere *glory* had been my object, the doing my *duty* must have been the means.'

SELL OR SAIL.

An officer of the 46th having obtained leave of absence from his regiment (then stationed at Cape Coast Castle) for six months, at the expiration of that time applied for a renewal of it; but the answer

PICTURE WITHOUT WORDS.



Next-door Neighbours.

he received was like the Duke; it consisted of three small words:—'Sell or sail.'

GENTLE REPROOF.

A recently appointed Bishop of Nova Scotia applied to the Government of that province to allow the soldiers of the garrison to *present arms* to him, which Sir John Harvey permitted, until he heard from the Commander-in-Chief. The old Duke's answer was: 'The only attention the soldiers are to pay *are to his sermons*.'

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN.

'I am generally a great favourite with children,' said the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Weigall, the artist. 'I was at the house of Lord S—the other day, and there was a fine little fellow there, who had been told that I was coming, and was on the look-out for me. He called soldiers "Rub-a-dubs." As soon as I went in he came up to me, and said: "You are not a Rub-a-dub at all, for you don't wear a red coat!"'

The Duke was very fond of youngsters; he kept in a cabinet several half-sovereigns, having a hole drilled through them, through which was passed a blue ribbon; and whenever any of the young friends visited him they frequently went away in raptures, having had one of these now precious mementoes placed round their necks by the kind old man. Among the last thus honoured were the Ladies Scott, the youthful daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. It is a well-known fact that his Grace frequently carried in his pocket some new shillings, for the purpose of distributing among the young folk of the more humble classes of society.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.



(Continued from page 347.)

HEY rose from the swinging table—an article of such delicate balance that as yet the boys looked upon it with doubt, and treated it with due respect, not daring to touch its treacherous edges—and went with their uncle to the forward hatch. Down the little iron ladder they went, slowly and carefully, into the

dark engine-room below. There they saw only two men—the engineer, a big, burly-looking man of fifty, with a broad, good-tempered face, and a fireman, whose back was turned towards them.

'Small,' said Mr. Ogilvie, addressing the former—and the boys thought that a bigger 'small' they had never put eyes on; 'we will just run round the Island to-day, so get up steam as quickly as you can. I suppose we have plenty of coal in the bunkers? Yes? Ah! that is all right, then. Now, I want you to show my two young nephews here all the wonders of your engine-room, explain to

them the use of the piston, the crank, the shaft—in fact, tell them as much as they can understand, you know. I will leave you here, whilst I go up to the deck and have a cigar.'

Worthy Mr. Small scratched his head in some perplexity. He was an excellent and thoroughly practical working engineer, but working engines and lecturing on the subject were two very different things. He looked doubtfully at the boys, who in turn looked expectantly at him, and then he began: 'Well, you see, young gentlemen, there are the engines, all nice and bright, and kept well oiled, and—' and here he came to a pause—'and, of course, you know it is the engines that make the boat go along. And I think that is all I can tell you about it.'

'What is this?' said Paul.

'Oh, that is the piston,' briskly answered the engineer, delighted to get in something of his knowledge. 'That is the piston,' he repeated, nodding his head wisely.

'Yes; but what is it for?'

'Why, it is a piston, you know; just a common, ordinary piston.'

'But what do pistons do?' persevered the Viscount.

'Oh, what don't they do, you mean.' And then, forgetting his awkwardness, Small launched out on the subject until the boys got so interested that they quite forgot the time, and so did the engineer; so that it was past the hour named by Mr. Ogilvie for starting, when, steam having been duly got up, the first two or three jerks and revolutions of the screw told those on board that the *Snow Queen* was slowly moving off upon her day's trip.

They steamed steadily down the roads, past Cowes, Egypt Point, with its pretty little residences, many of them half hidden by the trees, threading their way through the yachts at anchor, and down the Channel through Gurnard's Bay. On their right lay the mainland, with the opening mouth of the Beaulieu River in the distance. So they steamed swiftly on, past Yarmouth, and through the little gut running between Hurst Castle and the Island, and, once through this, they lost the protection of the land, and the *Snow Queen* began to dip her smart little stem, in a succession of graceful obeisances, as the fresh breeze caught her off the Needles. Mr. Ogilvie stood on the deck with the boys, and pointed out the lighthouse below the cliffs, the gulls and cormorants circling and flapping round the spray-washed rocks. The sweet little bay of Freshwater next claimed their attention, the houses nestling snugly in the valley below a fine expanse of downland running past Brook. But in the midst of all this beautiful panorama passing before their eyes, there was trouble at hand for the two brothers. First Geoff, and then, ten minutes later, Paul, ceased asking questions; their interest died out. To their uncle's questions they returned brief replies. Mr. Ogilvie was not long in discerning the state of affairs, and ere the *Snow Queen* had got abreast of the Undercliffe at Ventnor the steward was conducting a couple of limp, dejected-looking creatures to their berths below.

Laugh*not, oh, my readers, safe on shore, and

with a firm footing beneath you, but wait, only wait, for that never-to-be-forgotten moment when the sway and dip of the vessel have led you to think, for the first time, that all is not well with you! Believe me, and I am speaking from the standpoint of a many-voyaged experience, when I say that few things are worse to endure at the time than prolonged sea-sickness. However, it is one good point that the sufferer quickly recovers from it, and before the yacht was fairly at anchor again for the night, in the welcome calm of Southampton Water, our heroes were on deck, rather pale, let us freely confess, but still feeling recovered from the unpleasant experiences of the morning.

In the taking of short daily cruises, over a fortnight passed pleasantly away. Paul wrote home to the Admiral, telling him what their movements had been, and what Mr. Ogilvie then purposed doing, as follows:—

'Steam Yacht "Snow Queen,"

'Southampton Water.

'MY DEAR OLD ADMIRAL,

*'What must you have thought of us, not writing to you before this, I wonder? Of course, you don't know anything about ships (admirals never do, do they?), or you would forgive our apparent neglect; but really it is so hard to get those three things—pen, ink, and paper—all together, and all at the same time, that letter-writing is most difficult. Now, however, that I have started upon the business, I will tell you all I can think of that is likely to interest you. Our first day's cruise did not give either of us unbounded satisfaction. In fact, we were both very seedy for a day. We have been round the Isle of Wight, we have been to Bournemouth, and thence across to Swanage Bay, and, oh, to lots of places besides. One day we steamed down to Portland, and while I was on deck, looking at the great breakwater, the cabin-boy came up near me. I asked him if he knew anything about Portland, and he immediately said, "Yes: it was the place where they made convicts!" evidently thinking that convicts were some sort of goods for export. Uncle Ogilvie is very kind; he explains everything, and says that we shall soon be making a start in earnest, "going foreign," as our skipper—such a funny old man!—calls it, now that we two have "got our sea legs." And I think we have, for yesterday there was a big sea running as we came across from Swanage, and neither Geoff nor I felt the least bit ill. Uncle Ogilvie talks of going straight to Madeira from here, but says that he cannot decide anything yet. His lawyer has just come down from London specially to see him, and they are shut up in the saloon, talking law things. He—the lawyer, I mean—is such a queer-looking little man, he seems all head and side-whiskers. Last night I caught Tubbs—that is our steward's boy—helping himself to our boiled mutton just outside the cabin-door, so I slipped up behind him and poured the caper sauce into his jacket pocket to take with it. I don't think there is any more news at present, dear old Admiral, except that, on looking up from the washstand where I am writing this, I notice that *some one* has sewn up the arms and legs of my pyjamas, and I am*

just going up on deck to look for Master Geoff with a squirt full of soapy water!

'I do wish you were here with us. We would lead you such a dance!

'I will write to you at every place we go to, and, as soon as I can give you an address, do write to me and tell me how you are, and if you are not dreadfully dull without us—but I know you must be. When we get back, won't we have jolly times together again!

'And now good-bye. The gig is just starting for the shore, and the steward will post this and bring off letters. I do hope there will be one waiting at the post-office from you; but, as you don't know our address, perhaps you have not written. When you write, mind you tell us how the ponies and dogs and things are, won't you?

'Ever your affectionate

'PAUL.'

Having duly addressed an envelope and placed this missive within it, Paul ran up the companion, delivered it to the waiting steward already seated in the gig, and then forthwith began a search for the practical-joking Geoff.

Two days later, copious supplies of stores and coal having been taken in, the *Snow Queen* began to emit fiery snorts from her funnel preparatory to weighing anchor and steaming out of placid Southampton waters. In less than three hours from so doing, our friends were standing on her decks and saying their farewell to the shores of England.

A fortnight had elapsed when the *Snow Queen*, flying the English flag, steamed slowly into the harbour of Lisbon. Strange and interesting were the sights which everywhere met the eyes of the wondering boys, and when they landed, those sights seemed still more beautiful. They took a walk through the town, and then returned to the yacht, leaving the further exploration of the place until the following day.

A week was pleasantly passed in this favoured spot. Accompanied by their uncle, the brothers visited some of the most notable places wherein the great war of the Peninsula was lost and won. They gazed with bated breath upon the Tagus, Torres Vedras, the Douro, Estrella, and Almeida; upon Fuentes d'Honore and Ciudad Rodrigo. They thought upon the way in which the greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, had met and countered Ney and Soult, and even checkmated the all-conquering hero of Austerlitz, Napoleon himself. They pictured to themselves that desperate passage of the Douro, the siege, the weary, patient waiting, and the final merciless battle, where thousands of the chivalry of France and England met, and where thousands, alas! bit the dust. Then, turning from thoughts of war, with all its horrors and all its glories, they regarded the smiling country all around them, with its wealth of olives and vineyards, its verdure-clad hills and valleys, and felt thankful in their hearts for all the manifold blessings of peace.

(Continued at page 362.)



"Well, young gentlemen, there are the engines all nice and bright."



"One of the crew and Black Tom were in the boys' boat."

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 359.)



BEFORE they weighed anchor again, Geoff wrote a long letter to the Admiral, describing the beauties of the place, and giving him a full account of their doings both ashore and afloat. Soon afterwards they were again on their travels, and once more breasting the long rolling green seas of the Atlantic, homeward bound.

About two days out from Lisbon, on a hot, sunny morning, Paul was reclining lazily in a wicker deck-chair, when, one of the firemen coming up from below to take a breath of fresh air, the boy caught a glimpse of his face. It seemed somehow familiar, and yet, with the lower part of it hidden by a shaggy, black beard, Paul could not remember where he had seen him. Catching the Viscount gazing at him, the black-bearded man dropped his eyes shiftily, and shambled off down below again; but in that shifting movement Paul had found the key to the mystery. Changed as he was by the beard, growing on a face formerly kept clean-shaved, the fellow stood revealed as none other than our old acquaintance, Black Tom, of burglarious and poaching renown.

Paul was fairly mystified, 'How on earth—or rather on sea—did that chap get here?' he asked himself. 'And does Uncle Ogilvie know that he is a man from his own village? I suppose so. Anyhow, it is no business of mine, and I am glad to see he is, at all events, getting an honest living now. But fancy Black Tom turning fireman on a yacht!' and then Paul, with a mental note, went on telling Geoff the news later on, dismissed the subject from his mind, and turned again to the contents of his book.

Mr. Ogilvie had been busy in his cabin all the morning with maps, charts, and books on navigation, but at last he seemed to have satisfied his thirst for knowledge of the yacht's position, and joined Paul upon deck. Geoff soon afterwards came up to them, and then Mr. Ogilvie suggested that, as it was rather hot down in the saloon, they should tell the steward to bring their luncheon up to them on deck.

The idea was hailed with acclaim, and soon, beneath the pretty red-and-white striped awning, a dainty table was laid out on which was placed cold chicken and ham, salads and tomatoes, oranges and peaches, to all of which in turn our heroes did ample justice. As the leisurely meal progressed to its close, there was a slight change in the weather, which had been hitherto unclouded. Now, however, the sun became partially obscured; light scud drifted fast away to leeward, whilst the sea, turned to a darker hue of its deep green, ran in longer and more crested waves. None of these signs escaped the owner of the *Snow Queen*, for his

uneasiness waxed greater and greater each minute until Geoff asked him if he was afraid of anything.

Before Mr. Ogilvie's lips could frame a suitable reply, the yacht, failing to rise to one of the seas through which she was forcing her way, shipped a lot of water, and running through the blinding spray, the skipper, Brown, came up to his master and said, in a low tone: 'Please to come this way, sir. I must speak to you alone.'

With white face and quivering lip, as though he had already discounted, in his own mind, the announcement of some coming misfortune, Mr. Ogilvie walked a dozen paces up the deck, so as to be clear of earshot of his nephews, and then stopped. 'What is it, Brown?' he asked.

'There are ten inches of water already in the hold, sir, and it's increasing fast. Wherever the leak has been sprung, it is a fatal one in this weather, and the yacht will not last many hours above water. What are we to do? I think if we were to provision the boats—'

'Do so at once,' broke in Mr. Ogilvie. 'We cannot be more than fifteen miles or so from the coast. But for the weather having turned rough in this unexpected fashion, we should be in very little danger. As it is—'

But he was interrupted in any further speech by the hurried arrival on deck of the men from the engine-room. The fires had been flooded.

Mr. Ogilvie went a shade paler than before. He saw that they were in a critical position. By this time the boys also had gathered what was amiss. Geoff had run down below for another coat, when, to his horror, he had been confronted with the sight of the water plashing sullenly about the foot of the companion stairs. He rushed up on deck to tell his brother, and warn him to prepare, and then, together, they forced their way through the water into their own cabin, and succeeded in getting out their thickest reefer jackets, returning on deck with all possible speed. Here they found that one boat, hastily lowered, had broken loose from the tackles, and was drifting fast away to leeward, now hidden from view by a crested monster of a roller, then, rising like a child's cock-boat, on the ridge of the next wave. All hands then made a rush for the next boat, but again flurry and want of discipline proved fatal; some of the crew began lowering before the word was given, one of the davits would not swing out properly, and the result was that, in the muddle and confusion, the boat was caught by an angry green sea and smashed to matchwood against the yacht's side. Three boats only now remained, and one of them was too small to stand much chance in the increasing seas. It was not until the skipper had exerted his authority to the extent of knocking one man down with a marlinspike that the rest would listen to reason or take their orders from the proper source. At last they steadied down, and began in a more businesslike manner to lower away the last two boats. With great difficulty they got them down to the water on the leeward side of the *Snow Queen*, now a helpless log, lying broadside to the rolling seas, and then two or three men at once jumped in.

Paul and Geoff, determined to sink or swim together, scrambled over the vessel's side into the

same boat, whilst, in the hurry and confusion, Mr. Ogilvie found himself in the other. One of the crew and Black Tom were in the boys' boat, which was much the smaller one of the two, whilst the rest of the sailors managed to find places for themselves in Mr. Ogilvie's. They all pulled away from the now rapidly sinking yacht, and made in the direction of Oporto.

The sea increased in violence, and in less than an hour, despite all their exertions to keep the boats together, they slowly lost sight of each other on that dreary waste of waters. A thick haze came off the distant land, and then, indeed, did their position appear almost hopeless.

In the smaller boat all the four had laboured at the oars till they were almost exhausted. The boys could do no more, and their two companions in misfortune were getting more and more feeble in their efforts. Paul was the first to look the position firmly in the face.

'Geoff, old fellow,' he said gently, as he laid his hand upon his younger brother's arm, 'I am afraid it is all over with us. We have got to die. I pray that God will give us courage to die like English gentlemen. It is no good our saying, "It is hard to die so young," or anything of that sort. No doubt it is always hard to die, but if God says we are to, well—we may depend upon it that He knows best, and it only remains for us to obey. So, pluck up, old chap; you and I have had some good times together, haven't we?—and the dear old Admiral! poor old Admiral! how grieved—but we must not think of him. It makes me feel a choking in my throat. I do not suppose the boat——' and here, brave boy as he was, poor Paul could not repress a slight shudder, as he thought of the frail planks sinking beneath their feet, and launching them into the dark and fearful abyss of seething waters below: 'I do not suppose that the boat will sink for an hour or two yet, and there is just the bare chance of some vessel passing—but I do not think it is likely. When the time comes, Geoff, we will clasp hands, and go down together.'

Geoff merely nodded. His heart was too full to speak. He pressed his brother's hand, and their eyes met. Until that moment they had never realised how greatly they loved one another, and each, in his own pure, brave heart, silently determined that both must be saved, or both would perish, together.

The larger boat containing Mr. Ogilvie had, meantime, been faring better than her companion in distress. Pulled by four pairs of sturdy arms, she had made sure, though slow, progress towards the land in the direction of Oporto. Mr. Ogilvie kept urging the men on to renewed exertions, so that, if it were possible, they might make the land before night fell.

Had he not been too selfish to give the matter more than a passing thought, the chances of the smaller boat might well have awakened his fears in such a sea; but this gentleman's first care was always of himself, and his whole mind was anxiously bent on the getting to land of his own boat.

After what seemed an age of watching, with straining, salt-blinded eyes, for the sight of any sail,

Paul and Geoff, almost worn out, fell asleep in the bottom of the boat, locked in each other's arms. Night fell, and they slept on, whilst the waste of waters still swirled past the doomed boat. The night was a dark one; neither moon nor stars shone out to guide the mariner on his way. The set of the tide and the wind together had drifted the boat farther and farther out to sea. Black Tom and the other hand were in that state of semi-consciousness which is neither sleeping nor waking.

Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, a strange shout rang out of the inky darkness, and they all sprang to a sitting posture. Looking upwards, they saw the dark hull of a large vessel looming almost on top of them. Confused cries and a trampling of many feet upon her deck; ships' lanterns being hurried to and fro; a wild clinging for dear life to ropes thrown from the vessel above, and they were saved!

(Continued at page 370.)

OUR TOM.



ELL, you will think, I hope, that 'our Tom' is rather a good-looking specimen of the feline race, though we only give you a portrait of his head, and not of his body. He is a household companion we, who know him, should sadly miss were he taken from us. It is very common for people to praise dogs more than cats; no doubt the dog is a noble animal, but cats hardly get the character they deserve to have—they will be often as affectionate as dogs, if kindly treated. Our Tom, I must own, is suspicious of strangers, but so are dogs usually, and it is a good thing they are; Tom knows every member of the household, and should one be away for awhile, he misses the person, nor does he fail to show pleasure when they return. He is not old, still he is fond of being nursed, and if he sees a knee or a lap available, he soon tries to take advantage of it. For sweet cake he has a great liking; somehow he can tell when it is about without seeing it, perhaps by his fine sense of smell. If he is in the parlour and wishes to go out, he walks to the door, stands upon his hind legs, and pats the knob, which he has noticed people turn to open the door on leaving or entering the room. He has a fancy for excursions after dark, though he seldom stays out late; but I must own he has returned in the evening sometimes with slit ears and torn patches of fur.

Some years ago, there was a lawyer living in what is called the Temple, at London, who had a favourite cat. His chambers had a half-glass door with a low knocker, and when the cat had been out for an evening stroll, if the door was shut, he lifted this knocker to let his master know that he wished to come in. If this was not attended to, because it was late, the cat travelled over the roofs to the window of his master's bedroom, and tapped against the panes till



Our Tom.

he got admission. Another gentleman tells a story to show that a cat may be very sagacious and also patient. He had a fine tom-cat named Muff, and one day he came home in terrible state: he had been over some wire fencing on which he had got entangled; by an effort the animal bit through the wires so as to escape, but a number of strands were twisted round his body, cutting into the flesh. To set him free, his master used a pair of pliers, and in handling poor Muff he was obliged to hurt him a good deal. But the cat evidently quite understood that the gentleman was acting for his deliverance, and bore all patiently, making no attempt to bite or scratch; when he was released, his looks expressed his gratitude.

J. R. S. C.

AFRIDIS.

UNTIL the recent campaign on the Indian frontier, folk in England had hardly ever heard the name of this warlike race. Of late it would seem that modern arms of precision have been smuggled across the border to them; and this fact caused the loss of many lives on our side. The Afridis are wily and treacherous, and, although good fighters behind their natural ramparts—the huge rocks and boulders of their native fastnesses—they refused to come out and face our men in the open. Some of those splendid charges which our troops were compelled to make, in order to clear the enemy out of their hiding-places, cost us terribly dearly in human life. If any of our



Afridi Soldiers.

men, when wounded, fell into the hands of the Afridis, they were at once brutally murdered; and it was quite clear that when, in turn, any of their wounded became prisoners in our hands, they fully expected the same horrible treatment.

A somewhat curious incident happened during a march of our troops through one of the mountain passes into Afghanistan. About mid-day an infantry-

man fell out of the ranks sick. Surgeon-Captain Hayes stopped to attend to him, and, in some strange manner, these two were soon left by themselves. Happening to look up from his charge, Hayes caught sight of one of the hill-men about to take a shot at him with one of the long rifles with which they were then, for the most part, armed. The doctor—a young, bold man, a noted athlete—sprang to his feet, and,

all unarmed as he was, rushed up to the fellow (who appeared to be too much taken aback by the Englishman's audacity to fire his piece), snatched the gun from his hands, and, as the Afghan turned to run, saluted him with a hearty kick which quickened his movements. Hayes brought the gun home to Woolwich as a memento of the incident.

To return to the Afridis: they are very simple in both food and dress. Indeed, it is said of them that they could 'live on sawdust, like a Cossack's pony.' Warlike, as most border tribes are, they are savages in their mode of fighting, neither asking nor giving quarter. Merciless and treacherous, they compare very badly with even such barbarians as our late foes, the Zulus. According to his lights, the warrior of Cetewayo always 'fought fair and played the game.' An Afridi would 'murder a kitten while it slept!'

F. R.

THE FIEND'S FISHPOND.

(Concluded from page 355.)



HORRIBLE was the darkness around young Pedro, horrible the sound of the rising waters, as they gradually rose to the level of the ledge; still more horrible their chill touch, as they crept up to his knees, his waist, his arm-pits! By this time he knew that some stern necessity hindered his parents from coming to release him. All hope of rescue faded, and he was breathing—as he thought—his own latest prayer, when he heard a shout from above. Prompt, although somewhat weak, was his reply, and the next moment a rope struck the water within reach of his arm. As quickly as the darkness and the numbness of his chilled fingers would permit, he fastened the rope around his body, and cried out that he was ready, and was speedily drawn to the top.

Then, Pedro saw that his deliverer was a peasant, whose face was unknown to him. 'Thank God that I was in time, señor!' were the man's first words.

'I owe my life to you—and to Heaven!' exclaimed the young man, devoutly. 'But how did you know that I was there? Did my father send you?'

Thereupon, the peasant confessed that he had been engaged in pilfering Don Alfredo's fruit, when he had been alarmed by hearing the voices of the owner and his son. Concealing himself behind some bushes, he had been an unseen observer of Pedro's descent into the 'Fishpond,' and of the soldiers' search in the garden. Strange to say, they had not discovered *him*. Although a thief, he had a kind heart; and, as soon as the Christinos had left the place, he hastened to procure a rope, and thus, as we have seen, came to the lieutenant's rescue.

Of course, Pedro overwhelmed the man with thanks, accompanied by promises of a more substantial reward. Presently, something else came out. As the peasant lay concealed, he had overheard

a singular conversation between the Christino commander and his subordinate officer. The latter had inquired, 'Why are you so certain that he is, or has been, here? From what quarter came your information?'

'My intelligence dropped from the clouds,' the other had replied, with a laugh.

'What do you mean?' asked his companion.

'Some day, perhaps, I may tell you,' was the reply. 'At present I am not at liberty to do so.'

In this colloquy, Pedro, who had been wondering greatly how the Christinos could have known about his movements, was much interested. A few minutes afterwards he found, lying upon the floor of the deserted hall, a clue to the mystery. This was a scrap of paper, much crumbled, as if it had been tightly rolled and squeezed into a small space. It was also soiled and slightly burned, and upon it were written the following words:—

'Lieutenant S.,—battalion, Carlist infantry, will be to-night at his father's house on the river-side. Sergeant Cabrera knows the spot, and can guide a party thither.'

After reading this document, accidentally dropped by the Christino officer, the lieutenant put it to his nose. It had a smell of gunpowder! Pedro hastened to recross the river. His first act, when safe within the Carlist lines, was to seek his colonel, recount the night's events, and to express the suspicion which he had formed.

Sagrista's battalion was posted upon a steep height, overlooking Bilbao so closely that it terminated, on the side next the city, in a perpendicular cliff, which formed part of the wall bounding the ground used by the Queen's garrison. Anything, therefore, thrown from the top, would necessarily, after a descent of nearly five hundred feet, fall into the beleaguered town. Upon this height was regularly stationed a Carlist sentry, whose duty it was to observe and report on the movements of the enemy below. It had been remarked, as a proof of Castello's hatred of his former comrades, that, whenever he did sentry duty here, he never quitted the spot without stepping to the cliff-edge, and discharging his musket at the Christinos. This he could do without fear of retaliation, as the height of the precipice precluded all danger from a return of the fire. Sagrista well remembered his conversation with this man prior to his unlucky visit, and he knew that no other person in the camp had been aware of his intention.

Towards the close of the following day it was Castello's turn to mount guard upon the cliff. His time had nearly expired when the colonel and lieutenant made their appearance upon the scene, sauntering along with an air of indifference, and taking no notice of the sentinel. Presently the relief arrived. The usual form having been gone through, the new sentry took his post; and Castello, according to his custom, advanced to fire his parting shot. But before he could carry out his intention, the non-commissioned officer of the guard, acting upon instructions previously received, seized the man's musket, while the other soldiers seized *him*, and held him fast. The charge of the musket was drawn, when it was discovered that, instead of

the blank end of the cartridge, the ball had been bitten off in loading; and, rammed down over the wadding, was found a slip of paper, bearing these words in Castello's handwriting:—'Zamalacarregui is dead. Only hold out, and the siege must be raised.' Here was a convincing proof of Sagrista's suspicion.

The colonel would neither order the wretched man to the guard-house for trial by court-martial, nor permit the soldiers to shoot him on the spot. 'Death by the bullet!' said he, 'is for the brave and true! I cannot afford to waste a single cartridge upon a traitor. This time the fellow shall be the bearer of his own correspondence! Pin the paper to his breast,' he commanded, 'and pitch him over to his friends below!'

Sagrista strove to save the poor wretch from this horrible doom. Vain, however, was his intercession; the colonel was inexorable. The soldiers, also, with hearts hardened by war, deemed the punishment no more than the due deserts of a traitor. The colonel's instructions were instantly obeyed, and in a very few minutes all was over.

* * * *

Peace was restored before the brave young lieutenant was able again to visit his father's house. Don Alfredo, of course, had heard from him in the interim, and had learned all the details of his marvellous escape. But his mother, in spite of every means used for the restoration of her reason, was still insane. The doctor, hearing of Pedro's approaching visit, told Don Alfredo that one hope still remained. The shock of her son's sudden appearance might effect the long prayed-for change.

At first, when, with beating heart, Pedro entered her room, the poor lady, whose eyes were fixed mournfully upon the ground, took not the slightest notice of him. 'Mother!' said he. At the sound of that loved voice, which she had thought silenced for ever by the waters of the Fiend's Fishpond, she started to her feet. The blood rushed to her pale cheek, the light of intellect to her vacant eye. With a scream of joy she ran to her son, clasped him in her arms, and fell upon his breast. That was a long, long embrace! Her head was at length gently raised by her physician, who was present. 'She has fainted,' said Pedro. His father answered solemnly, 'she is dead!'

E. DYKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

55.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. The first the most difficult.
2. A weed growing among corn.
3. Formerly.
4. Favourites.
- 2.—1. A natural period of time.
2. A woman's name.
3. A confederate.
4. A beam of light, a fish, a plant.
- 3.—1. An invitation to approach.
2. A sign.
3. Low, despicable, dishonourable.
4. Supposed to be a beautiful plain in Sicily.

- 4.—1. A remarkable act of strength or skill.
2. A river in Scotland, and in Ireland.
3. A woman's name.
4. A tree growing in the East Indies.
- 5.—1. A stronghold.
2. Not under.
3. An old word meaning counsel, advice.
4. Possessing arms without hands, and leaves without pages. C. C.

56.—PUZZLE.

A MAN had a fox, a goose, and some corn to convey over a brook. He could only take one at a time, and could not leave the fox and the goose together, nor the goose and the corn. How did he get them over?

[Answers at page 379.]

ANSWERS.

52.—Owen, a Waif.

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|-----------|
| 1. Few. | 4. Won. | 7. Awe. | 9. Wine. |
| 2. Wain. | 5. Fine. | 8. Fane. | 10. Fawn. |
| 3. Now. | 6. New. | | |

53.—Stream.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Tram. | 4. Tame. | 7. Tear. |
| 2. Same. | 5. Rest. | 8. Master. |
| 3. Mate. | 6. Stare. | |

- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|--------------|
| 54.—1. Drought. | 8. Oration. | 15. Pygmy. |
| 2. Rogue. | 9. Fireside. | 16. Tornado. |
| 3. Edifice. | 10. Sovereign. | 17. Lustre. |
| 4. Veteran. | 11. Patient. | 18. Garment. |
| 5. Misfortune. | 12. Sinew. | 19. Magnet. |
| 6. Defend. | 13. Adventure. | 20. Machine. |
| 7. Senior. | 14. Swine. | |

STRICT TO DUTY.

AN Irish soldier was placed on sentry duty on the sea-beach, with strict orders to patrol up and down between two fixed points, and to let no one pass except he first gave the countersign, which for extra precaution's sake was to be whispered. Unfortunately the authorities had forgotten all about the tide, and when the Corporal came along with the relief guard, some hours later, he was astonished to find Patrick, by the light of the moon, up to his waist in the water.

'Who goes there?' cried Patrick, challenging.

'Relief!' shouted the Corporal from dry land.

'Advance, thin, and give the countersign,' exclaimed the Irishman, very well pleased to find that his vigil was so nearly at an end.

'Advance!' cried the Corporal. 'I am not going to advance there and get half drowned, I can tell you. Come out and be relieved.'

'You know I am not allowed to,' was the answer. 'The Lieutenant told me I was to stay here until I was relieved.'

'Well, you *are* relieved, blockhead!' cried the Corporal.

'I am not relieved until you advance and give the



"Halt, or I will put a hole in you!"

countersign,' persisted Patrick, doggedly; 'and I won't stir from here till you do.'

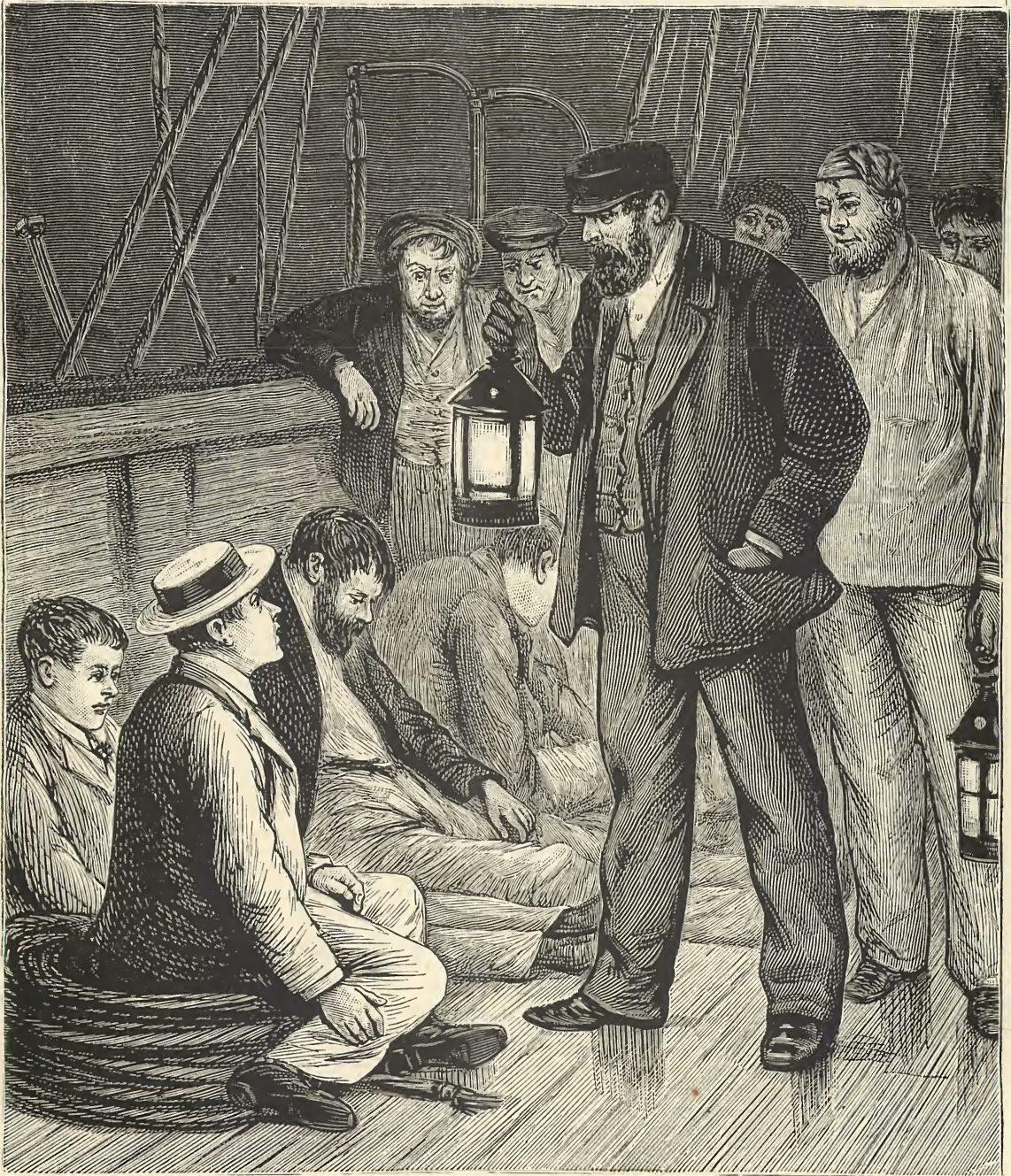
'Then you can just stop where you are all night. I will leave you to it.'

'No, you won't!' exclaimed the Irishman, bringing his rifle to the present. 'Halt, or I will put a hole in ye! Thim's my orders, Corporal, an' ye know

it! No one is to pass unless he gives the countersign, and that same countersign has got to be given in a whisper. Sure there's no gettin' round strict orders, Corporal, and ye will have to get as wet as meself, as sure as we stand here!'

There was no help for it, and the disgusted and shivering Corporal had to wade in.

F. R.



"Are ye hurt, lads? What's the name of your ship?"

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.



(Continued from page 363.)

How they got on board the ship that had almost run them down, none of the four rescued had any very clear idea; but we leave the reader to imagine with what profound thankfulness to an All-merciful God, at least two of the number found themselves lying on her deck, a ship's lantern lighting up the half-dozen rough, bearded, kindly faces that were gathered around them.

'Are ye hurt, lads?' said one, as he took the lantern from the hand of the man who held it, and put it close to Paul's face.

'No; only dazed a bit, I think,' returned Paul. 'What has happened?'

'Why, that is what I wanted to ask you. I suppose you would say we had run you down. But how we were to see a little boat that had no lights burning, I don't know, specially on a night as black as this. What was the name of your ship?'

'The *Snow Queen*—a steam-yacht. You have saved our lives, and I am sure we are all very grateful to you for it.'

'Oh, come, that is all right, then,' said the bearded man. 'I must not keep you here in the cold. Come down to my cabin, both of ye, and we will put a basin of good strong soup into you. I cannot ask ye to take any wine or spirits, for this is a teetotal ship, but you will find the hot soup will do you more good than either—so come along.'

The men took charge of Black Tom and his messmate in the fore-castle, whilst the brothers followed the Captain down the companion, into a comfortable cabin, hung all round with charts and maps. A sextant was on a shelf at the side, whilst books on navigation furnished other shelves fixed in every odd corner. Within ten minutes the steaming soup was putting renewed life into our hungry seafarers, and then Paul, assisted from time to time by Geoff, told the kind-hearted sailor what had happened to them that day.

When he had concluded, the Captain scratched his head in some perplexity.—'I am outward bound, ye see, lads,' said he; 'bound to Melbourne, and being a sailing ship, why, we shall be a precious long time before we come in sight of the Heads. I cannot land ye before we get there, and, of course, you will be wanting to let your friends know you are not gone to Davy Jones's locker. Well, the only thing I can think of is that you must come along with me—that, of course, you must do—come along with me, and we may meet a vessel homeward bound that will take you aboard and give you a passage home. Then, again, we may not—the Atlantic Ocean is a big place, now, isn't it?—we may not get a chance, and then you will be many months before you get home.'

'It cannot be helped, Captain,' answered the Viscount. 'If it were not for one dear old friend at

home being terribly anxious about us, there is nothing I—and I am sure I can say the same of my brother, too—there is nothing we should like better than a voyage to Melbourne with you. If we could only let him know—'

'Ah, but there is the rub, ye see—there is the rub! there is no post nor telegraph aboard ship. Of course, you will be able to send a cable from Melbourne.'

'Yes—but that means weeks and weeks hence. However, as there is no help for it—'

'None; and it is far better to mourn a live person as dead, than to actually lose him, after all; and let me tell you, my lads, that few people have had such a narrow escape as you have had this day, and lived to tell the tale. Let us all be thankful from our very hearts, that the Great Admiral aloft should have steered us to-night to the very spot where four perishing fellow-creatures were waiting for the end. Well, I will try and make the voyage as pleasant for ye as I can. You can both have the run of this cabin, and my steward can give you a couple of decent sleeping-berths. The old *Albatross* is not fitted for passenger traffic, but as you will mess with me in here, why that won't much matter to you. The old girl'—indicating the ship—the old girl rolls a bit, as we are going out rather light. On the homeward journey also we carry nothing much, except bales of wool, and that lades a ship light too; takes up a lot of room without putting in much weight to speak of. And now, my lads, I will holloa for the steward to show you to your berths, for I think the sooner you are both between the blankets the better, after a time like you have gone through, and it is about time I went upon deck now, to relieve the second officer; so, I will bid ye both good-night.' And turning up the collar of his pilot jacket, he nodded cheerily to his two young guests, and left the cabin.

For a little over a week did Mr. James Ogilvie prolong his stay in Oporto. He paid off his captain and yacht's crew, and defrayed the cost of their passage home. Then one morning it was reported that the small boat belonging to the ill-fated *Snow Queen* had floated ashore a few miles below the harbour mouth, keel upwards, and this, he imagined, proved that there had been no chance of escape for any of the four who had left the yacht in her; for the wind had increased in violence that night until the good ship *Albatross* was scudding along, her quarter lashed by the great green seas of an Atlantic gale. 'Yes,' thought Mr. Ogilvie as he walked down to inspect the derelict boat, 'she must have turned turtle and drowned every one on board of her, and then got finally washed ashore like this, keel upwards.'

The next day Mr. Ogilvie, having taken leave of the British Consul, to whom he had been obliged to resort for ready money, began his journey homeward. A few days later and he stood within the hall at Hawksley Grange, trying to endure the embrace of his wife, who was combining a welcome home with a severe lecture upon the risks of foreign travel in general, and yachting in particular.

That same afternoon he repaired to the Abbey for the purpose of seeing Sir Colin. As he walked up the grand old avenue of elm-trees he cast his eyes all

around the broad domain, and settled within himself just what he would do with everything now that he had inherited the estate. The solemn man-servant who answered his summons at the door was so polite as to be almost servile. 'In me,' thought Mr. James Ogilvie, 'he sees the future, nay, the present, Lord Courtland, and naturally he wants to retain his situation.' The silent flattery was very sweet to him, and he inquired if the Admiral were in, and whether he, Mr. Ogilvie, could see him?

Smithson replied that Sir Colin was in, and he would inquire if his Lordship—beg pardon—if Mr. Ogilvie could see him. Up to that time the Admiral had been so broken down with grief at the news of his wards' fate that he had not seen any visitors, though many had called to know if there were any fresh tidings to hand.

The servant disappeared, after showing the guest into a small room. Then he returned with the announcement that the Admiral would be glad to see him at once.

On entering the library even James Ogilvie could hardly fail to be struck with the change which grief and anxiety had so quickly wrought in the old sailor. The furrows and wrinkles in his grand, weather-beaten face were deeper; his hair looked whiter than before; his whole gait had lost the elasticity which had been so surprising in a man of his age; in short, he looked, and felt, a broken-down wreck of his former self. As he rose to greet his visitor, he said, hopelessly, and as though he had already anticipated what the answer to his question would be: 'No news?—no news of them, I suppose?'

Mr. Ogilvie shook his head in silence.

The Admiral dropped back heavily into the chair from which he had risen.

'No, no! how foolish I am! What chance can there be? But I have heard no particulars, except the scanty details supplied by telegrams to the daily papers. Tell me all about it. Never mind my weakness!—for the poor old fellow was mopping his eyes now. 'Go on and tell me all.'

Mr. Ogilvie cleared his throat and began: 'Well, we were lunching on deck that day when news was brought me that we had sprung a leak. I rushed

'Where did you spring a leak? From what cause?'

'Why—well, to tell the truth, I hardly know; all was such confusion, you see, directly,' answered Mr. Ogilvie. 'I ascertained that we were making water very fast, and so I ordered the boats to be got ready for lowering.'

'And the boys—were they going in the same boat as you?'

'No, they unhappily got into a smaller one. We ourselves got to Oporto with great difficulty. I chartered a small steam vessel to go and make search all around the place where the *Snow Queen* must have foundered, and, in spite of my own sufferings, both mental and bodily, I accompanied the search party on board her. You, alas! know that the result was fruitless.'

The unhappy old man sat, with head bowed down between his hands, staring vacantly at the empty fire-place. His heart was too full for words.

Mr. Ogilvie soon after rose to take his leave. 'I will see you again in a week's time, Sir Colin,' he said. The Admiral merely nodded his head in silent acquiescence as the other left the room.

As he walked away from the Abbey, on his return to his own house, Mr. James Ogilvie's golden dreams, and 'of the world, worldly' musings, were of the pleasantest nature.

(Continued at page 382.)

CHARLIE'S PHANTOM.

UPON a winter evening, some years ago, Charlie Reynolds sat by the fire in his lonely lodging in Harper Street, reading a book which seemed to interest him greatly. It was a queer book (I have read it myself), full of ghosts, haunted houses, spectres, and various other kindred subjects.

But before going further I must explain to my readers that though I call my hero by the boyish name of Charlie, he was not a boy, but a man of twenty-three years; but, being a favourite with every one, he always went by his childhood's name of Charlie. I must also say that though by no means a coward, he had what is called a nervous constitution, so that ghost stories impressed him more deeply than they did other people. As Charlie sat by the fire and read this book, he came upon a story of two lads who had arranged to hire a boat and sail upon the Thames; but the night before the pleasure excursion was to come off, a pale phantom appeared to one of them in a dream, and told him that if he went in that boat, he would be drowned; the lad therefore refused to go, but his companion went, and met with a watery grave.

This story made a deep impression on Charlie, for it so happened that he himself was going on a long railway journey the very next day. 'What should I do,' said he to himself, 'if a pale phantom should appear to me to-night, and tell me that if I should take that journey by train, some accident would happen? Would I still go, in spite of the warning? Well . . . I don't know . . . but this is a horrid creepy book. I had best shut it up and go to bed. Why, it is midnight—I hear the church clock striking twelve!'

On that night, for a long time, Charlie could not sleep: the stories he had read seemed to be chasing each other through his mind. At length, about 4 a.m. he dozed over, and fell sound asleep. Then he began to dream. He dreamt that he saw the 'Flying Scotsman' (his own train) careering along on its way to the north, with a full complement of travellers; everything seemed to be going on well, when suddenly there was a shriek from the engine, then a roar like thunder, after this loud cries, a great volume of steam, and the engine ran off the line, dragging six carriages after it, then mounted a bridge, and fell over into the valley beneath!

The horror of the dream awoke the sleeper, whose heart was beating wildly, while his face was bedewed with a cold moisture.

He sat up in bed, and began to consider, but felt himself to be so unnerved that he had to light his



"Just as the train was on the move he put a key into Charlie's hand."

candle. But before he could do so, what was that—that figure which he saw in the moonlight in a corner of the room? A tall figure, draped in white, with one hand seeming to point in a menacing manner towards himself. It was too much to bear. Leaping out of bed, he lit the candle and confronted the phantom, which proved to be a long white bath towel, which he had hung there himself the previous evening! Well, it was some relief to his disturbed mind to be able to lay the phantom so speedily as this, but the dream still remained, and as he crept back to bed, he said to himself, 'That horrid book! I will never open it again! What an ass I was to read it at twelve o'clock at night, when one feels everything to be gruesome and uncanny. But now shall I go this railway journey or not? How the fellows in the bank would laugh if they knew that I hesitated. Yes, I must go; my uncle expects me, and after all it was only a dream!'

Well, in due time, Charlie rose, dressed, breakfasted, and with carpet-bag in hand proceeded to the railway station. He was rather too early, and as he paced along the platform, he saw two young fellows just about his own age, and as they passed him, he heard some snatches of their conversation.

'Yes,' said one of them laughingly. 'I have got a railway key. Ever since that smash on the line in Derbyshire, I have never gone without one, for if an accident should happen at any time, it gives one a chance to escape, you know.'

'Of course it does,' said the other. 'Well, if there should be a smash to-day, old fellow, you will let me have the good of it? You will get out first, and I will hold on by your coat-tails.'

Then they both laughed and walked on, so that Charlie heard no more. But he had heard enough, his dream returned to his mind in full force, and he began to wish that he was the happy possessor of a railway key; but, alas! it was too late to think of it now—ten minutes more and the train would be gone!

But at this moment a friendly guard, with whom he had often exchanged words, made his appearance, and to Charlie's question, 'Could he supply him with a key?' the man replied in the affirmative, and just as the train was on the move, he put a key into Charlie's hand. 'You need not say anything about it, sir,' he said, 'for you know it is scarcely the thing for me to do.'

'All right,' said Charlie cheerfully, and away went the train, steaming along right merrily, while Charlie,



Old House near Southborough.

feeling comforted by his key, read his newspaper, and gradually forgot all his uneasiness on the subject of railway smashes.

Two hours had passed, and the 'Flying Scotsman' was nearing a well-known junction, when the carriage Charlie sat in gave a jump, then the engine snorted, clouds of steam rolled past the window, and shouts were heard; the engine had run off the

line, climbed an embankment, then toppled backwards upon the tender and the luggage van.

Several carriages were damaged, including the one in which Charlie sat, which had been turned over on its side. At first he had been knocked stupid, but on recovery he found himself lying on his back, a shower of broken glass upon his face, while he was gazing dreamily out of the window, through which

he could see the sky. Suddenly, however, remembering his key, he pulled it out of his pocket, cautiously clambered out of the broken window and descended as cautiously to the ground, where he rendered all the help he could give to those who were injured, or only alarmed. No one was killed.

Here, my story must end—it would not interest my readers to go on with it any further. But in concluding, let me ask them two questions: What do they think of Charlie's phantom, and what do they make of Charlie's dream? D. B. McKean.

OLD HOUSE NEAR SOUTHBOROUGH.

THE picturesque old timbered houses, many dating from Elizabethan times, are rapidly disappearing, and are giving place, in some instances, to hideous modern erections of brick and slate. A search, however, through some of the outlying villages of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, will reveal several still standing, and if untouched, they would probably outlast many of the jerry-built houses of the present day. The specimen in our illustration is a good example of the old farm dwellings which may be found scattered here and there through these counties. The way in which these houses have lasted speaks well for the materials used by our forefathers, more especially in the thoroughly well-seasoned timber of which the beams are made. The wood-work, although exposed to the weather for so long, is often sound, and almost as hard as iron. Matters were not rushed in those days as they are now, and houses were built so well that they did not require repairing six months after they were finished.



THE HORSE-THIEF.

An Indian Sketch.

GENERAL JOHN JACOB was a notable servant of the East India Company. His men were taken from the most warlike races of North-western India. He created a prosperous town in a desert, and changed a mob of lawless cut-throats into three regiments of splendidly disciplined troops.

In the year A.D. 1854, the district was troubled by much horse-stealing. The thief, or thieves, must have been good judges of horse-flesh, for only valuable steeds were stolen. A strange feature of the case was that the horses were captured in such a manner as to leave no foot-prints behind them. Not one of the animals taken had ever been traced; there was no evidence that any had been offered for sale. Stables are rare in Upper Sind, and a horse is usually secured by picketing him with head and heel ropes, the syce, or groom, sleeping in the open air near the animal. The curious part of the affair was that every syce who had had a horse stolen while under his care told the same tale—that it had been taken

by Sheitan (the Evil One) himself in person, after he, the syce, had been put to sleep by unholy arts.

The syces, to be sure, described the personal appearance of the thief in varying ways, but upon the main facts all were agreed. They had been resting—either asleep or awake, as the case might be—beside their horses, when, silently and suddenly, a hideous figure appeared, and waved his right hand, muffled in a white cloth, in their faces. Thereupon they lost consciousness, and when they came to themselves the horses had vanished. In no case had the demon harmed the men, and he never appeared where more horses than one were picketed. Thus it was that the chargers of the Sind Horse were never stolen.

The British officers, of course, laughed at the idea of Satan turning horse-stealer, but their merriment did not change the public opinion.

Nevertheless, an old Rissaldar, or native captain of the Sind Horse, felt much inclined to adopt the British view of the matter. Rissaldar Nubbee Bux, in his younger days, had fought against the flag under which he had now for a long season served. He recollected the time when the people of Sind believed that Sir Charles Napier was the fiend in human form. In gaining rank and honour, Nubbee Bux had gained also some worldly wisdom. Inter-course with Europeans had shaken his belief in evil spirits. That the Prince of Darkness should be so hard up for horses as to go about stealing them, seemed to the Rissaldar somewhat improbable. Accordingly, he said to himself: 'I will try to unravel this mystery.'

After learning the village where the latest horse-theft had taken place, Nubbee Bux got a fortnight's leave of absence, and, well armed, and mounted on a splendid thorough-bred Arab horse, he betook himself to the village, and he pitched his tent at some little distance outside. He was soon visited by the chief men of the place, who lost no time in paying their respects, for in the country around Jacobabad a native officer of the Sind Horse was reckoned a great man.

The chief men warned the Rissaldar to have a care of his valuable steed. They advised him to come into the village. One of them offered him the use of a stable with lock and key, and a watchman to mount guard all the night. Nubbee Bux politely declined these favours, saying that if it was indeed Sheitan who came after the horses, neither lock, key, nor watchman would avail to keep him out. No, he would stay where he was, and his syce would sleep with the animal as usual. So his visitors departed, and the native officer, after taking a stroll, ate his supper, smoked his hookah, and went to bed—or appeared to do so.

But when the distant hum of the village was hushed, and no sound was to be heard but the howling of jackals, the Rissaldar arose, drew aside the canvas of his tent door, and made a curious sound like the 'chup-chup' of a stag-beetle. His syce, who, wrapped in a huge blanket which covered both head and feet, was reclining beside the horse, rose at the signal, and with noiseless footfall entered the tent. In three minutes' time, the syce's figure—or

a figure resembling his — re-appeared, and, again swathed in the big blanket, lay down at the horse's side, as if to sleep.

Two hours later, a horrible form appeared to rise from the earth. Although its figure was human, its dark brown flesh glistened as no human flesh ever *naturally* shone, while the head was truly terrible to behold. It had an enormous pair of horns, two fiercely glaring eyes, and a mouth full of frightful teeth, and with a protruding, forked tongue.

This weird figure stooped, and stretched out its right hand, wrapped in a white cloth, towards the head of the recumbent syce. That prostrate form sprang up like a lightning-flash. Ressaldar Nubbee Bux—for he was his own syce on this occasion—dealt with his tulwar such a mighty blow that the horse-thief fell senseless to the ground.

Then, as Nubbee Bux, blade in hand, bent over his vanquished foe, a strange sight met his gaze.

The blow had split a head-covering composed of hairy buffalo-skin, stretched over an iron mask, somewhat resembling a diver's helmet, with false eyes of transparent horn ingeniously illuminated by means of tiny lamps in the balls, the real eyes of the wearer having sight beneath. The artificial teeth and forked tongue had been knocked out, and lay on the ground, with the horns to bear them company.

The Ressaldar summoned his syce, who had remained in the tent. When a light had been brought, the prisoner was seen to be a Beloochee—a fine young fellow, about twenty-two years of age. He was quickly bound and conveyed into the tent.

He was only stunned, and soon recovered consciousness. As he lay there, bound and helpless, the first words that fell upon his ear were spoken in his own language by a stern-faced man, whose right hand rested on the hilt of his tulwar, while in his left hand he held a pistol.

These words were few, but to the point.

'Rascal! can you give any good reason why I should not blow out your brains?'

As the prisoner said nothing to this, Nubbee Bux went on: 'If I were now to take you over yonder, to that village, you would assuredly be torn in pieces. If I give you up to justice, you will as certainly be hanged. I prefer to deal with you myself, but you must obey me. Tell me this instant how you contrived to effect all these robberies, and in what way you became possessed of that hideous mask!' Then, raising his pistol, he added: 'If in one minute you do not begin speaking, I fire! I give you *only one minute*. And tell me no lies, or it will be the worse for you!'

The youth bowed his head, but showed no signs of fear. He said in a firm voice, 'Sirdar, I will speak the truth.'

'You had better do so,' replied Nubbee Bux, with grim significance, and still handling his weapons.

'My name is Jumal. I come from Mitree, a small village on the Indus, about fifty miles distant from this place. My father is a very poor man. About two years ago, he and I concealed and sheltered an English deserter from one of the regiments at Kurrachee. The police made many

inquiries after this man, but no one suspected us. He gave some rupees to my father, but had it not been so, the Sirdar knows that the Beloochees would never turn a hunted fugitive from their door.'

The Ressaldar nodded.

'At last, we got him up the river to Mooltan. He said that he would then be safe, as none there knew him, and he had grown since his desertion a black beard, which, together with the hair upon his head, my father dyed red for him. He and I became friends. He was a clever fellow, and he it was who made for me the mask which you have destroyed to-night. He also taught me the use of chloroform, and told me how I might get it from Kurrachee. I used to pour some of this on the cloth you saw on my hand, and thus stupefy the syce after I had frightened him. I then let the horse have a sniff, enough to keep him quiet. Before appearing to the syce I always placed, a few yards off, a small sack containing four little bags of moist sand, one of which I tied around each foot of the horse, so that when I led him away, his feet made scarcely any track, and the slight impression left upon the sand was like a camel's footprint rather than that of a horse. The glistening of my skin is due to rubbing it with cocoanut oil and sulphur. When I had led the horse to a safe distance, I took the coverings from his feet, and, stowing them and my disguise in my bag, I mounted and rode straight across country to a hiding-place which we had in the thick jungle. There my father so quickly altered the horse's appearance that even his late owner would scarcely have known him. I stole only one horse at a time, and all my captures were sent up the river to Mooltan, and afterwards sold at various remote places.'

Such was the confession of the young horse-thief, Jumal. Happily for him, he gave up his evil ways, and enlisted in the Sind Horse. In a short time, he had become one of the most valued members of the company commanded by his captor, Nubbee Bux.

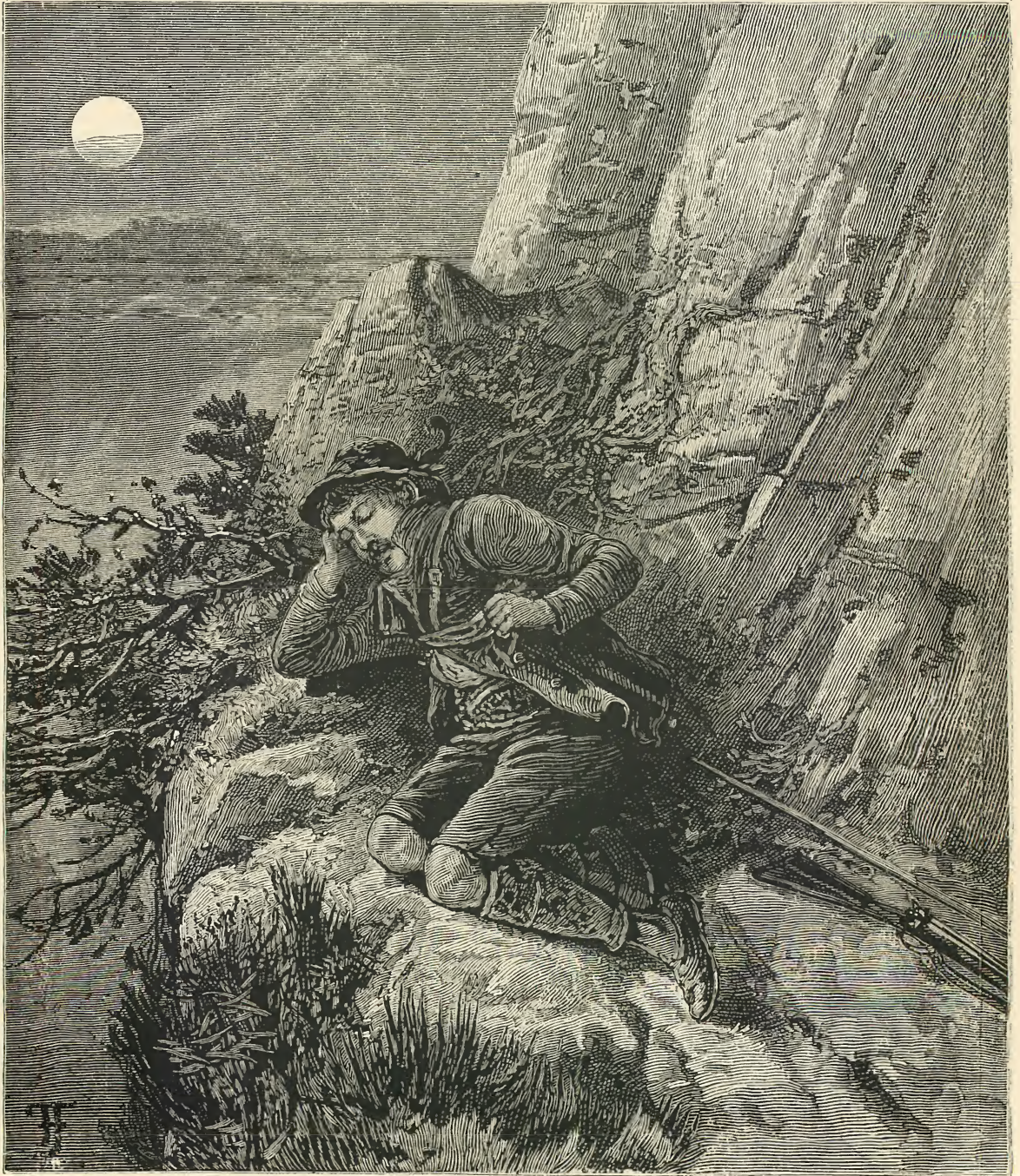
E. D.

A HUNTER'S LODGING.

HE who would be a successful chamois hunter must be an early riser. Almost as soon as the day has dawned, he should be on the spot where he thinks the chamois are likely to feed. In order that he may be there in good time, it is often necessary that he should start upon his journey over-night. Chamois nearly always choose the steepest crags for their feeding-ground, and the way of the hunter is often one of peril in getting near them. When well on his road he may be completely check-mated by a swiftly rising mist, or by the descent of some of the lower clouds upon the mountain. Then he can neither go on nor return; often he must sleep upon the mountain-side. Then he has to tie a rope round his body and make the other end fast to some small tree or clump of shrubs; otherwise it might easily happen that he would roll over the precipice in his sleep.

Our picture shows the tired hunter taking what rest he may on the hard, stony path by which he has just ascended the mountain.

F. R.

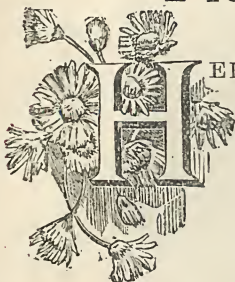


A Tired Chamois Hunter.



"I will shout for you!"

A YOUNG KNIGHT.



ERE is a charming story of practical benevolence.

It was a cold morning in early spring. A little old man stood on the corner of a London street selling newspapers. He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down, trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passengers could hardly hear him. Some boys jeered and laughed at him. But one lad, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said: 'I will shout for you.'

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out, '*Telegraph! Chronicle! News!*' in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would not take anything, and went off with a smiling face.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

56.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

(A.)—TRANPOSE four letters so as to make the following words:—

1. A river in Spain.
2. A troublesome person.
3. A dress of state or office.
4. A native of Africa.

- (B.)—1. A Church dignitary.
2. A sea-port in Asia.
3. A native of a northern country in Europe.

- (C.)—1. An island in the Mediterranean.
2. A man's name.
3. A large quantity of goods.
4. Possessing useful and valuable qualities.

C. C.

57.—PROVERBS.

CHANGE one letter in each of the following words, and you will find a familiar proverb.

1. Thine no say spear do sorrow.
2. I can say cook it, O sing.
3. O bard on thy land as north twa an thy busy.
4. Mats on groves sever match mine.
5. Seeds nor worms.
6. Emery dot gas hit say.
7. Wood lords ire salver rood needs bold.
8. On fur O pin-my* it nor I sound.
9. To is yon mould by zone my.
10. Saint hears sever ton hair lads.
11. Hasty sakes taste.
12. Hole in rope even.

C. C.

* When the syllables are divided, it is to show that there is a changed letter in each.

58.—ANAGRAMS.

Geographical Names.

1. LEO, dot. A city in Spain, once the capital, now in a state of decline; it has a beautiful cathedral.
2. CURE, says. A tower in an island in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Italy.
3. REST, Nile. A province in a neighbouring country.
4. DID, ram. The chief town of a country in the South of Europe.
5. GLEN, sea. A river in the South of Africa.
6. NEST, an. A town in Bretagne situated on the river Loire; it is noted for an edict passed by one French king and revoked by another.
7. NEAR, var. A province in Spain, once an independent kingdom.
8. HANG, clear. A town in Russia.
9. WINK, curbs. An important city of Germany; a seaport of Georgia, U.S.; a city in New Jersey.
10. HALL, don. A kingdom in Europe in which the land is lower than the sea, and the water kept out by dykes.
11. LANE, nob. A range of mountains between Syria and Palestine, once famous for some beautiful trees.
12. VAN, let. A name given to the Eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea.

C. C.

59.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a small animal and find a river in England.
2. Behead a receptacle and find a large animal.
3. Behead a stream of water and find a bird.
4. Behead a country in Europe and find suffering.
5. Behead a fish and find an army in flight.
6. Behead a month and find a beautiful form.
7. Behead a weapon and find a fruit.
8. Behead a liquid and find a place of amusement.
9. Behead a young animal and find assistance.
10. Behead a loud call and find a plaything.
11. Behead an island and find a place of safety.
12. Behead a strong wind and find that you are not the first.

C. C.

[Answers at page 399.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------|---------|---------|
| 55.—1. STEP | 2. YEAR | 3. COME |
| TARE | ELLA | OMEN |
| ERST | ALLY | MEAN |
| PETS | RAYS | ENNA |
| 4. FEAT | 5. FORT | |
| ERNE | OVER | |
| ANNA | REDE | |
| TEAK | TREE | |

56.—He first took the goose, then he came back and fetched the corn, and took back the goose, and then he brought over the fox; finally he fetched the goose.

BRAVE PATTERSON, THE DOCTOR'S BOY.

A True Story.

IT is not very many years since the following incident occurred, and one or two of the chief actors concerned are still living to testify to the truth of the story. Readers of *Chatterbox* know how dearly I love to tell of a brave deed, and I may promise them that they will rarely hear of a braver

one than this, performed, as it was, by a couple of boys, without aid from any heads wiser or older than their own.

The *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy*, a wooden vessel, named after the well-known Parsee millionaire (famed for his great charity all over India), was chartered by the Government for the purpose of conveying a certain number of Indian criminals from Singapore to the Andamans. These wretches were followers of a man who called himself Balu Singh, the founder of a Sikh sect. He was an impudent impostor, who gave out that he had died and risen again from the dead. As a matter of fact, he was a tailor in Lahore, and had got himself into trouble with the English by instigating a rising in the Punjab. The followers of the 'risen' man used the words, 'Wah Gooroo' as a pass-word, and wore black and yellow colours on their turbans. As it was quite plain that these fellows were ripe for a revolt, and were trying to persuade many of the peaceable members of the community to join them, the Indian Government had no choice in the matter, but swooped down on them and sent a ship-load off to the Andaman Islands—the penal settlement of India.

The *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* started out from the harbour of Singapore one day in June, A.D. 1863. At the outset of the ill-fated voyage, the doctor's assistant, a boy named Patterson, who knew something of the Punjaabee language, warned his master that the Hindoos were preparing to mutiny, but no heed was paid to the warning. Strangely enough, on the first night out, the cabin-boy, Davis, instead of going to his berth, fell asleep in the cook's galley. Had he been in his usual berth, he must have been sacrificed with the others, for soon after midnight the convicts rose, and, after a desperate struggle, murdered every one on board, except the stokers, three seamen, the two boys, and the mate—a man named Jobson. Patterson crept up to the boy Davis, and, rousing him, told him what had occurred.

'Nothing is left us but to trust in God, who is a tower of strength; kneel down and pray, for they are coming!' exclaimed young Patterson.

A band of the dark-skinned mutineers, swinging ship's lanterns, hurried up to the two poor lads, and but for the interference of their leader would have stabbed them on the spot. The leader ordered them to be brought below to the cabin. On the way there they encountered Jobson, who was also seized and dragged along with them. In the saloon sat the false prophet, Balu Singh, a tall, cadaverous-looking man, with sunken eyes, purple lips, and long, thin, claw-like hands. He looked, indeed, as though he had in reality risen from the dead. A score or more of Hindoos stood around him, brandishing their blood-stained cutlasses, and shouting 'Adore Balu Singh! Adore Balu Singh!'

Then some of them seized the mate, and dragging him up to the place where the so-called 'prophet' sat, with one foot on the captain's corpse, they screamed out to the rough sailor to adore their leader.

'I will be hanged if I do!' answered Jobson, stoutly.

The next moment the unfortunate man was hauled away by half-a-dozen of the mutineers and brutally murdered outside the cabin door. Then another of the wretches made a dart at Patterson, and seizing him by the hair of his head, shouted to Balu Singh, as he brandished his long knife in the air: 'Son of heaven, let us sacrifice this unbeliever to the goddess Kalee!'

Knowing enough of the Punjaabee to fully appreciate the terrible peril he was in, the young Scotch boy stammered out in Hindustanee, 'Balu Singh! son of heaven, who has risen from the dead, I adore thee!'

'Release him, he is one of us. Wah Gooroo!' exclaimed the 'prophet,' and thereupon a black and yellow turban was put upon the lad's head.

Turning to where poor Davis, the cabin-boy, stood, Patterson cried, 'This boy, too, is a believer!'

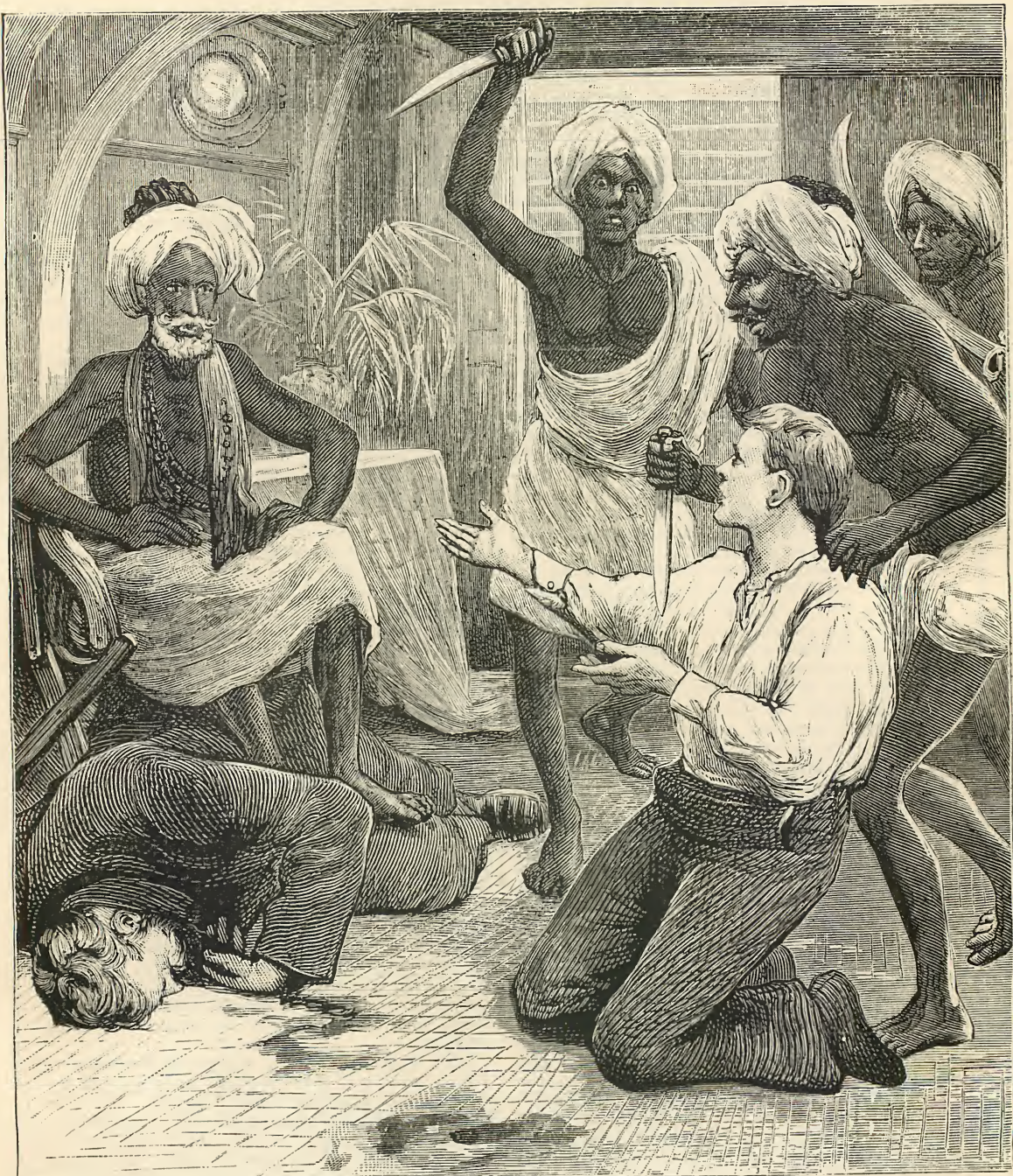
Another shout of 'Wah Gooroo!' followed the statement, and Balu Singh ordered that their lives should be spared. Probably the fact that they might be of use on board had far more to do with this wondrous clemency than any very firm belief in their newly declared religious views. The 'prophet' and his evil crew quitted the cabin, whilst the two boys were soon afterwards locked up in it. Through the skylight, Patterson witnessed the murder of an unhappy seaman, who had up till then escaped the notice of the mutineers. He had concealed himself high up the main-mast, from which he was fetched down, fastened to the foot of the mast, and cruelly butchered. Only the stokers and the two boys remained alive of the original crew, with the exception of a couple of sailors kept at the wheel under a strong guard of Hindoos.

Presently, Balu Singh returned to the cabin, and sat down to a repast with a few of his attendant satellites, and at this meal the two boys were made to wait. After the feeding was over, the 'prophet' bade Patterson prepare him some opium.

A gleam of hope flashed across the mind of the doctor's boy at this. Accompanied by Davis, he at once went to the ship's medicine chest, and set about preparing the black-looking paste, whilst Davis procured pipes and hot coals. Before long, the whole of the Hindoos were contentedly smoking. Their conversation quickly ceased, drowsiness overtook them, and they sank, one by one, into a deep slumber.

'All is going on well,' whispered Patterson to Davis, 'thanks to the power of the opium and the drachm of morphine I added to it.' He then quickly filled the pipes again, and approaching the Hindoos standing sentry over the men at the wheel, said: 'Brothers in the faith! the Prophet sends you two hours of Paradise in these pipes. Take them; you will be relieved before your sleep begins.'

The Hindoos unsuspectingly accepted the pipes. Patterson's heart beat fit to burst as he watched them take the first few whiffs; he felt pretty sure that the pipes once begun would not be relinquished until sleep overtook the smokers. Then the last of the crew, the sentries over the engine-room men, were in turn offered pipes by the Scotch lad. When they also had taken of the drug, Patterson could, at



The False Prophet—Balu Singh.

length, thankfully exclaim, 'The *Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy* is saved!'

In a trice, the stokers were silently summoned from the engine-room, thin cords were got on deck, and the hands and feet of the mutinous criminals were quickly secured. Then, one after the other, the apparently lifeless bodies were passed into the hold, which was battened down fast.

The steamship's head was then turned in the direction of Singapore, but they were two days making the port. Patterson held command of the vessel, and also took care to supply his prisoners with sufficient food and drink. They were very quickly handed over to the proper authorities, and young Patterson became quite the hero of the hour.

F. R.



"And Clare, his grand-child, heard him, and gave a frightened scream
When she beheld him sitting quite helpless by the stream."

SOME ONE IN FAULT.

WHO fetch a pail of water went poor old Gregg one
day
Towards the little river, but he fell upon the
way;
The ground was rather slippery, for there had been a
shower,
And Gregg could not walk firmly, for he had not the
power.

One leg was twisted under him, and painfully he
tried
In vain to rise, poor fellow, and then for help he
cried;
And Clare, his grand-child, heard him, and gave a
frightened scream
When she beheld him sitting quite helpless by the
stream.

She fetched her granny quickly, some neighbours also ran

And went to his assistance, and soon the injured man Was carried to the cottage, and there has had to stay In bed—a crippled sufferer, yes, ever since that day.

His leg was badly fractured; we know that never more

Will poor old Gregg be able to walk outside his door. 'He ought not to have ventured upon that slippery way

To fetch a pail of water,' I fancy you will say.

'He was too old and feeble.' Ah, yes! indeed 'twas so, And it was the bounden duty of some one else to go; That one was Ned, a grandson; Ned and his sister Clare

Had lived for not a few years in their grand-parents' care.

For they were orphans early; but Ned was now fourteen,

Most helpful to the old folk, of course, he might have been;

To fetch a pail of water was easy work to Ned, And yet, when asked to do so that day, he quickly said:—

'I can't, not *now*. Oh, bother!' and, dear me, how he frowned;

'I'm off this very minute, off to the cricket ground. When I come back I'll fetch it.' Ah, me! when back he went

And heard of the disaster, his head with shame was bent.

'To do what you had left undone, you, a strong active lad,

Your grand-dad made the effort, and the result how sad.'

Ned heard the words with sorrow, yes, truly grieved was he,

The cause of the disaster he felt himself to be.

I think you can imagine how sad it is to him

To see the old man lying with that disabled limb.

Well, boys and girls, take warning:—'By *small* deeds left undone

Great sorrow and great suffering is caused to many an one;

So, lest by your omissions some bad mishaps be wrought,

Oh, never put off doing the little things you ought.'

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.

A SAFE GUIDE.

ON a night of dense fog a gentleman was unable to discover his way home, though he knew that he could not be far from his own house. Hearing a footstep approaching, he waited and asked the owner if he knew where they were?

'Perfectly,' was the reply. 'Where do you desire to go?'

The gentleman explained.

'Oh,' said the stranger, 'that is almost at hand. Trust yourself to me and I will lead you to your door.'

Arrived there he accepted the gentleman's thanks, and then laughingly said, 'I dare say if you had known what I am, you would have hesitated to place yourself under my care!'

'That would have depended,' replied the gentleman, now looking at his rescuer with a suspicion that he might be a burglar or a garotter.

'Well, I think you would,' said the other, 'for I am blind.'

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 371.)



DAY after day the *Albatross* ploughed her stately way towards the great English-speaking colony beyond the seas, untroubled by anything worse than now a strong head wind, now a rolling, tumbling sea. Had it not been for the constant thought of their dear Admiral's sorrowing, our two boys would have looked upon this as one of the

happiest of their different happy experiences of life. They had made friends in their frank way with every one on board, had climbed all over the standing rigging, and were even seriously meditating an attempt upon the upper spars. They teased the captain, made him tell them all about his past voyages and curious experiences of the sea, learnt a fair smattering of navigation, always took an observation each day at noon with a sextant, worked out the course of the ship (invariably getting a wrong result), and generally enjoyed themselves very thoroughly. If only they could let Sir Colin know that they were alive and well!—that, it seemed, was all that was wanting to make their happiness complete.

The weeks passed rapidly away, and yet no sail homeward bound came within their sight. It is difficult for those who sit at home to realise how lonely the great oceans really are. Men talk glibly enough of the 'highway' between this country and that, conveying the notion that vessels are continually passing each other; but when we mention that it is no uncommon thing for the great Cape liners, for instance, to be fourteen to sixteen days even at sea without sighting anything at all, it will be understood that, on the ocean, 'room' is much more frequently found than 'company.'

Amongst all their other ship-board amusements there was none that pleased our boys so much as being allowed to take a spell at the wheel—always, of course, under the careful supervision of one of the quarter-masters. As the ship altered her course, in accordance with the spinning round of the spokes, it seemed a marvellous thing, indeed, that one feeble human being could possibly steer that huge vessel as she ploughed her way through the trackless waste of waters.

One fine starlight night, as they were pacing the upper deck with the captain, the latter said: 'We

have been very lucky not to get becalmed more than five or six days all this trip out. I have been becalmed in the South Seas days and weeks pretty well on end. Ah, I can tell you, young gentlemen, it is weary work then for every one on board.'

'I should think it was,' answered Paul. 'I suppose you do not anchor then, do you?'

The captain laughed aloud. 'Anchor?' he said, 'why, what should put that into your head?'

'Well, why not?'

'Because we do not happen to carry any anchor chains seven or eight miles long, that is all! Talking of being becalmed reminds me of a nasty squeak I had once in a calm some years ago; and as you are both so fond of hearing a sailor's yarn, why, if you are ready to go below now, we will make ourselves comfortable in my cabin, and I will spin it to you.'

Having taken a final turn on deck, during which Captain Jameson gave some instructions to the officer of the watch, and cast his eye up aloft to see whether all the canvas was drawing, the trio went below for the night. Then, each one selecting his own favourite seat, and the captain having filled his pipe and blown two or three great blue clouds of smoke, he began: 'I won't bother you with latitudes and longitudes, but just start right in and say that at the time I am speaking of I was mate of a merchant brig trading to the Spice Islands. The old brig had got along over her journey in fairly good time for her, for she was one of the slowest old tubs afloat. We had a valuable cargo on board, and were anxious to get our job done and pick up another cargo, and be off home before the fever season set in. For a couple of days before the night I am going to tell you about the breeze had been getting fainter and fainter, and at last, at six bells, it died out altogether. We drifted about for several hours; night fell, and, with all the canvas set, we did not move through the water half a knot an hour.'

'When morning broke we could see in the distance a group of small islands, somewhere about four or five miles up to windward—if you could speak of anything being to windward when there was no wind!—and about an hour or two later several long canoes were paddled swiftly out towards us, filled with natives. They seemed a peaceful sort of people, and wishful only of doing a bit of business in the trading line. They brought out pigs and yams and cocoa-nuts, bananas, dates, and all those sort of things, and we who had been months at sea were glad enough, as you may imagine, to get them. Two or three of what seemed to be the chief men came aboard and looked curiously all over our decks, and then went off again in the canoes. We thought no more about them, except to hope that if a breeze did not spring up in the meantime they would come again on the next day and bring us some more of their stuff. I had a last smoke on deck, and turned in about eleven o'clock that night.'

'It was terribly hot below, and I could not get any rest in my bunk. I must have laid for an hour or more, tumbling and tossing about, and then, finding I could stand it no longer—the heat, I mean—out I got, and, without even waiting to dress, just slipped on a pair of linen trousers and climbed up on deck.'

'Just as I got my head up the hatch I heard the "look-out" man snoring comfortably, instead of doing his duty and keeping watch. The tiller had been lashed by him, and he, no doubt, thought it would be quite a safe thing to "do a caulk." Almost at the same moment another sound caught my ear; it was the stealthy moving of paddles in the water.'

'In a flash I guessed what was up! I jumped for the bulwarks, and there, sure enough, I could plainly see, in the bright moonlight, eight great war canoes, crammed with armed men, creeping down on the brig.'

'Jump about, boys!' I yelled; "the niggers are on us!" and in less time than you would say was possible, all our fifteen men were scrambling up on deck. I ran to get the powder and shot to load our old brass carronade, and, with the skipper's help, we soon got her filled up with powder. Then we found there was no shot! "Never mind that, Jameson; get a bag or two of nails," he shouts; and by the time I had got them and some rifle bullets, and crammed them down the muzzle, the canoes were almost alongside, for, seeing they could not take us by surprise, as they had meant to do, they paddled as hard as they could come towards us.'

"If they get aboard of us our throats are as good as cut," says the skipper grimly to me.

"Our one chance is the old carronade, sir, I think," said I, and between us we trained it on to the leading canoe, and, waiting till they were within twenty yards of us, let drive into the middle of them.

'Well, they had been yelling pretty loud before—war-cries I suppose they called it—but the awful din they raised after that shot I never did hear the like of. The nails had flown in all directions like grape shot, and it seemed as though this was the first cannon they had ever heard fired. At all events, all who were not wounded were burying their heads and ears in their hands, and they did not wait for any more of that music! Most of them seemed to be hit somewhere or other, and that astonished them too. I expect if ever they had heard fire-arms before, it was just a rifle whose bullet would only hit one man; and that one discharge could hurt so many must have been most surprising to them. Lucky for us that it was so; if they had once boarded us there would have been about ten of them to each one of us, and a precious poor chance we should have stood. As it was, the disabled canoe was quickly taken in tow by one of the rest, and away they sped, much faster than they came. But I always shall think that Providence ordered that I should not get any sleep that night for the express purpose of circumventing their little game.'

'As to the man who was supposed to be on the look-out and went to sleep instead, his shipmates made things pretty lively for him for the next week or two, and well they might. It was not his fault that we were not every man of us murdered in our bunks. Whenever we run into a calm I always get reminded of that time, and think was it chance or was it Providence that sent me on deck at the critical moment? Bah! there is no such thing as chance. It is all ordered for us beforehand; it must be so.'

(Continued at page 386.)



Captain Jameson relates one of his Adventures.



Painted by Margaret

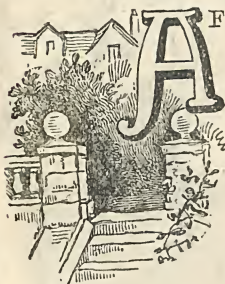
A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.



Mr. Ogilvie wends his way to the Abbey.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 383.)



AFTER what Mr. James Ogilvie argued to himself was a 'decent' time, from the date of his first interview with Sir Colin, he once more wended his way up the fine old avenue leading to the Abbey. His object was to hint, strongly if necessary, that the Admiral should at an early date vacate, and thereby make room for him and his household. The bare chance of the boys having survived that tempestuous night in a small boat never for a moment struck him. Even if they had, by some remote chance, been rescued, news would have come of them long since—in which reasoning the Honourable James, as we know, was a trifle 'out.' The idea of their having been picked up by a passing ship and carried to a far distant port, thereby rendering communication impossible, never once entered into his head. He had not had an interview with the lawyers, or they might have informed him that a little more proof of death was requisite before he could be allowed to finger the Abbey rent-roll.

The Admiral received him cordially.

'I have come to you to-day, my dear Sir Colin, on a matter connected with the lamented deaths of these dear boys. Of course, as you are aware, it causes a certain change in my own condition. We must look the stern facts of the situation full in the face, you and I, and that brings me to the important point I came to speak to you upon to-day, Sir Colin. You will, of course, see that as Lord Courtland I could hardly continue to live at Hawksley. The natural and proper place of the Lord of Courtland is at the Abbey, and so, though without the slightest wish to hurry you or put you to the least inconvenience, if you *could* manage to—'

'I see, I see,' said the Admiral; 'you want me to heave anchor—I mean you want me to go as soon as possible. Quite right, you know; quite right, and I had made arrangements to clear out next month, but if you are in a hurry—'

'Oh, not in the least hurry, Admiral—not in the least hurry, I assure you!' hastily put in the other. 'Still, if you think you *could* manage—of course, I mean without in any way inconveniencing yourself—to leave me a clear house a little—just a very little—before next month begins I should be so glad;' and Mr. James Ogilvie smiled his blandest smile whilst he 'washed his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly,' rejoined the Admiral, stiffening slightly, however, as he thought that, in spite of his disclaimers, the new-made Lord seemed to be in a somewhat indecent hurry to be rid of him. 'I suppose you will take over the servants, Mr. Ogilvie?'

Again Mr. Ogilvie assumed his blandest smile.

'Well, perhaps one or two, Admiral. You see, most of them are old, and it really does not pay to keep old servants, you know, does it?'

'But Spokes, the coachman, for instance; he has been nearly forty years in the service of the family.'

'Ah, high time that he should go, then, I think.'

'And Thomas, too, he has proved a faithful servant for—'

'Ah, yes, Thomas, too, I fear must go. If you keep them on after a certain number of years they all seem to expect a pension.'

'And surely, Mr. Ogilvie, they are worth it, and have honestly and fairly earned it.'

'Yes, my dear Sir Colin, very likely. But you see they have not served *me* personally, so I really do not see why I should be called upon to pension them.'

'But you succeed to the whole of the money, and it is your family that they have served.'

'Again forgive me, dear Admiral. Your heart is so good that your feelings are hardly fitted to cope with this matter-of-fact every-day world in which we live. But leave all these matters to me. You have only to—'

'I know what you mean, Mr. Ogilvie. I have only to clear out and not concern myself with your business. Very well, I understand the hint.'

'Oh, my dear Admiral! Pray don't think for a moment that I would say anything so rude. Only I am sure you will understand my desire to take up my proper position here at the Abbey as soon as you can make it convenient to yourself to move out of it. If you will only kindly do this—I think I understood you to say you would be gone in a fortnight?'

'I shall be gone, sir, by this time to-morrow,' said the Admiral, gruffly, rising at the same moment, as a polite hint that the interview was over. 'I trust, sir, however, that you may, on considering the matter, take a more merciful view of the position of the older servants of the Abbey than you have expressed to me just now.'

A smile again came to the timely aid of Mr. James Ogilvie, and, under cover of it, he bowed himself softly out of the Admiral's presence. Sir Colin at once walked across the room and threw the window wide open. 'That man suffocates me!' he ejaculated impatiently.

Slowly swinging his cane in the air, Mr. Ogilvie walked through the deer park, and out towards the lodge gates.

'Insufferable old idiot,' he muttered to himself, as he thought over his interview with Sir Colin. 'Wants to saddle me with all the old servants, eh? Not I! What are they to me? I shall take extremely good care to get better value out of my money than spending it on old servants! Fortunately this splendid place comes to me early enough in life to enable me to enjoy myself, and to the full, too, on the money. No settling down to the cabbage-like existence of the country gentleman, the good landlord, the benefactor of the poor, and all that kind of rubbish! Benefactors of the poor, indeed! No; charity begins at home; and the first person—aye, and the last person, too—to be looked after is myself. People affect to look down upon

selfishness! Why, it is *only* the so-called selfish who really know what actual happiness is. To be always thinking of others is, no doubt, very pretty in theory. What of it in practice? It simply means that one's life becomes a burden to one, worrying oneself about the troubles of other people. No, no, my friend! James Ogilvie, Viscount Courtland, will be the *Alpha* and *Omega* of your future life.'

Thus man proposes. Let us see how God, in this case, shall dispose.

A week later came the news that three bodies, two of them those of boys, had been washed ashore, not very far from where the yacht was lost. They had been so long in the sea that any attempt at recognition was out of the question. Nevertheless, Mr. Ogilvie felt that there was, at all events, a chance that they were the bodies of his unfortunate nephews, and of either Black Tom or of the other man. He missed no opportunity of exhibiting the telegrams which had been sent him from Oporto on the subject to his friends and neighbours, usually accompanying the exhibition with a tear, over the flow of which he had a most convenient command. He had already put in hand a stained-glass window to the memory of his two nephews, and now a handsome mural tablet was also to be placed, by his especial directions, in the old chapel of the Abbey.

And with the shallow, unthinking world this conduct succeeded most admirably, and the new Lord soon came to be regarded as a most exemplary man.

How obsequious, now, were all Mr. James Ogilvie's hitherto grasping creditors! And how truly delightful that gentleman found it to severely snub them, now that he was in so independent a position! In fact, he really made quite a favour of accepting from Mr. Nathan the temporary loan of five thousand pounds, 'just on your I.O.U., my dear Lord Courtland—just on your I.O.U.,' said the Jewish gentleman. 'Amongst gentlemen there is no need to give security—no need whatever.'

Mr. Ogilvie made a rather wry face at the idea of such as Mr. Nathan being classed together with himself under the title of 'gentlemen;' but as he really wanted the money he swallowed his wrath, and with a lordly air told the money-lender that he wished the amount paid in to his account at his bank on the morrow; whereupon Mr. Nathan promised that the matter should be arranged, and bowed and scraped himself out of the august presence.

Mr. Ogilvie soon began the duties of his new station, or rather what he was pleased to call his duty to his own interests. He dismissed nearly every servant on the place, both male and female, indoor and out. 'I will make a fresh start,' said he to himself. 'In that way I shall be rid of any old-servant pension business, and also of any making of comparisons between their former masters and me—always an unpleasant affair, in my opinion. As to the horses and ponies, this is not a good time of year to sell, so I shall wait for a better season. Then I will start a stud according to my own fancy. As to the old Admiral's absurd request that I should pension off Paul's and Geoffrey's favourite ponies

and let them end their days in the paddocks here, it is really too ridiculous to think of. Why, I daresay they will make a hundred or even a hundred and fifty when sent up for sale. No, I am not so foolish as to miss *my* chances of money. Sentiment is all very well in the abstract, but it doesn't pay. Old Sir Colin prates about the cruel fate of the horses getting into cabs and costermongers' carts. Well, I cannot help it if they do.'

Just at this point his musings were broken in upon by his wife. Truth to tell, the former Mrs. James Ogilvie would rather hear that her 'sticky' books were being read by the public than have become a Viscountess twenty times over. Titles had small charm for her, whilst literary fame was what she had always, in her inmost heart, thirsted for. However, thought she, people will now be sure to read a book on whose cover is inscribed 'by Viscountess Courtland,' and on the strength of such idea she had already bitten a new goose-quill almost in half, and started on an entirely new and original work entitled *On the Advantages of a Melancholy Temperament*.

'James,' she began, in her deep-toned voice, 'I suppose you intend that we shall shortly take up our abode at the Abbey?'

Her husband nodded acquiescence.

'What provision, may I ask, have you made for the accommodation of all my piles of manuscript? I shall require a room to be set apart solely and entirely for the literary labour of my life.'

'Oh, you can have the room with the oriel window, and the little one leading out of that if you like. But you don't mean to say that you are going on writing now? You must remember that we shall have a position to keep up in the county, and that most of your time will be taken up by society matters—receiving my guests and going out.'

'My duties, James, are literary duties. I would not waste a talent—'

'Ahem!' coughed Mr. Ogilvie.

'I would not waste a talent,' she repeated, eyeing him severely, 'for any attraction which society could offer me. The paltry fact that nobody seems to read what I have written will weigh nothing in my estimation. I shall persevere.'

Her husband sighed deeply.

'I shall persevere to the end,' she continued. 'One even greater than I—Mr. Disraeli—spoke in his early days, unheeded by a careless House of Commons. He said, "You will not hear me now. One day you shall hear me." So it will be with me, James; one day the name of Sophonisba Ogilvie will ring like a—'

'Penny trumpet,' muttered her husband.

'Clarion through the land, and all my hours of brain labour will be rewarded as in a flash. Then, and not till then, will—'

'Yes, yes,' broke in Mr. Ogilvie, who had had enough of his wife's eloquence, and dreaded her launching out into fresh bursts of enthusiasm about her hobby. 'I will see about the rooms for you to write in at the Abbey next time I am up there. I think we might begin to move in in about a week's time from now.'

(Continued at page 394.)



"Aunt Meg is gathering roses red
From off her favourite tree."

AUNT MEG.

AUNT MEG is gathering roses red
From off her favourite tree,
And thinking of a dismal room
Where they will welcome be:
For she intends to carry them
To some one ill and sad,
For well she knows the power of flowers
To make a mourner glad.

Yes, she has seen the weary eyes
Grow bright at sight of flowers,
And feeble voices have declared
To her, that many hours
Have been made cheerful by the thoughts
Aroused by blossoms fair,
That flowers have often soothed the heart
And chased away despair;

And often called up vivid scenes
Of happy bygone days,
And led them back to walk again
In childhood's flowery ways;
And to remember God Who made
The blossoms sweet and fair—
Bright tokens of His thoughtful Love
Which all His creatures share.

So dear Aunt Meg, with eager step,
Is often seen to go,
To carry flowers and loving words
To such as are in woe.
All that is in her power to do,
To comfort and to cheer,
She does; and thus to many a heart
Aunt Meg is very dear.

D. H.

THE SECRETARY BIRD.

THIS bird, which is a native of the dry plains of South Africa, is three feet in length, with plumage of a bluish gray colour. It has a peculiar crest of feathers on its head which can be raised or depressed at pleasure. Its name of Secretary Bird was given to it by the colonists of the Cape of Good Hope, from a fancied resemblance of this crest to pens placed behind the ear.

It feeds on reptiles of all kinds, and in particular it wages constant war against every kind of serpent, venomous or otherwise. It swallows the smaller ones whole, tearing the larger ones in pieces, and striking them heavy blows with its powerful beak. The bird is much valued on this account in Cape



Fishing-boats off Tarbet, Loch Fyne.

Colony and a fine is inflicted on every one who destroys it. It is often tamed and kept as a protector to poultry-yards; but if not sufficiently fed, it will help itself to a duckling or chicken without scruple. An attempt has been made to introduce this bird into Martinique, one of the French West Indian Islands, in order to reduce the large number of venomous serpents that abound there. M. K.

LOCH FYNE.

LOCH FYNE has a world-wide reputation for its herring fisheries, and thither come the boats laden with their silvery cargoes. Thousands and thousands of the herrings are sent away to London by rail, whilst the Scotch fish-wives, carrying their baskets on their heads, cry 'Caller herrin'.

through the streets of the Scotch towns. From Tarbet the sight of the 'herring fleet,' as it is called, is a very picturesque and interesting one. The 'harvest of the sea' is mostly a rich one here, though many and great are the dangers which the toilers have to face in gathering it in; for the coastline is a rocky and dangerous one, storms rise very quickly, and it needs a strong arm and a staunch heart to face the winter gales. But hardship is the fisherman's lot throughout his life, whether on English or Scotch coasts, and they need to be brave fellows in order to meet and combat the constant dangers which surround them, night and day.

F. R.

FUNNY FACTS ABOUT SIAM.

MANNERS and customs have altered somewhat in Siam of late years, owing to greater intercourse than formerly between that country and the peoples of the West, but many of the old modes of life linger on without much change. From a time unknown, it has been usual there for children to yield great respect to their parents, though Siamese fathers and mothers are not quite so particular now. Indeed, we are reminded, by their home life, of what was the method of treating children during the Middle Ages in England. A Siamese boy or girl is expected to stand in a parent's presence, till permission is given to sit down. Then he or she must have a seat lower than that occupied by the parent, or else sit on the floor. Should a child wish to ask a favour, it bows till the face comes near the ground. Even the king of the country used to be required, once a month, to fall before his mother upon his elbows and knees. To tell the rank of a Siamese noble in the street, you do not look at his dress, but at the slave who walks before him, since he carries upon a tray the badge which shows his master's rank. Nobles of the higher rank often have a kettle or vase of gold which has been presented to them by the king, sometimes much ornamented. Though it is not held to be polite in Siam to smoke before ladies, yet to do so is a sign of friendship and trustfulness. No man smokes when he is amongst those he suspects.

Some years ago, a visitor to Siam, who was admitted to the king's court, found that it was the custom to allow only a little light to enter the room, which made the diamonds and gems worn by His Majesty shine out more brightly. Some of the windows were open, and birds kept flying in and out. As a refreshment, the juice of the betel-nut was brought in. The gold ornaments worn by the nobles were of a deep colour, almost red, but pure metal. Afterwards he partook of a dinner at the palace. In arranging the table, he was amused to see the servants walking about amongst the dishes and plates. All the articles were placed on the table together, being served up in gold and silver: soups, curries, cutlets, poultry, sweetmeats, fruits, and other things, which were strange to a European. One of the curious dishes he was told contained ants' eggs, rolled in green leaves of some plant and mixed with slices of fat pork. Sitting at a meal with Siamese

ladies and gentlemen gave him a good chance of noticing their hands, which are usually well formed, remarkable for the length to which the nails are allowed to grow; some have them tipped with silver or polished. At the tea-table, fruit and confectionery were laid upon salvers six feet round, fixed in pedestals two feet high. The tea was served in earthen pots, and drunk from porcelain cups without saucers.

There are many rivers and streams in Siam. A curious effect is produced in several towns through which a river flows by shops on bamboo rafts, moored to the bank, the fronts being open like verandas, where goods are shown for sale. Along the towns the turnings are most of them narrow, hardly allowing room for three persons to walk side by side. Temples are numerous everywhere. The gilt spires and glazed tiles of the roofs are conspicuous; within, the roofs are gilt, the walls frequently studded with gems, or adorned by paintings; candles and lamps are kept burning all day. Siam is remarkable for its white elephants, of which there are two kinds: one is a dwarf, pure white and has chestnut eyes; the other, which is larger is almost yellow. Other elephants are common, which are spotted and are made very tame; it is usual to paint their foreheads black, with just an edge of white.

J. CLIFFORD.

THE STORY OF MODERN DRESS.

WATCHES.



VERY boy's ambition is a watch, and watches are so common nowadays that we are apt to forget that not so very long ago watches were very rare possessions.

There is a great deal to tell about these useful articles which is interesting. Perhaps the earliest time-keeping machine is the *clepsydra*, or water-clock of the Greeks and

Romans, which was no doubt made in various ways. Another ancient time-marker was the sand-glass, such as we now use for boiling eggs, but constructed on a larger scale, and called an 'hour-glass.' The burning of graduated candles was another mode of marking time.

The oldest clock mentioned in England is that which was put up in a former clock tower of Westminster with some great bells, in A.D. 1288, and paid for out of a fine imposed on a corrupt Lord Chief Justice. A memorial of this survived until quite recently in a sun-dial which stood in Palace Yard. But we pass from clocks to watches, as they are worn about the person. Watches were known in the time of our Henry VIII., of Louis XI. of France, and the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. Charles, it is said, used to keep many watches going as near together as he could. Erasmus, that good man and learned scholar, had a watch given him by a Polish nobleman, early in the sixteenth century; and by

Queen Elizabeth's time a great many people used them. They are alluded to by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*—'I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch.' The clockmakers of London formed a trade guild in A.D. 1631, and not long after that the invention of the spring balance (that part of the mechanism of a watch which distinguishes it from a clock) was invented. You will be interested to learn that Napoleon I. possessed a watch which wound itself up as he walked.

The modern perfect watch and chronometer may be said to be the result of a gradual development from the early clock rather than of any particular invention. It seems to be taken for granted that Peter Hele, a mechanician of Nuremberg, as early as A.D. 1490, made small pocket clocks of steel which showed and struck the hours, and were driven by a coiled spring. These, from their oval shape, were called Nuremberg eggs. One old writer says that watches were introduced into England in Henry the Eighth's time; they did not, however, come into general use for many years afterwards; even in Elizabeth's days they were confined to the wealthy. At first they were very large, on account of their striking part, and their cases, without glass, were pierced with elaborate open-work, to let out the sound of the bell. When the striking work was dispensed with, they, of course, became much smaller, and drifted into being ornamental rather than useful. They were richly ornamented with pictures in enamel, set in the heads of walking sticks, in bracelets, in rings, and enriched with the most costly jewels. They were encased in crystal and in imitation skulls; but we shall have something to say about 'odd' watches later on.

The modern marine chronometer is just a large watch, fitted with all the contrivances which experience has shown to be most needed for accurate time-keeping. Harrison's chronometer was the first, and was completed, after many years of study, in A.D. 1736. After many trials and improvements and two test voyages to America, the reward of 20,000*l.* (a very large sum then), which had been offered by Government for the best time-keeper for ascertaining the longitude at sea, was finally awarded to him. Watch-making has progressed so well since Harrison constructed his chronometer that accuracy in time-keeping has now been brought to within one second's error a day. That is to say, that were a number of watches timed for twenty-four hours, and the gains and the losses of all added together and the sum divided equally amongst them, the division would result in one second's variation to each watch.

At Kew Observatory there are arrangements for testing watches, and granting certificates, if satisfactory, on payment of a fee.

Here is a story of a watch of A.D. 1600 or thereabouts. It belonged to a Mr. Allen, a reputed sorcerer, who lived to reach the age of ninety-six. 'One time,' writes his biographer, 'being at Holme-Lacy, in Herefordshire, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber window; the maids came in to make the bed, and, hearing a thing in a case cry "tick, tick, tick," presently concluded that that was the devil, and took it by the string with the tongs, and threw it out of the window into the moat to drown

the devil. It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of elder which grew out of the moat, and this confirmed them that it was the devil. So the good old gentleman got his watch again.'

But now about 'odd' watches:—In the reign of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, a poor Russian peasant constructed a watch about the size of an egg (it is still shown in a famous museum). The watch is a repeating watch, and a watch which performs a chant. Inside is a representation of the tomb of Christ, with Roman sentinels on guard. On pressing a spring, a stone rolls away from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, angels appear, holy women enter the sepulchre, and sing the same chant which is still sung in the Russo-Greek Church on Easter Eve.

A story is told of some missionaries at Tongataboo who had a cuckoo clock. The natives, not knowing what to make of it, believed that it was inhabited by a spirit, and regarded it accordingly with reverence and fear. One of them, bolder than the rest, picked the clock to pieces to have a peep at the spirit. Of course he could not put it together again, and the fame of the missionaries was damaged when it was found that they also were powerless in the matter.

JAMES CASSIDY.

EAGLE AND ELAND.

AFRICA is a continent remarkable for its antelopes, of varied sizes and colours, mostly very active, though a few are rather slow in their movements. The finest and largest of all is the eland, which is now becoming rare in the districts where it is found. A full-grown eland usually measures six feet high at the shoulders, and they are often burdened with fat. The consequence of this is, that the eland treads heavily, and the natives have little trouble in securing one when they come across it. Indeed, they will drive it along, as if it were an ox or sheep, till they have got it to a convenient distance from their encampment, so that they may at once kill it and feast on the flesh—for both Englishmen and Africans agree that the eland is excellent eating—it is tender, which the meat of many antelopes is not unless it has been kept a while.

Colonel Faddy, during his tour in South Africa a short time ago, came upon several specimens of a striped sort of the eland, which were thought very curious. The skins were stuffed, and placed in the museum belonging to the Artillery Barracks at Woolwich.

Like other antelopes, the eland is exposed to perils from such wild beasts as the lion and leopard, also from the birds of prey. In our illustration, an eagle is seen swooping down upon an unfortunate eland, which is unable to defend itself by throwing off or wounding its winged foe. When an eagle has seized an animal of this size, it only devours a part of the body, leaving the rest of it to other quadrupeds or birds that are flesh-eaters. Nearly akin to the eland is the handsome antelope called the koodoo. It has long twisted horns, and is reddish-grey with white streaks, having great powers of leaping, and it is very cautious in avoiding the hunter.

J. R. S. C.



Eland attacked by an Eagle.



Sir Colin hopeful that the boys may have been saved.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Continued from page 387.)



DEEPLY grieved and hurt at what he could but consider was Mr. Ogilvie's indecent haste to assume possession of the Abbey the Admiral lost not a moment in leaving the place in which he was now no longer a welcome guest. A haunting desire to visit the scene of his dear boys' death possessed him, and, having no very definite object in life before him

now, he determined to go first to London and thence to Oporto. He went round to all the discharged servants first, comforting them as well as he was able, and promising to assist them all to the best of his power in obtaining other situations. Many were the scenes of true sorrow in which these kindly offices involved him, and the poor old sailor's heart was wrung afresh as one after the other expressed his or her heartfelt grief at leaving the place which had been to them as a home for so many years, and, above all, for the sad cause of such leaving. With their sorrow, too, was mingled a very hearty contempt for Mr. James Ogilvie's conduct, and many a shake of the grey heads at 'the new Lord's' policy on coming into the property.

In due course that gentleman moved himself and his belongings from Hawksley into Courtland Abbey, and he found many unexpected calls upon the five thousand pounds which Mr. Nathan had advanced him. Indeed, but for that he would have hardly been able to satisfy the immediate needs which the change of residence brought into being. He had received a letter from the family lawyer protesting against his present occupation of the Abbey until some more formal proof of death of the Viscount and his brother was produced, but to this the incoming occupant of Courtlands, full of his calm, insolent pride of possession, vouchsafed no notice whatever.

Week after week rolled on, and still those on board the *Albatross* sighted no homeward bound vessel to which the two boys could be transhipped. Once, indeed, they passed within half a mile or so of a steam vessel meeting them, but a heavy sea was running at the time, and communication would have been dangerous, if not impossible. So there was nothing for it but to go on, and keep a bright look-out for the ship that never seemed to come.

In fishing, whenever a calm or very light breeze permitted, in reading the few books to be found on board, and in listening to the sea-yarns, spun them by the captain at their urgent request, the days passed away pleasantly enough. After a time the trade winds came to their aid, and the *Albatross* bowled merrily along, until one day, after taking the usual observation, the captain put down his sextant, and, turning to Paul and Geoffrey, observed: 'If

this breeze holds we shall be off the 'Heads' in less than a fortnight's time from now.'

'And as soon as we land I suppose we can send a telegram—'

'A cable,' corrected the skipper, with a laugh.

'Well, a cable then, Mr. Precise,' replied Paul, 'to our home to say that we are safe?'

'Why, of course you can. Last time I was in harbour there—' But a sudden shout of 'Sail ho!' from the look-out man cut short his remark, and he picked up his glasses and brought them to bear on the stranger craft.

At first little more than an indistinct speck upon the horizon, gradually increasing in size and clearness of outline, was discernible; and then came slowly into sight a full-rigged, Clyde-built clipper ship. A low and aloft she carried an immense cloud of sail, and, as she approached nearer and nearer, the captain of the *Albatross* sent below for the code book, and a hand was quickly stationed in readiness to hoist the bunting.

'That vessel is probably a fortnight out from Melbourne, and bound for some port in England,' said the skipper. 'If I am correct in thinking that, and they are willing, you young gentlemen might do worse than get aboard her. It would be quite as quick, if not a quicker, way of getting back to England than by going on with me to Melbourne and waiting for the first steamer home.'

The strange ship's answers to the signals of the *Albatross* showed that the latter's captain was correct in his surmise as to her destination. She proved to be the *Talisman* from Melbourne to the port of Plymouth, laden with wool and frozen meat; and almost before they could realise their change of position and bid farewell to their kindly host, with many promises of a renewal of their friendship later on, the boys were hustled into one of the *Albatross's* boats, and pulled rapidly towards their new floating home. Black Tom and his shipmate had declined to accompany them, as both had determined to try their luck up-country in Australia at the gold diggings before seeing England again.

No sooner were they on board the *Talisman* than they were addressed by the captain, and requested to inform him by what set of circumstances they found themselves in their present situation. Captain Parker was a fat little man, hardly able to get his breath comfortably, and, when Paul had told him their story, he grunted rather than said: 'Ah, and so you are a real lord, are you? Well, I never had one on board with me before. Afraid you will find the living not good, but we will do our best for you.'

Whereupon Paul assured him that as far as he knew lords were very like other people, and had just as big and healthy appetites, and that nothing came amiss to either himself or his brother.

'Very glad to hear it, my dear sir. You will eat in my cabin with me. We shall tea in a quarter of an hour;' and so he waddled away aft again.

Before leaving the *Albatross* Paul had remembered to pencil a hurried message to the Admiral, which the captain had promised to cable to England as soon as he reached Melbourne. But what Paul had not remembered to do was to write the Admiral's address!

The *Talisman* was favoured with a very good passage home, what storms she did encounter being few and far between. Still, there were those solid, or perhaps we ought to say fluid, miles of ocean to traverse, and long before old England came in sight again our two friends began to be heartily sick of the ocean and all pertaining to it.

Thoroughly under the impression that Sir Colin had long since received the telegraphic news of their rescue and present safety, the two boys felt a great weight of anxiety removed from their minds. Had they only known of the unfortunate omission of the address, they would not have been quite so pleased.

* * * * *

Mr. James Ogilvie (as the reader knows him to be) or Lord Courtland (as he and his neighbours thought he was) had now settled himself into his new quarters at the Abbey, and the first important work he had set himself to do—the turning out of all the old servants—had been accomplished. Spokes, the coachman, with his wife and family, had been the first to go; he had been quickly followed by the two oldest gardeners and the head gamekeeper, and their places were all filled up by younger and more active men at far lower wages. As may readily be judged, the new Lord of Courtland Abbey had small liking for things religious, although to the outside world he kept up an appearance of decency by going to church on Sundays. But he would spend none of his money, he thought, upon keeping up the Abbey's religious services; and, after a year or so, he would drop 'all that rubbish,' as he called it. For the present, though, and until all his neighbours had seen the newly placed stained-glass window and the mural tablet, and talked over, as they doubtless would, his great dutifulness as an uncle, he would allow those services to proceed, and encourage the people from all around to attend them.

Little Mary, who, under happier circumstances would have rejoiced at the exchange of gloomy Hawksley for the fair and beautiful Abbey, could not forget her grief for what she thought the sad fate of those bright, happy-faced boys who had always been so kind to her. She wandered day after day about the grounds, visiting the ponies and the dogs, but finding scant pleasure from anything. The poor little maid's heart was very sore, and she could not get over the loss of those whom she had come to regard as her only friends.

As a three-months' notice was requisite in the case of a tutor, Monsieur Hippolyte Delacour still remained on, for the present, at the Abbey. The little Frenchman had a warm heart, and had been deeply grieved and shocked when he first heard the news of the catastrophe to the yacht. Mrs. Gubbins, the housekeeper, also it was found advisable to keep on, as the literary tastes of the new occupier's wife forbade the idea of her doing anything so commonplace as looking after her own household. With the exception of these two, an almost clean sweep was made of the former inmates of the old place.

Of course, so soon after the tragic fate, or, to speak more correctly, supposed fate, of the young Lord and his brother, it was not to be expected that the

new owner of Courtland would entertain any company; but, within a few weeks of his taking up his residence at the Abbey, he had begun to quietly make preparations for an early out-break of festivities, by means of which he hoped to make himself popular—a thing he had never succeeded in doing before—with the best of the county people.

Sir Colin, had, meantime, travelled to Oporto, and thence, along the Portuguese coast, to the spot off which it was supposed the *Snow Queen* had foundered. Here, by making diligent inquiry, he was able to learn that certain bits of wreckage had been washed ashore from time to time, and that, amongst them, part of a yacht's boat, bearing the name *Snow Queen*, had been picked up on the beach. In prosecuting still further his search, he was in a sense relieved to find, from certain small circumstances detailed to him by the fishermen who had discovered them, that the bodies washed up could not have been those of Paul and Geoffrey; scant comfort, it was true, and yet a real one, because it left the poor old Admiral the hope, at all events, that his boys might yet have, by some extraordinary chance, escaped. In such a case, as may well be imagined, any hope, however remote, is a thing to bring a certain measure of consolation to anxious friends, and the Admiral felt truly grateful that all hope was not extinguished yet.

In the grey mist of the early morning (it was not yet six o'clock) Paul and Geoff stood arm in arm in the bows of the *Talisman*, straining their eyes to catch the first glance of the Lizard. Home and country! What a history those two magic words contain for the exile, and how the repetition of them made the boys' very hearts to glow.

The great ship rolled slowly along on her way, putting aside the masses of green water, as she rose and fell, pressing forward on her way. One by one, various small craft came in sight; first, a tan-sailed trawler, then a little coasting brig, a grimy screw collier puffing and snorting along on her way from the northern coast, and finally a pilot cutter, with the huge mark of her ownership, port, and number stamped upon her mainsail. She ranged up alongside the mighty leviathan of the deep; her tiny cockle-shell of a boat put off from her side, and soon the brown-bearded pilot himself was making the best of his way up the rude rope ladder to the great ship's deck.

For some hours more, the *Talisman* stood on, on her stately course, pilot and captain chatting together on the upper deck, and then, issuing out of the sea mist, came puffing along a sturdy little tug to offer her services. Two stout hawsers were soon got on board, sail was shortened on the *Talisman* and canvas gave place to steam. Relieved from almost all their active duties, the crew stood about in little knots upon her decks, watching now the tug, now the different points upon the coast as one by one they gradually opened up to their view. To the boys the sight was one of such interest that they could not tear themselves away, even to go to their early morning meal. Place after place they identified, with ever-increasing pleasure; many of them, such as Falmouth, and the pretty little natural harbour of



A Colony of Beavers.

Fowey, they had already visited in the *Snow Queen* when they had started upon that first cruise, which had so nearly been their last; they could not yet repeat the name even of the ill-fated yacht without feeling a shudder run through them. At last, that marvellous triumph of man's skill, the Eddystone Lighthouse, eight miles out to sea, was plainly seen, and not many hours afterwards the good ship *Talisman* was cast off by her tug, and safely anchored within the great breakwater at Plymouth.

'I wonder when the Admiral thinks that we shall be back?' said Geoff, never suspecting that no message of their escape had reached Sir Colin's ears. 'Probably not yet, as Captain Parker said we were a full week before the time they reckoned to reach England. What do you say to this, Paul: let us go ashore at once, and see what train we can catch for home, and then telegraph to the Admiral to expect us? It is still quite early, and we could probably get home by evening.'

(Concluded at page 402.)

A COLONY OF BEAVERS.

WE have all of us at some time or other watched a water-rat (which is not a rat at all, as a matter of fact, and does not belong to the rodent tribe) at work at the side of some lake or stream. Very like him in his mode of working is the beaver, and it is little short of marvellous how a colony of these creatures will change the whole aspect of a river-side wood in less than a month's time. They will gnaw down large trees, set them afloat, and then ingeniously push and drag them across a stream which they may wish, for certain purposes of their own, to dam up. The habitations they construct out of branches of trees, gnawed to a uniform length, are very extraordinary. With such skill in using their teeth on the trees, it is hardly needful to say that they are terribly destructive neighbours in young plantations, and they are trapped without mercy. Their skins are of some value, and are largely used by English manufacturers. F. R.



AN OLD ASTRONOMER.

RATHER a contrast, is he not?—the old astronomer, with his flowing robe, who has steadied his instrument upon some books to take a survey of the sky, and the astronomer of our time, furnished with observatories and splendid telescopes, which can be directed easily to every point of the heavens. Yet it makes us wonder, when we think how, ages since, the ancient star-gazers managed to discover what they did, having no telescopes, nor, so far as we

know, any other helps to the eyes. Yet, from old histories and the records of monuments, we have proof that the Egyptians and Chaldeans had learned a great deal about the sky before the time of the Israelites, or even the days of Abraham, probably. But I hardly think, though they found out something about the movements of the heavens, that it ever occurred to them that the stars were vast worlds of light, and separated by a distance of so many

millions of miles that it is overwhelming to think about it.

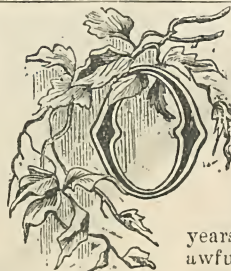
The early Chaldeans, who were descendants of the men who wished to build the Tower of Babel, studied the stars partly because they fancied that they could find out from them things that were going to happen. They were the first astrologers, and now, just at the end of the nineteenth century, there are still people foolish enough to believe that the planets or the stars have some power over human life. Most boys and girls have heard or read something about the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which mark the course along the heavens which the sun seems to travel through during each year. Each of these represents some object, as is shown in the old star-pictures, which have really a rather comical appearance—maidens, hunters, bears, bulls, and other creatures being all mingled together.

The Chaldeans only described two of these signs of the Zodiac, one was that of the summer, the other belonged to winter; this explains why they had their names given for each as a meaning. Towards the middle of summer the sun is in the constellation of the Crab, a creature that walks backward, telling us that the orb of light is descending in its yearly course. Then, when winter arrives, we see the sun in that called Capricorn, or the wild goat, an animal which eats the grass as it mounts the hill; the sun by its position in that constellation shows that it has begun to move upwards. This is why some old writers say, that these two signs are the doors of the sun.

Afterwards the Egyptians made many discoveries in astronomy, they observed the motions of the planets and stars, and are supposed to have foretold eclipses. Amongst the nations of early times, the Phœnicians were first to make a practical use of astronomy, they studied it so that they might guide their ships successfully, and they noticed that in the north the heavens seemed to move round the pole star. Next the Greeks, who took up all arts and sciences, got what information they could from Egypt and Chaldea; also they made new discoveries. It is supposed that they planned out the stars into constellations before the reign of David over Israel. Thales, who lived about 600 B.C., has been called the prince of astronomers. He discovered why the days and nights were of different lengths throughout the year, and it is probable that he had a right idea of the shape of the earth. Some years later Pythagoras found out that the earth and planets revolved about the sun, and that the stars were immensely remote, having nothing to do with our system.

The Druids, who were the priests of our British ancestors, taught the youth what they knew concerning the earth and sky, so Julius Cæsar tells us. He studied astronomy himself a good deal, and formed a new calendar. Afterwards, during the dark ages, this was neglected. The greatest of modern astronomers was Copernicus, who lived in the fifteenth century, but who had the misfortune to find that his discoveries made him disliked and suspected of heresy. After him followed Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton, and others, who prepared the way for the grander discoveries of our century.

J. R. S. C.



RORKE'S DRIFT.

ON November 1st, 1897, there died at a quiet country rectory in Devon, a man of whom England was justly proud, a man whose name was on every one's tongue nearly twenty years ago, when following the awful massacre of Isandula, there came the heroic defence of Rorke's Drift. John Rouse Merriott Chard, V.C., entered the army with a commission in the Royal Engineers, and was quartered first at Chatham, and then at Bermuda and Malta. Soon after being sent to Africa, he found himself in charge of the little commissariat station known as Rorke's Drift.

On January 22nd, 1879, Lieutenant Chard and Lieutenant Bromhead received the awful news of the massacre at Isandula, and they were also told that an Impi of Zulu warriors was hurrying towards them, flushed with victory, in order to take the store. In a couple of hours they would arrive, and the station was almost defenceless. Sacks of Indian corn, mealies, and biscuit tins formed all the material which could be used for protection for cover. With these and a few ox-waggons a laager was formed in desperate haste. A company of Durnford's Horse arrived during the afternoon, but they fled terror-struck at the news of the advance of the victorious Zulus. Nothing daunted, Chard set himself to carry out the task imposed upon him. He meant to die fighting if he could not do anything else.

The Drift consisted of two stone buildings with thatched roofs, one of them doing duty for a storehouse, whilst the second was converted into a hospital, within which lay thirty-five sick and wounded men. The little garrison only numbered (beside Chard) one commissioned officer (Lieutenant Bromhead—then in his twenty-third year) and about eighty men. Just as darkness fell, the sound of the advancing Zulus broke upon their ears, and in a few moments the dusky forms were swarming around the two small houses up to within fifty yards of the wall. This wall was only four feet high, and consisted chiefly of mealie bags. From behind these a well-directed fire was pluckily kept up and the blacks were driven back. They advanced again, and this time they succeeded in setting fire to the hospital. In the very teeth of their enemies the gallant little band contrived to carry off thirty out of the thirty-five sick and wounded who lay within it, but despite every effort the rest were murdered by the enemy or burnt to death. The garrison was forced to retire behind the second line of defence—merely a few biscuit boxes—and made a last stand within the stone walls of a little kraal in the corner of the enclosure. Here they kept up a sustained fire as long as their ammunition lasted. When this was all gone, they clubbed their rifles, and used their bayonets to such good purpose that the foe—numbering over three thousand Zulus—was still kept at bay. It is now a matter of history that the Zulus succeeded in getting within the barricades no less

than six times, and were as often driven out again by the defenders, with a courage born of despair.

When day broke, the small band of defenders was much reduced in numbers, but as determined as ever to fight on to the bitter end and sell their lives dearly. But help was at hand. Lord Chelmsford was advancing to the relief, and the Zulus had to beat a hasty retreat, leaving over four hundred of their warriors dead on the scene of action. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead received the Victoria Cross, and the former was promoted to the rank of Major, and was accorded the thanks of both Houses of Parliament.

F. R.

THE MAN AND HIS TURKEY.

A CERTAIN creditor happened to call upon a debtor, whom he found at dinner, busy carving a delicious turkey. 'Now, sir,' said the visitor, 'are you going to pay me soon?'

'I should be only too glad,' replied the other, 'but it is impossible at present, for I have not as much as a copper about me.'

'Well, sir,' replied the creditor, 'when a man like you cannot afford to pay his debts, he has no business at all to be eating a turkey like the one you have there on the table.'

'Alas! my dear friend,' said the debtor, lifting up his eyes to the ceiling as though deeply affected, 'I couldn't afford its keep, so I was obliged to kill the poor thing.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

60.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

REARRANGE the following words so as to make sentences of the nature of proverbs.

1. The sickle bad blames a reaper.
2. By his note a man known is a bird and his talk by.
3. For the tongue a piece of fine harness a bridle is.
4. A pillow clear a conscience good is.
5. A hand full needs a steady cup.
6. Than better example precept is.
7. Quickly into actions bad ripen thoughts bad.
8. Yourself help God will you help and.
9. Many things in yourself but in others nothing forgive should you.
10. A good fortune than a large character more is valuable.
11. Seldom trouble a hasty man out of is.
12. For a man healthy exercise is a size.
13. The right road may tread a lame foot.
14. Too much too little a late too late is.
15. He shuns the company is known a man by that he keeps as well by as.
16. To do anything never time has who does nothing a man.
17. Eloquence better in speech than wisdom is.
18. Lives poor that rich may die a miser he.

C. C.

61.—CONUNDRUM.

How has England shown herself the most economical country in Europe?

[Answers at page 411.]

ANSWERS.

- 56.—(A.)—1. Ebro. 2. Bore. 3. Robe. 4. Boer.
(B.)—1. Dean. 2. Aden. 3. Dane.
(C.)—1. Elba. 2. Abel. 3. Bale. 4. Able.

- 57.—1. Think to-day, speak to-morrow.
2. A cat may look at a king.
3. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
4. Cats in gloves never catch mice.
5. Deeds not words.
6. Every dog has his day.
7. Good words are silver, good deeds gold.
8. In for a penny, in for a pound.
9. Do as you would be done by.
10. Faint heart never won fair lady.
11. Haste makes waste.
12. Hope on, hope ever.

- 58.—1. Toledo. 7. Navarre.
2. Syracuse. 8. Archangel.
3. Leinster. 9. Brunswick.
4. Madrid. 10. Holland.
5. Senegal. 11. Lebanon.
6. Nantes. 12. Levant.

- 59.—1. Mouse. 5. Trout. 9. Whelp.
2. Box. 6. March. 10. Whoop.
3. Brook. 7. Spear. 11. Sark.
4. Spain. 8. Drink. 12. Blast.

BAVARIAN SMUGGLERS.

THE natives of Bavaria are like the inhabitants of most other countries. They get their living in a variety of ways, some of these not very creditable, though they may show skill or daring.

Our illustration shows a little party of Bavarian smugglers making their way across the hills, and it is no trifle to go amongst these Alpine peaks with only oneself to carry; to have a burden beside is a serious matter. In Bavaria there are many mountains and hills; often we find amongst them beautiful lakes, some of them abounding in fish. Right below the high ridges of land there are broad plains, sometimes very moist, and then mosses or reeds spring up. Much of Bavaria is forest: but the people are now cutting down the trees, and that is one reason, I suppose, why wolves and bears, which have always lurked in these forests, are getting fewer than they used to be. Still, travellers have to be careful.

But, about the Bavarian smugglers, they live and carry on this employment on the frontier or border between their country and Austria. It seems to be the chief occupation of the villagers, whose homes are amongst these hills. Goods of all sorts, sometimes weighty, are smuggled from one country into the other through the greater part of the year. Men, women—boys, too—bear loads over cliffs, where only an expert in climbing can pass safely. The gains are scanty, and the danger is great; also there are *douaniers*, or custom-house officers, whose duty it is to stop such doings whenever they can. These men, however, are not very numerous, perhaps not particular in looking after those who break the law; certainly, few of the Bavarians who cross the mountains with smuggled goods are stopped or taken into custody.

This is a shady side of Bavarian life; the people



Bavarian Smugglers.

generally are clever and diligent, but many of them are superstitious. The country has capital technical schools, where instruction is given in mechanics, chemistry, drawing, architecture, and other subjects, the course being for three years. From these, students can proceed to higher or polytechnic schools.

Quantities of articles of glass and pottery are manufactured in Bavaria, and about the Ammergau

district the people are famous for their carved-wood articles. Owing to the forests, there is plenty of wood for various purposes. It is said that Bavaria has quite 2000 sawing-mills. One province exports yearly much butter and cheese; potatoes are freely grown all over Bavaria, hops and flax occupy some space, and on the uplands they often get fine crops of grapes.

J. CLIFFORD.



Uncle and Nephews meet in the Old Chapel of Courtland Abbey.

THE BOYS OF COURTLAND ABBEY.

(Concluded from page 396.)

AFTER taking leave of and thanking the captain and officers of the ship, and borrowing a five-pound note for their expenses, our young friends were rowed ashore, and at once went to the railway station. They found that a train would be leaving in half an hour's time, which would put them down within six miles of the Abbey itself. Here they could be met by a carriage and driven home. They were on the point of starting out to the Post Office for the purpose of dispatching their telegram to the Admiral, when it suddenly occurred to Geoff that, as it was Sunday, the office would be closed. He reminded his brother of this, and they retraced their steps to the platform, and sat down to await their train.

Speeding homewards as fast as the Great Western could carry them, the brothers had ample food for reflection on their past adventures, and for profound thankfulness to Providence for their marvellous rescue. And they were earnestly grateful, not only manifesting that gratitude with their lips, but feeling it in the depths of their hearts. They were good fellows, naturally and by inclination; the terrible experience which they had passed through, and which had brought them to the very gates of death, had but toughened the fibre within them, and deepened their faith.

'As we cannot get anything to drive over in, we must walk the distance, Geoff,' said Paul, when the train had approached to within about an hour's run of their destination. 'And then I will tell you what we will do. Although the Admiral knows all about our being saved, of course he cannot know that we are back in England again yet, so we will just slip in quietly, and go and sit in the library without letting any of the servants know we are home. He always goes in there, you know, just before supper-time, on Sunday night. What a jolly surprise it will be for him, won't it?'

'Splendid!' answered Geoff. 'I think I can see him jump again, as he first catches sight of us, and says, "Hallo, boys! so you are back again already, eh?" Dear old fellow! how pleased he will be, won't he?'

And so they chattered on, little dreaming that their true old friend was, even then, mourning them as dead; little dreaming of the changes wrought by the usurper at the Abbey, who was, at the precise moment of time when the boys emerged from the small wayside station to start on their long walk homeward, arraying himself in his mourning dress, to attend the evening service at the old chapel attached to Courtland Abbey.

'I really do not feel as if I could be satisfied with just walking. I want to take to my heels and run all the way home. Shall we have a trot?' exclaimed Paul.

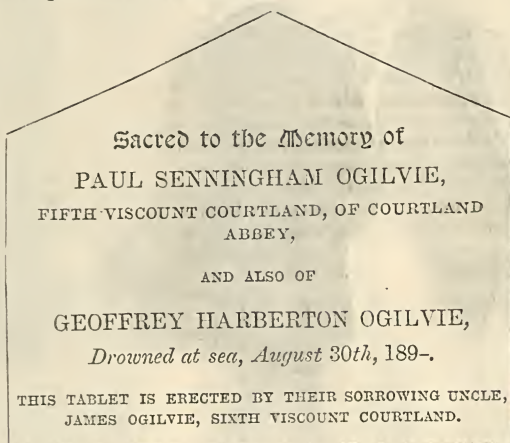
'Yes, come along!' was the answer, and the pair set off at a smart run, which they kept up for over a mile before pausing to take breath.

In even shorter time than they themselves could have thought possible, they saw the old grey-stone turret of the castle through an opening in the trees, and, as they caught the first glimpse of it, a loud 'hurrah!' broke from their lips, and they rushed on with increased speed.

They were in the park now, having climbed over the low wall at the precise spot from which they made their snowballing attack upon the redoubtable 'Carrots.' As they drew nearer and nearer, they soon saw that the village folk and such of their neighbours as had attended the evening service had left the chapel. A sudden impulse seized upon the Viscount to enter it by the still opened door.

'Let us come this way, Geoff,' he said.

Pushing back the iron-clamped door, and reverently uncovering his head, Paul walked softly in, followed by his brother. The lights had been put out, but a bright moon lit up the place as though it were noon-tide. It shone through the mullioned windows of stained glass; it fell with its cold and beautiful light upon the stone effigies within; its rays reached to a newly set tablet upon the south wall, and its light was so clear that the lettering might be plainly read. Wonderingly, Paul turned to it. It was the only new thing he noticed in the whole place; he advanced a step and read as follows:—



He read on to the end. Then he passed his hand over his clammy forehead, and pushed the hair back from his brow. Was he dreaming? 'Sacred to the memory of—' Oh, it was all too horrible—a living, breathing human being, reading the record of his own death! Why should they assume he was dead? and, then, his telegram to the Admiral! there must surely be some ghastly mistake, some—and then, shuddering, he turned away from the stone and confronted a tall figure, standing but a few feet behind him, that of James Ogilvie himself.

Paul had been standing with his back turned to the light, but now he faced round, and the moonlight rested full upon his features. As James Ogilvie's horrified eyes fell upon them, he uttered a piercing shriek, flung his arms wildly up into the air, and fell with a dull crash to the stone floor of the chapel.

Then ensued a scene which neither Paul nor Geoff could ever after clearly describe. Lights flitted about hither and thither, servants ran to and fro, and as the prostrate form of the insensible man was raised and borne towards the castle, the clatter of horse's hoofs told that a mounted messenger had already left in hot haste to summon medical aid.

All that night the sick man lay as one already dead. Not a muscle moved in the ghastly, ashen face. Only the breathing told the watchers that life was still struggling for its precarious sway. But early on the following morning, whilst Paul and Geoff (who had gently stolen in to know if there was any change in his condition) were still in his room, a slight tinge of colour came back into the cheeks and the lips began to move. Presently they muttered indistinct words, and soon the stray syllables became more connected, until a stream of language, some of it sense, some the mere outpourings of a disordered brain, flowed on, to which those present listened intently, but in vain, for any sign of returning reason. But the stricken man never recovered consciousness, and thus passed from life unto death James Ogilvie. No warning had been vouchsafed him—the grim Reaper had stolen up in silence and sprung upon him all unawares. Only on the morning of the day when the sudden shock struck him down had he been busily planning out his future life of careless pleasure—only on that afternoon had he said, ‘I will do this; I will enjoy that; I will have the other.’ And then it was as though God had looked down upon the selfish speaker and said, ‘Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee.’

The telegraph wires were quickly set to work, and within a week of Mr. Ogilvie's death the Admiral once more held his well-loved charges in his arms, whilst tears of joy flowed fast down the furrowed face. Then, one by one, the old servants were discovered, and brought back to their former places rejoicing.

Shortly after the funeral of James Ogilvie, the settlement of that gentleman's affairs was proceeded with, and, when Mr. Causton's inquiries and investigations were concluded, he had to announce that, with the exception of debts, he had left nothing.

In this state of affairs, the Admiral, after consulting with Paul, went over to Hawksley Grange, and had an interview with Mrs. Ogilvie, empowered to offer her assistance and hospitality.

Looking more austere than ever in her widow's weeds, that lady declined all offers of assistance, and expressed her intention of leaving Hawksley at once. Her own money had been settled on her upon marriage, fortunately for herself, and was intact. She would take a flat in London and pursue the regular tenour of her life there.

‘But, my dear madam, think of the poor child! Little Mary is so thoroughly a country flower that she will surely pine and droop if cooped up in London streets. Have you considered this?’

No, the lady had not considered it. She could not let the whole scheme of her life be changed for the sake of one little child. Mr. Causton knew all about the girl's business affairs, and had, she believed, all her money in trust. ‘If the Admiral would do her a favour, would he kindly see Mr. Causton on the subject, and ask him for her (Mrs. Ogilvie) how the money was invested?’

The Admiral, who took a deep interest in the little orphan girl, gladly promised to seek an interview with the lawyer, and soon afterwards he bade farewell to Mrs. Ogilvie and left.

Two days later he went up to London for the express purpose of seeing Mr. Causton, and found that gentleman in his dingy chambers in Clifford's

Inn. The Admiral quickly explained his business, and concluded by asking, on behalf of Mrs. Ogilvie, in what manner Mary Rayne's money was invested? Simple as the question was, it seemed to be one that caused the lawyer great uneasiness, and it was only after a certain amount of hesitation that he said:

‘Well, you see, Sir Colin, Mr. Ogilvie's affairs had been very much involved for several years prior to his death, and everything in the shape of marketable security he had converted into money.’

‘But you do not mean to say that he took *trust* money?—took Mary Rayne's money?’

‘Well, to be quite candid with you, Sir Colin, I am bound to admit that Mr. Ogilvie *did* make use of the securities which formed part of the trust estate. He, in fact—

‘Stole the money, sir!’ broke in the old sailor, hotly. ‘Let us call a spade a spade, if you please, Mr. Causton. The man who makes use of trust money in the way your client has done is nothing more nor less than a common thief.’

The lawyer coughed slightly. ‘*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, you know, Admiral,’ he began, in a deprecating tone, when Sir Colin, with righteous indignation blazing in his honest face, stopped him with ‘I take leave to differ, sir, with the maker of that saying. If we are honest men, we must speak of those who, living or dead, have led dishonourable lives, plainly, as dishonourable men. If we do otherwise, we do an indirect injury to those whose lives have been good, and pure, and noble. Moreover, we are guilty of what you learned men in the law call the *suppressio veri*. I speak of men as I find them. If they have acted honestly, I call them honest; if they have acted dishonestly, I call them thieves.’

Mr. Causton wriggled about uneasily on the edge of his chair whilst this extremely plain language was being used, and finally, when the Admiral wound up by repeating his question as to the whereabouts of Mary Rayne's fortune, the lawyer cleared his throat and replied, ‘Well, Sir Colin, I am bound to tell you that Mary Rayne has no fortune.’

‘What?’ cried the Admiral; ‘do you mean to say that that scoundrel has stolen *all* of it?’

Mr. Causton nodded his head. ‘Every penny,’ he said.

‘And nothing of it can be recovered?’

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. ‘What is the use of taking legal proceedings against an estate which is practically bankrupt? It is merely throwing good money after bad,’ he said.

Shaking the dust of Clifford's Inn from his feet, Sir Colin hastened back to the Abbey. He spoke to Paul of the idea then in his mind, and the following day he went over to Hawksley to offer a permanent home to little Mary.

Mrs. Ogilvie felt only too glad to be relieved of the child, and the same day that witnessed her departure for London saw Mary Rayne, to her own joy, installed at the Abbey, and placed under the especial charge of good old Mrs. Gubbins.

And here the story of Courtland Abbey ends, and we leave the boys, each with the chance before him of making a mark in the glorious career of a British soldier. Let us wish them ‘God-speed’ as we bid them farewell.



OLD GERMAN CASTLES.

MANY old castles are found all over Germany, but none perhaps more picturesque or more beautifully situated than those on the banks of the River Rhine. Indeed, fortresses and castles form a most important feature of the scenery as one travels, by boat or rail, up the valley of the Rhine. The train runs alongside the water's edge, and gives one an excellent view of the river, with its various boats and timber-rafts; but, to see both banks properly, one must make the journey by boat. Ehrenbreitstein and Stollzenfels are two of the most noted edifices, and Coblenz, a beautiful town built upon the river, is a charming spot to visit.

In these old feudal castles lived the German barons, many of them entirely lawless and constantly raiding the possessions of their neighbours, some, it is said, even stooping to pounce upon travellers who passed their gates, and then they either robbed them of all they had or else held them to ransom. Still, all these tales must be received with caution; there is but a small amount of evidence forthcoming, at this distance of time, to back them up. Queer tales are told of many of these fine old castles, and the Rhine River is responsible for a wonderful amount of deeply interesting legendary lore.

F. R.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

ON June 24th, 1859, a terrible battle was fought at Solferino, Italy, between Austria and France, in which the Austrians were defeated with the loss of 20,000 men. During the fight a poor dog, whose master, an Austrian officer, was in the battle, crept after him as well as it could, and when the struggle was over, it wandered about among the dead and dying, searching anxiously for its dear master.

The dog found him at last, but, sad to say, he was lying dead among a heap of slain. The faithful dog, having found him, could not bear to leave him again, but lay down beside the body, licking the dead face and hands, and whining sadly.

Some French soldiers who were wandering over the field of battle, touched by the sad sight, carried the poor animal away in their arms, and offered him to Marshal Vaillant, a French officer, who in his turn took him to Paris. He was a fine, intelligent dog, but he would obey no command unless addressed to him in German. After a time, however, he seemed to understand some words of French, and soon he showed an intense love for his new master. He followed him everywhere, and was allowed to do so, being gentle to every one, unless they came too near his master, when a low growl would warn them to keep away.

D. B. MCKEAN.



Saving a Comrade.

ZULULAND, 1879.

DEEDS of daring came in a plentiful crop during the time the English troops were engaged in breaking up the Zulu power in A.D. 1879, but amongst them was one which deserves mention. A body of British troops came suddenly upon a strong force of the enemy. The retreat was sounded, and the

men fell back over the hills and crossed a small river on their way into camp. The Zulu warriors continued to follow them, firing constantly at short range. Whilst crossing the river in retreat, one of the English soldiers was badly hit by a bullet, and fell in the water. Had he been left he must certainly have been drowned, but, fortunately for himself, his danger was seen by a comrade in arms, Private

Wassall, of the 80th Regiment. He immediately turned his horse's head and rode back in the face of a heavy fire into the river, picked up the wounded man and dragged him on to the saddle in front of himself. Then he rode off in triumph, having done a brave deed which won him a thoroughly well-merited Victoria Cross, and also promotion to the ranks of the commissioned officers, as he was soon after gazetted lieutenant.

F. R.

PHOTOGRAPHING A PORCUPINE.

A True Story, by CAROLINE RAYNOLDS HANKEY, M.A.,
Columbia College, New York.



Of course all, or nearly all, the boys and girls who read *Chatterbox* have had their photographs taken. Most of them, too, have got a photograph of a favourite dog, or pony, or other pet. Some, too, have doubtless seen likenesses of elephants, lions, and other wild beasts, taken in the great zoological gardens of the world; but I wonder whether any have ever helped to take the picture of a live porcupine—not even caged, or in a menagerie, but newly caught in his native forest? I have such a picture, and as I held the string attached to his leg while he was being ‘posed’ for the camera, I can vouch for both the truthfulness of the picture, and also of the story as to how so strange a photograph was procured.

Several years ago I happened to be spending the summer with friends in that wild region of Canada where the Restigouche River flows between the provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. The river is neither deep nor wide, but it is swift, with frequent rapids rushing past grey boulders worn smooth by the grinding of huge ice-masses in the spring freshets. Almost straight up for some hundreds of feet from either shore rise hills covered with forests, large parts of which have never been trodden by foot of man; indeed, so dense are they, and so encumbered is the ground with moss-grown, decayed trunks of generations of giant trees, that it is well-nigh impossible to force one's way, much less walk, through their gloomy depths. Here, unmolested, save for some little hunting and trapping done by the ‘squatters’ (as the few settlers on the river are called), live large numbers of wild animals, bears, caribou (a species of deer), foxes, besides hosts of ‘little people,’ such as woodchucks, squirrels, and many kinds of birds, from the kingly eagle to the shy little grey ‘peabody,’ whose plaintive note never ceases day or night during the brief summer months. I had gone all the way from New York on a visit to some friends who had a lodge, called Camp Inverburn, in this wild and romantic region.

Only a few days before my arrival, the father of the family had seen a large black bear on the shore of the river, not far from where he was standing. On

another afternoon, two fine antlered caribou passed down the gulch in the hills, not more than a stone's throw from the quaint red-roofed cottage and white tents which were perched on a ledge some thirty feet above the river. The beautiful creatures seemed perfectly fearless, and after gazing with mild-eyed surprise at the little encampment, they drank their fill at the river, and then, climbing the steep bank, once more disappeared in their shadowy haunts. Indeed, so ignorant are the denizens of these lonely woods of the suffering and destruction which man with his gun and cruel traps can inflict upon them, that they will approach quite close—the red squirrels, of which there are hundreds about, were so bold as to come into the pantry to steal sugar and biscuits, and would scold and whisk their bushy tails about at a great rate if we attempted to drive them away.

Fond as I had always been of everything to do with nature, Camp Inverburn and its surroundings were a perfect joy to me. I used to spend hours sitting idly in the bottom of a canoe, while my friends fished for the wily salmon; or I would sit on the rocks, watching the swirling rapids and the blue kingfishers, which, perched upon the overhanging boughs, would, every moment or two, dart into the water after their prey. These birds, wherever the river-bank happens to be sandy, make their nests by burrowing in straight for about the length of one's arm, and then turning off at an angle, so that, except by digging away a good deal of earth, one cannot reach the hiding-place of their little ones. After the time when the young ones would have flown, I asked one of the boatmen to dig out a nest with a canoe paddle, and we found evidences of the late inmates in the shape of numerous fish-bones; indeed, such multitudes of ‘fry’ (as the very young salmon are called) do these kingfishers devour in the course of a season, that the Restigouche Salmon Club used to give a small reward for every dead bird.

One of the squatters living a little way down the stream had two tame bear-cubs, whose mother had been caught in a trap, and though usually kept tied with collar and chain to a pole, up which they could climb, and with a barrel by way of a kennel, yet they were often allowed in the house, and it was most amusing to see the funny little furry balls walk in on their hind-legs, and go straight to the cupboard, where the sugar was kept—for, as you know, a bear has quite a sweet tooth, and will run the risk of being badly stung by wild bees for the sake of stealing their honey.

Altogether there was plenty to interest and amuse me at Camp Inverburn in the way of ‘birds and beasts and fishes,’ yet I did wish for a dog or some other animal for a pet, and our good boatmen, who were devoted to the ‘young ladies,’ promised to be on the look-out for something of the kind for my special benefit. Accordingly one day at dinner, when we had just finished the last of a delicious fresh salmon, John, one of our men who cooked the fish (splendidly, too!), and also waited at table in a flannel shirt, said, addressing me, as he changed the plates for the pudding upon which one of us had been experimenting, ‘After dinner, miss, you must come and see what a nice little lap-dog we have found for you.’

'A lap-dog!' we all exclaimed. 'Why, John, where did you get it, and what kind is it?' 'I don't believe you have ever seen the like before, but it is a very nice one, and I am sure the young lady will be pleased, as she has wanted a pet so badly,' said John.

The pudding was dispatched as quickly as possible, and then we all trooped out to the end of the piazza, where John said my lap-dog would be found.

A barrel was all we saw at first, but upon looking in, we made out a dark object lying very still at the bottom. To our inquiry as to what in the world the creature might be, 'Old Johnnie,' a faithful, half-blind Indian, who had been one of my friend's 'guides' for twelve years, told us in his broken English, interrupted by many a chuckle over his own cleverness, that going into the wood a short distance from the house to gather some sticks, he heard a rustling among the leaves, and presently a porcupine started up and hastily climbed a small birch-tree. 'Johnnie,' thinking 'the young ladies might like to see him,' got an axe and cut down the tree, while one of the other men brought the barrel into which they popped him, an easy prisoner, making no attempt to escape.

Of course, we all agreed that it would be cruel to keep the poor creature in captivity, but we did wish to get a better sight of him than was possible at the bottom of the barrel, and when some one proposed that his photograph should be taken, the suggestion was highly approved. The only question, however, was how to arrange our subject for a 'sitting.' If we were to empty him out of the barrel he would probably try to creep away, and yet no one felt inclined to handle such a prickly gentleman, for the porcupine's sharp quills make a very painful wound.

At last, one of the boatmen, who was cunning in the capture of all wild animals of those parts, and at the same time, like all true sportsmen, was kind in his treatment of them, said that if only he could devise a way by which to keep the creature's tail from striking him (that being their principal weapon of defence, and armed with quills as fine as needles), he thought he could slip a string over its leg, and thus lift it out of the barrel.

With the aid of a forked stick and the exercise of much patience, 'Jim' finally managed to raise the porcupine by the string round his leg. He then grasped the tail firmly, as one does a thistle to prevent its pricking one, and thus he carried him to the end of the house where the camera was all ready for use. Our unwilling 'sitter' was placed in a camp-chair, and although I held the string lest he should attempt to escape, it was not really necessary, for the poor thing was too frightened to move, and indeed, so shrank into himself that we could not get much light on his dark head.

Having taken several negatives to ensure at least one of them being tolerably good, we all gathered around to examine the porcupine before releasing him. The men said he was a young one, weighing about eighteen pounds; though a full-grown porcupine in the autumn, before going into winter quarters, sometimes weighs as much as thirty-six pounds, and is reckoned fine eating by the Indians. The

quills were about three inches long, white tipped with dark brown, which gave him a general brownish tinge not unlike the ground, as one so often finds the colour of animals adapted to their peculiar surroundings—the polar bear is white, like the perpetual snows that cover his ice-bound country; the little tree-toads are a greyish green, so closely resembling the lichens of apple-trees, to whose boughs they cling, that one may readily put one's hand upon one of them before discovering that the small, bark-like lump is a living creature. The porcupine's rather Roman-shaped nose and all four legs are covered with very close jet-black fur, and are provided with long curved claws suitable for grubbing in the earth and climbing.

'Jim' told us that we had better each take a few of the quills 'to remember him by,' explaining, when I demurred somewhat, that it could not hurt him, since, when the animal was frightened, the quills are apt to become loosened and easily come off. Accordingly, in the pretty birch-bark box sewed with slender roots and made for me by this same 'Jim,' where I have always kept the porcupine's photograph, there is also a little bunch of quills which I wish my young readers could see.

When our curiosity was thoroughly satisfied, and the photograph and quills were secured, the string was cut from the leg of our strange guest, who presently began to move off slowly down the length of the piazza. Owing to his feet being slightly curved inwards, and formed, as I have said, for climbing and creeping over the uneven ground, rather than for walking on hard, level boards, his slow progress resembled the rolling gait of a sailor just ashore after a long voyage, and his hind legs being longer than the front ones tipped him forwards almost upon his nose. As a finishing touch to the ludicrous figure thus presented, he kept turning his head cautiously over his shoulder to see whether any of his late hosts—or captors as he more probably regarded us—were in pursuit. Of course, we all shouted with laughter, and doubtless, if he ever told the story of this adventure to any of his kinsfolk, the porcupine added that those tall bipeds were strangely lacking in good manners, inasmuch as they burst out laughing the moment his back was turned! I am sure, however, that under the circumstances this breach of good breeding was pardonable.



OCTOBER THE FIRST.

IN our picture we see a curious incident illustrated. It is the first day of October, the opening day of pheasant-shooting, and some sportsmen having shot the coverts close to a farm, a single cock pheasant gets up, adjacent to the poultry-yard. As he rises, a well-directed charge of shot ends his career, and he falls amongst the barn-door fowls, who seem vastly astonished at the sight of such a brilliant bird coming thus suddenly amongst them in such a startling manner. F. R.



A Scare among the Poultry.



At a Loss where to begin.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE poor man in our picture is in a terrible fix. He is attempting a task to which he is quite a stranger. He wishes to decorate a Christmas-tree for his young friends, who are coming to a party at his house in the evening. He has got the tree, and bought all the toys, but he does not know how or where to begin to place the latter properly on the green branches. We are sure that though he may be puzzled now, the children will be delighted with his work however it may be done.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

THE Wyndham Waterworks are situated close to the banks of the great river upon which the ancient and populous town of Wyndham is built. All day long the engines are at work, lifting the enormous polished metal pumps which, at every movement, force thousands of gallons of water up from the bed of the river, through the large open tanks, where it is to be filtered and made ready for use.

The method adopted at Wyndham, is not a very safe one: The reservoirs, or tanks, as many as ten in number, are open and unguarded; some of them lie close to the engine-house, others are farther away in a part of the grounds which is reached by a footpath and bridge. But, near or far, they are all surrounded by gravel walks and well-kept flower-beds; and the people of the town are admitted to the gardens without charge, and almost without restriction.

Of course, children are fond of the place: to stand at the doors of the pump-houses and watch the two great metal monsters at their tasks; to look over into some of the half-empty tanks, and see the water bubbling up through pipes and inlets; to sail small boats on those which are full; what delights are these for lads, and girls too, in holiday times and after school hours. There are seats in some pleasant shady places; and those who are too old to care for watching the machinery or racing round the gravel paths, like to bring a book and spend a quiet afternoon amid the trees and flowers.

This is all very well for the children; but to the men at the engine and pump-houses their young visitors are a real source of anxiety. So much so that it has become necessary to make a rule, excluding all children under ten years of age unless they are accompanied by parents or friends. Like every other rule which has ever been formed for the guidance of the conduct of men, women, or children, in our far from perfect world, this one has sometimes been evaded, and it is the story of such an evasion and what came of it that I wish to tell you.

Nellie Fenton and Maud Harris were great friends; their houses were in the same street, and as they had lived at Wyndham all their lives, they had always gone to the same school.

Nellie was a lithe, active girl. She was the youngest of a large family. All the others were boys, and perhaps it was this which led to Nellie being so good in all kinds of games.

'Nellie Fenton runs better than a boy,' her school-fellows used to say.

Maud, on the other hand, though robust and healthy, had the misfortune to be slightly lame; she grieved much over her defect, for with her walking-stick and her limp, it was not possible to accompany Nellie on many excursions.

Nevertheless the two were often together. Nellie often gave up her country walks and cycle trips for Maud's benefit, and resisted many of her brothers' invitations to take a walk here, or a spin there, in order that she might ramble, at Maud's quiet pace, through fields near home, or go with her friend for a long summer afternoon's strolling and reading in the Waterworks Gardens.

School days were over for these two girls. At fifteen they were taken away and allowed a few months' idle life at home before seeking some other employment. They spent a good deal of time in the gardens, for the summer was a fine and bright one; and, being able to be there when their younger companions were still at school, they often found the place almost deserted.

One lovely day, with an interesting story-book, a box of sandwiches, and Maud's knitting, they had spent several hours in their favourite retreat, and were thinking of returning home, when Nellie proposed one more walk to the steps and the terrace which surrounded the chief reservoir. This was nearly the most distant part of the gardens; beyond there were only two new tanks, bordered by a pathway leading to a little gate, which was meant to be used only by the workmen employed about the place. As Nellie and Maud, from their seat on the terrace looked at the scene before them, they saw that the gate had been left wide open; and whilst they were looking, half-a-dozen small children, none of them more than five or six years old, strayed into the grounds, and began to play about the brink of the farthest tank.

'Just look at those children!' Maud exclaimed. 'They have no business here; how careless of somebody to leave the gate open!'

Even as she spoke, Nellie, who had turned to look, gave a scream. A tiny boy, struggling with his companion for a flower, stepped too near the edge of the tank, swayed helplessly for a second, and then went over the side into the deep water below.

Maud started up. 'Run, Nellie; run for his life!' she cried. 'To the engine-house, quick, for a man!' and fleet-footed Nellie was off like an arrow from a bow, almost before she clearly knew why she was to run.

Left alone, Maud stood still and thought. There was no grown-up person in sight; no one but the frightened group of helpless, sobbing little ones, gazing into the water, and themselves in great danger. Maud shouted to them to go home for help, but either her voice was not strong enough to reach them, or they were too small and too frightened to understand her meaning.

What could she do? The boy might drown before Nellie came back with help, yet if she summoned all her courage, and went to the scene of the disaster, the tank was deep, its sides went sheer down like a wall, and Maud feared to see the child perish before her very eyes. Only for a moment though

did the girl think of herself. Then, bracing her nerves, and uttering a cry for help to Him from whom alone, in such an hour of peril, any help might come, she went as fast as her lameness permitted towards the knot of sobbing little ones.

A little girl on the bank was wringing her hands piteously. 'It's my brother—it's Percy; he's dead, he's drowned! I know he's drowned!'

Maud put her gently aside and looked steadily down into the water, which came up to within two feet of the edge of the tank. The boy was rising for the second time. She could see the blue-and-white drill of which his little coat was made.

She threw herself flat down upon the gravel, and reaching over the side as the child rose, she managed to grasp his collar with one hand, while she held on for dear life to the stone edge of the tank with the other, and shouted for the help which seemed, to her excited fancy, as though it would never come.

How long could she hold him? Would he drag her too over to that almost certain death, or would Heaven send her strength to hold on till Nellie came?

And Nellie!—running breathlessly through the gardens, hoping, at every turn, to meet some passer-by or workman, and being at every turn disappointed, Nellie went on and on till she reached the engine-house. An old grey-headed workman came forward to meet her.

'What's the matter, Miss? Has there anything happened?' he asked, seeing her white face.

A few words were enough to tell Nellie's tale.

'Here, Joe,' the old man shouted. 'Here's a boy in the farthest tank.'

A grimy labourer came out from his work in the engine-house, and leaving Nellie to recover at her leisure, the two men set off at a speed greater than her own.

Leaping over flower-beds, taking short cuts known only to themselves, they reached the farthest tank just as Maud's strength was failing.

Leaning over her, the younger man, with one grip of his strong arm, lifted the half-unconscious boy to the bank, whilst his companion supported Maud, and helped her to rise. Tottering to the nearest seat, she watched the men with a strange dream-like feeling. She saw them as they reversed the poor little fellow, that the water he had swallowed might escape; she saw, with joy, that he was still able to struggle and cry; she had kept his face just above the level of the water, and with a thrill of thankfulness she felt that, under God's guidance, she had saved the child's life.

'You are a brave girl, Miss,' one of the men said, 'but I fear you and your friend will get nothing but bare "Thank you" for your trouble, if you get that. He is one of them little lads from the cottages beyond: the folk have got heaps of children.'

Well, it was true. Yet Nellie and Maud, as they walked slowly and thoughtfully home together, both wearied with their exertions, felt such a thrill of joy and thankfulness as they had never felt before. Young as they were, they had been able to save a human life; and who knew of what value that life might prove before its natural end came?

They had got nothing but bare thanks, as the

Waterworks man had expected, but their good and brave action was its own reward.

What is the use of telling such a story? Just this, that at any moment the same call for courage, for self-forgetfulness, for presence of mind, may come to any one of us.

It is a good thing to know how others, whose example is worth following, have acted in such times. It is a good thing for girls, as well as boys, to learn to be brave, and helpful, and self-reliant.

C. J. BLAKE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS.

- 60.—1. A bad reaper blames the sickle.
 2. A bird is known by his note, and a man by his talk.
 3. A bridle for the tongue is a fine piece of harness.
 4. A clear conscience is a good pillow.
 5. A full cup needs a steady hand.
 6. Example is better than precept.
 7. Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.
 8. Help yourself, and God will help you.
 9. You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.
 10. A good character is more valuable than a large fortune.
 11. A hasty man is seldom out of trouble.
 12. A healthy size for a man is exercise.
 13. A lame foot may tread the right road.
 14. A little too late is too much too late.
 15. A man is known by the company he shuns as well as by that he keeps.
 16. A man who does nothing never has time to do anything.
 17. Wisdom in speech is better than eloquence.
 18. A miser lives poor that he may die rich.
- 61.—She has never changed a sovereign for sixty years.

WASSAILING FRUIT TREES.



THE custom of wassailing the fruit trees is a curious survival of an old custom. It seems to have been the practice on the part of the Devonshire farmers to proceed to their orchards in the evening accompanied by their farm servants, when they carried with them a large pitcher or milk-pail filled with cyder, with roasted apples hissing therein. They forthwith encircled one of the best bearing trees and drank the following toast three times. The remains of the wassailing liquor were then thrown against the trees, under the idea that a fruitful year would be the result.

'Here's to thee old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and thou may'st blow,
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow.

Hats full! caps full!
Bushel-basket sacks full!
And my pockets full too! Huzza!'



Wassailing the Apple-tree.

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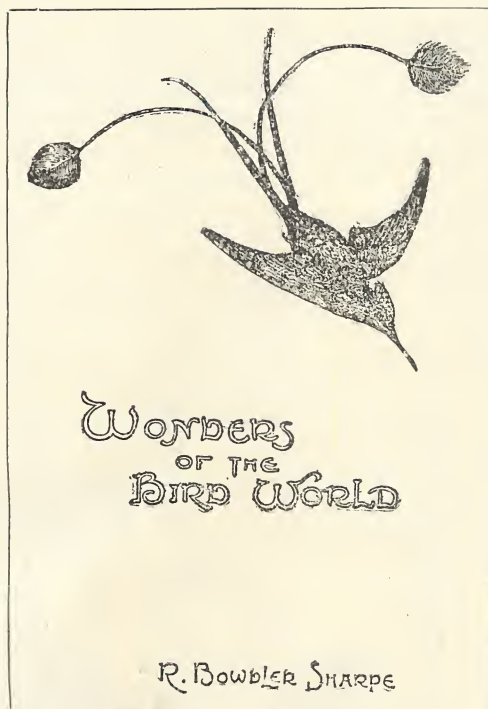
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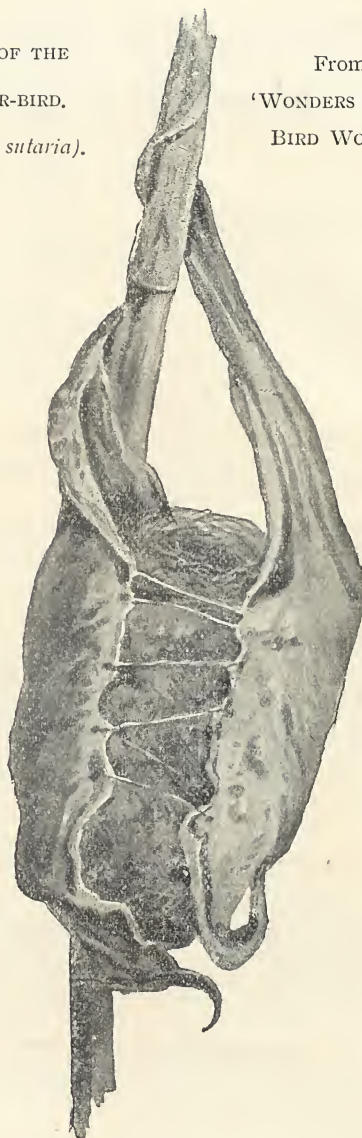
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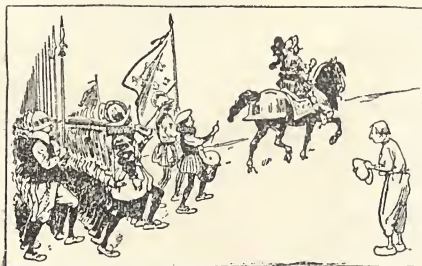
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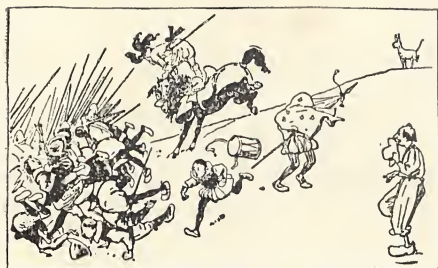
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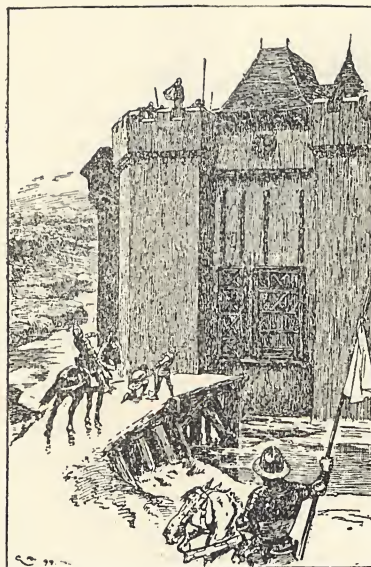
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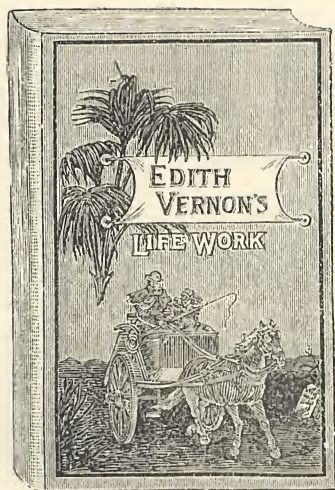
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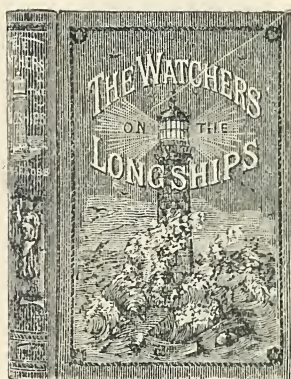
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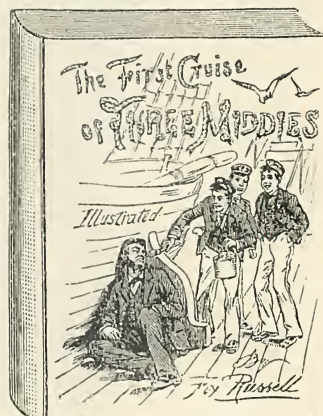
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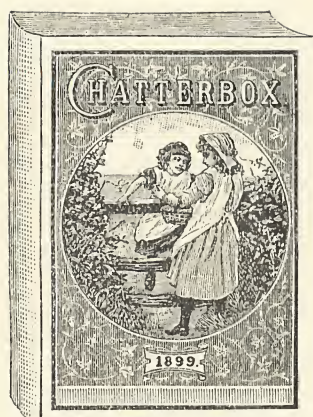
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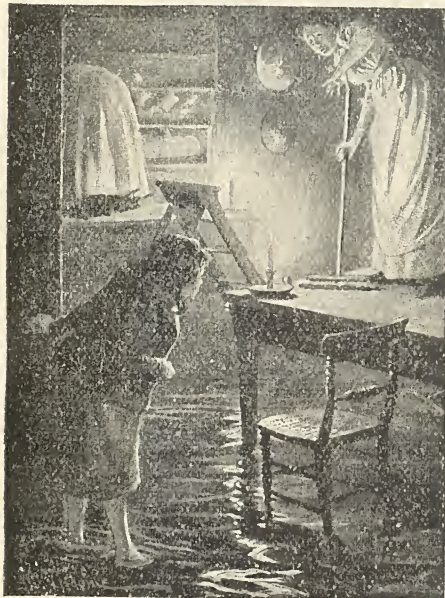
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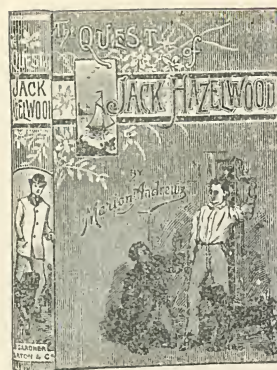
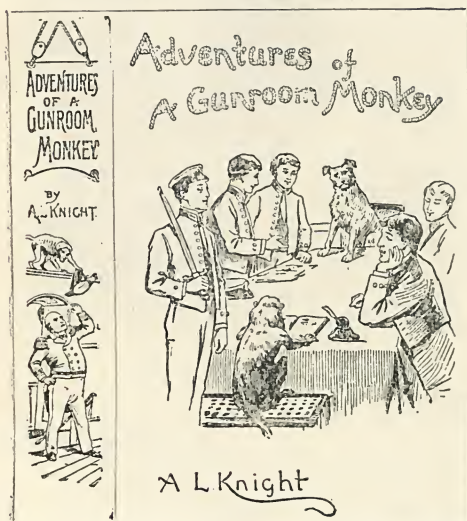
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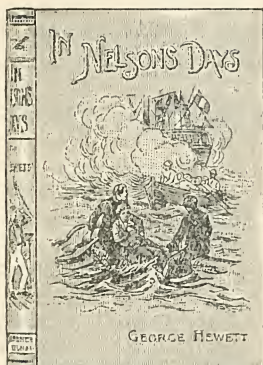
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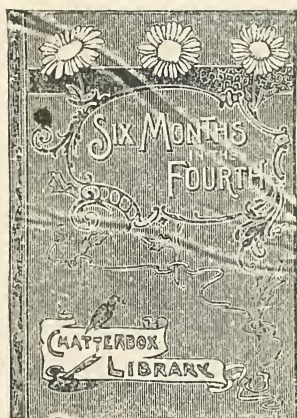
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